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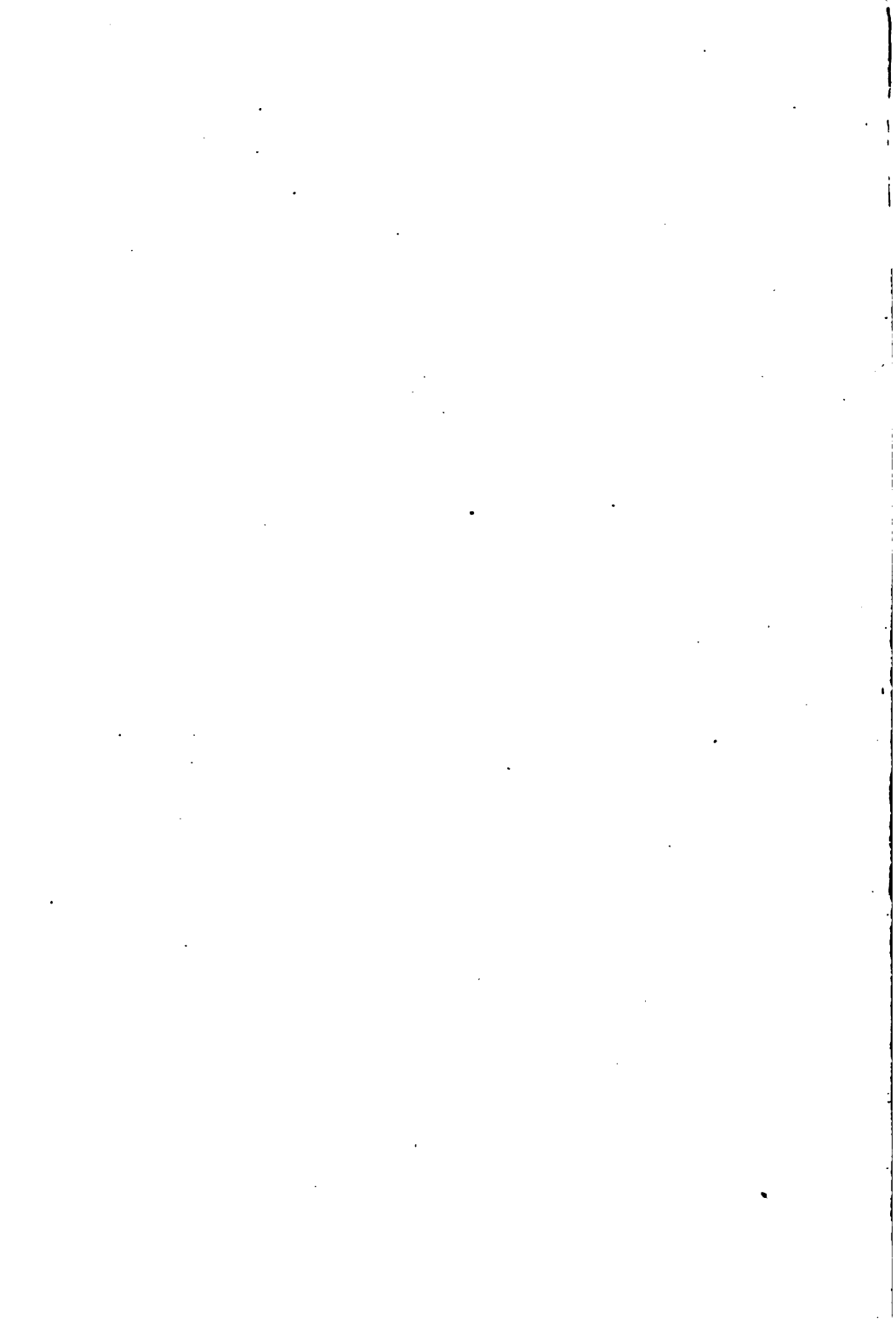
HISTORY OF WOMEN IN AMERICA

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Most faithfully yours,
Lavinia Hayward.

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

LAURA ASKEW HAYGOOD

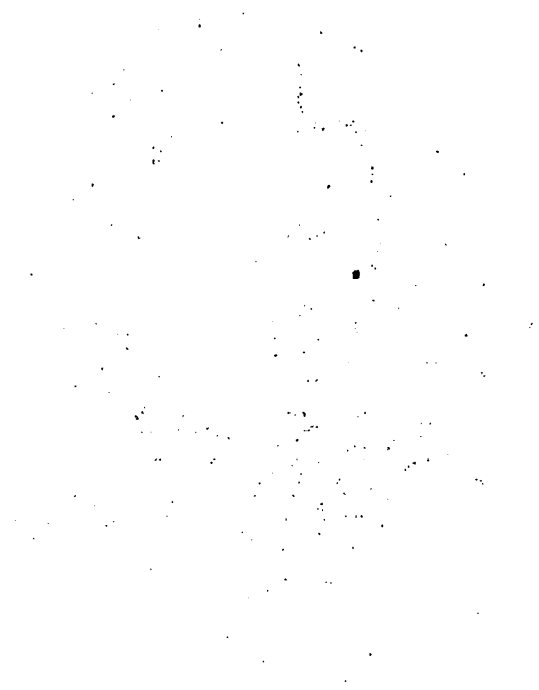
BY

OSWALD RUGGIE BROWN

AND

ALINA MUSE BROWN

NASHVILLE, TENN., DALLAS, TEX.
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH
SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS
1904



LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

LAURA ASKEW (HAYGOOD)

BY

OSWALD EUGENE BROWN

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ANNA MUSE BROWN

NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS

1904

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**"Be thou faithful unto death, and
I will give thee a crown of life."**

**Miss Baygood, a disciple of Christ,
came to China from America. She
was with us sixteen years. As a mis-
sionary, she was "faithful unto death,"
and on the evening of April 29 ascend-
ed into the presence of the Father to
receive her "crown of life."**

**INSCRIPTION ON BANNER MADE AND PRESENTED BY PUPILS OF
CLOFTON SCHOOL.**

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

—Deut. xxxiii. 25.

PREFACE.

THE preparation of the Life of Miss Haygood was undertaken by the writers at the request of Mrs. S. C. Trueheart on behalf of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. For us it has been a peculiarly sacred trust. Miss Haygood was to us more than a friend. She had come to fill a place in our lives more like that of a mother. Many things we have regarded as too sacred for the printed page, and yet we have sought to withhold nothing which would furnish the reader with the very best means of knowing Miss Haygood as she really was.

The plan of the writing has been to make the book as nearly Miss Haygood's own as possible. She put as much of her life into her letters as any one well could. The letters have received, largely because they required, very little editing. They were written with remarkable accuracy and clearness. They are before the reader as they came from her busy pen, with the exception of a few unessential changes. Especial care has been taken to preserve the Scripture, and other, quotations as she gave them from memory. Her thoughts seemed instantly to clothe themselves not only in good literary form, but very frequently in the language of Scripture. It is difficult to say which is the more remarkable, the frequency or the accuracy of her Scripture quotations.

It is a great pleasure to acknowledge the very cordial help which we have received in our work from a large circle of friends. A few of these friends we must mention by name,

because of their especially valuable aid. Mrs. Myra Haygood Boynton, Miss Mollie Stevens, Miss Mattie Nunnally (now Mrs. W. A. Johnson), Miss Abbie Callaway, and Rev. Howard Crumley have put their letters, and whatever other data they had as to Miss Haygood's life, most cheerfully at our disposal. The friends in China have done all in their power to help us, but Miss Richardson and Rev. W. B. Burke have assisted us in ways that were indispensable. Mrs. Butler gave us the use of the files of the *Missionary Advocate*, and did us the very great favor of turning over to us Miss Haygood's correspondence with Mrs. McGavock. From first to last, while our work has progressed, Mrs. Trueheart has put her time and the resources of her office at our command with a cordiality for which we are very grateful.

We gladly give this Life of Miss Haygood to the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions for the purpose of furthering their noble work in China, and with the prayer that through Miss Haygood our Lord may lead a vast company to devote their lives to missionary service.

April 4, 1904.

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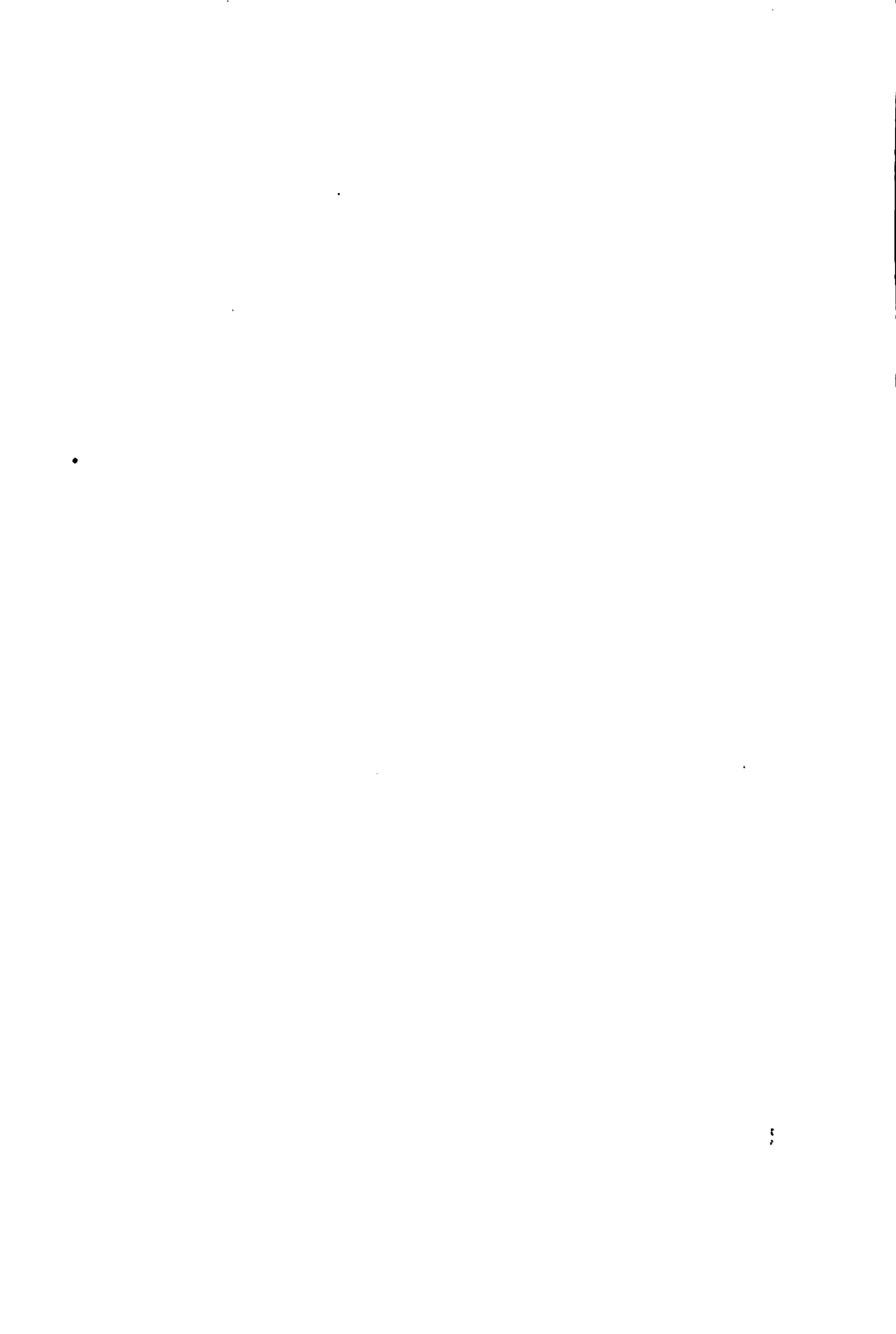
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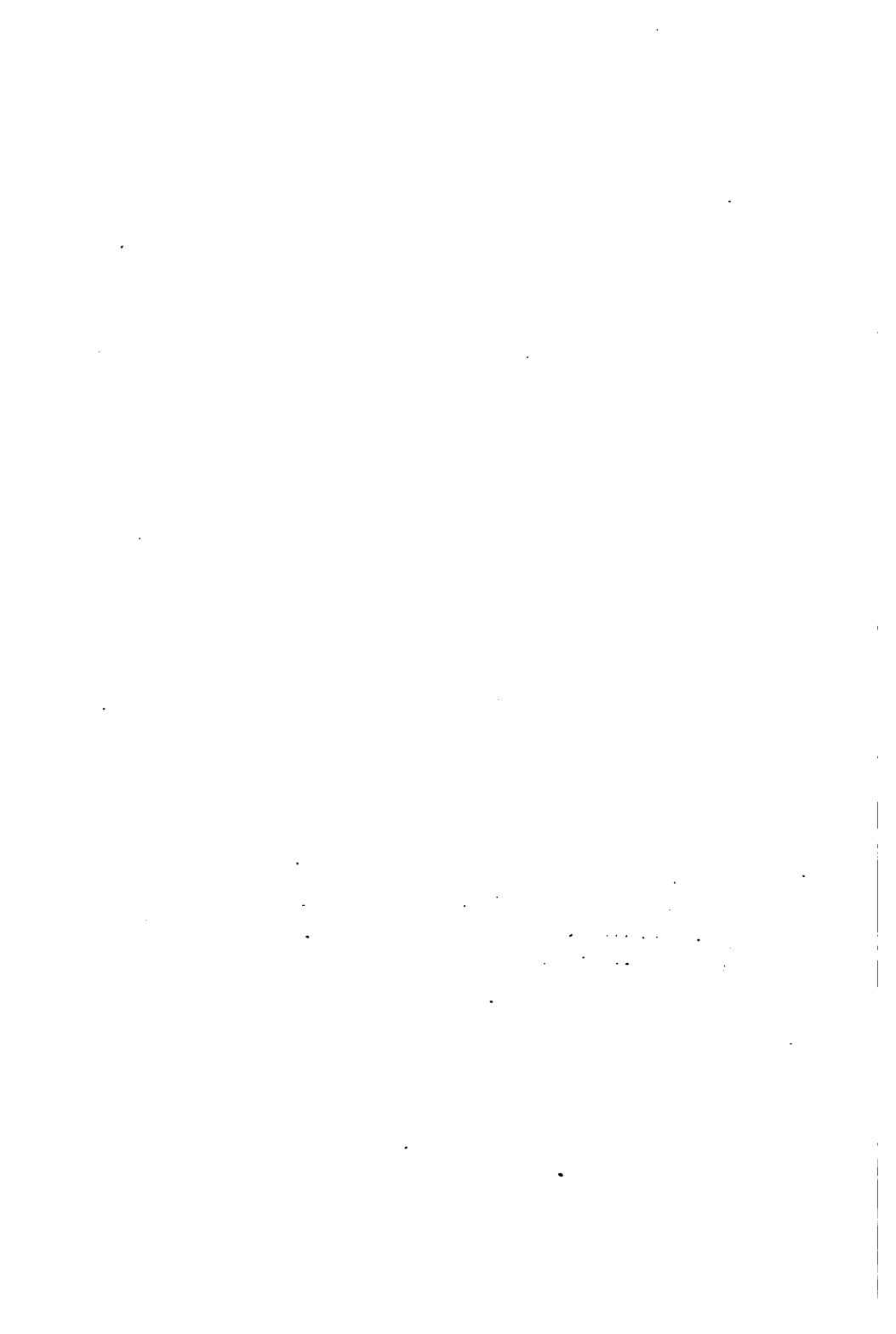
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CHAPTER I.

THE HAYGOOD FAMILY.

The friend of man; the strong advocate; the devoted Christian; his philanthropy was active in forwarding every industrial, political, educational, and religious interest of his country and his race.

To do his whole duty to God and man was the supreme purpose of his life.

—Inscription on Green B. Haygood's tomb.

HONORABLE GREEN B. HAYGOOD, the father of Miss Haygood, was a lawyer by profession. He was of English and Welsh descent, and was a Georgian by birth. He was born in Clarke County, Ga., in 1811. He was reared under Baptist influences. While his father, William Haygood, was not a member of any Church, he was believed to be a Christian at heart by those who knew him best. His mother and brothers and sisters were among the mainstays of the Mars Hill Baptist Church, a Baptist stronghold near Athens, Ga. Green B. Haygood refused to join the Baptist Church because he did not believe that close communion was good Christian doctrine. He was converted and joined the Methodist Church in 1836. Two years prior to joining the Church he was admitted to the bar at Watkinsville, a little town in the beautiful hill-country of Northeast Georgia, and only seven miles distant from the university town of Athens. The year after he joined the Church he was married to Martha Ann Askew, who was a high school teacher at Salem, Ga.

They made their home in Watkinsville, Ga., until their removal to Atlanta in 1852. On coming to Atlanta he purchased a building site on McDonough Street, now Capitol Avenue, which included a whole square. While he was establishing himself in his profession, Mrs. Haygood taught school, and it was in her schoolroom that he helped to organize the Sunday school which was the initial step toward the founding of Trinity Church. He was the Superintendent of the Sunday school, and easily took his place as a leader in Church work. He was a man of unfaltering integrity, strong resolution, decision of character, and perfect self-control. His executive ability was most marked. He was of large, strong frame, and of commanding presence. He enjoyed universal esteem, and won the reverence of his children in a very unusual degree. He and his wife were entirely of one mind as to the management of the family. Obedience in the family was so resolutely and reasonably insisted upon, that the thought of disobedience scarcely occurred to the children as among the possibilities. On Christmas Eve, 1862, he closed his earthly career, leaving the heritage of a good name and the memory of a blameless life to his wife and four children. The inscription on the tomb in Oakland Cemetery, Atlanta, where his ashes sleep, very finely summarizes his character :

The friend of man ; the strong advocate ; the devoted Christian ; his philanthropy was active in forwarding every industrial, political, educational, and religious interest of his country and his race.

To do his whole duty to God and man was the supreme purpose of his life.



GREEN P. HAYGOOD.



GREEN B. HAYGOOD.

The mother of Miss Haygood, Mrs. Martha Ann Askew Haygood, was born in Burke County, N. C., July 18, 1810. Her father, the Rev. Josiah Askew, was a cultured, earnest Methodist preacher of Asbury's time. He had preached at Richmond, Va., Charleston, S. C., and other leading cities of the South, and was one of the foremost men of his Church. He was a good linguist, and, for his time, had a very good general education. He, to a large extent, gave his daughter her education and her preparation for teaching. She, also, proved to be an exceptionally fine linguist, and read Latin fluently up to the time of her death, at the age of seventy-three. She had, besides, a genius for mathematics. Along with these specific gifts, she was richly endowed with ability as a teacher. As her father's family was large, and his income rather meager, especially after he retired from the active ministry, it became necessary for her to take up the work of teaching. At the same time she kept up a vigorous course of study. It was while she was teaching in the high school at Salem, Ga., that Green B. Haygood met her, recognized her worth, and won her love and her hand. After her marriage, in 1837, Mrs. Haygood continued to teach for several years, while her husband, as a young lawyer, was struggling to the front in his profession. During the years at Watkinsville six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Haygood, the second and third of whom died in infancy. As the four children grew up, Mrs. Haygood undertook their education, training her two sons, Atticus Green and William Askew, for Emory College, at Oxford, Ga., and her two daughters, Laura Askew and Myra Augusta, for Wesleyan Female College, at Macon, Ga. With such thor-

oughness did she train Laura Askew that she was enabled to graduate within two years after her entrance into college.

After the removal of the family to Atlanta in 1852, Mrs. Haygood opened a school in her own house, which school afterwards developed into a high school for girls. She bound her pupils to her by the strongest ties of affection and appreciation. During her last illness many of her old pupils came from distant homes to bid her good-by. In the home, Mrs. Haygood was kind, loving and gentle, but firm, wise and decided. The bond between her and her children was peculiarly strong and tender. A mother could scarcely aspire to a more thorough command of both the confidential friendship and the devoted reverence of her children. She furnished a most beautiful instance of ideal Christian motherhood.

From early girlhood Mrs. Haygood was an active Christian. She was ever full of good works, a friend to the needy, and a helper of the dependent. She possessed poise and evenness of character in an extraordinary degree. The passive Christian graces were most delicately blended with the active Christian virtues in the make-up of her personal character. She endured trials with undisturbed calmness and patience. Her faith in the all-wise, all-loving, personal providence of God was always serene and unshaken. She was assured that all things which affect the well-being of God's children are under the sway of his infinite love. After her husband's death, she took up the added burdens of life with augmented faith in Him who has promised never to leave nor forsake His own. In the severe ordeal of the Civil War, her faith perhaps achieved its most signal triumphs. There was enough which came upon her then to crush one less cour-



MRS. MARTHA A. KEW BAYCE

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MRS. MARTHA ASKEW HAYGOOD.



ageous and trustful. Just before Sherman took Atlanta, she sent all her family, except her youngest child, for refuge with grandmother Haygood in Clarke County, Ga. Alone with her little boy William, who was ill of typhoid fever, she remained in Atlanta, hoping thereby to prevent the loss of the property into which she and her husband had put so many years of earnest toil and care. After Sherman captured Atlanta and ordered every one to leave the city, she, with William and a wagonload of household goods, was carried about sixteen miles out of the city to a railroad station. On reaching the station, it was found that there was no available space whatever in the freight cars for her, and so she spent the rainy night—holding her sick child in her arms—under the shelter of a quilt spread over a wardrobe and a bureau. At length she reached her children, and soon moved with them to Watkinsville, their birthplace. There she was joined by her son Atticus, who was already in the ministry. He secured paper from a friend, who was the owner of a paper mill, and the family made and sold envelopes for a living. Later she moved with her family to Oxford, Ga. She did not return to Atlanta for some time, and then only after selling some of the family estate to procure money with which to build a home. Yet through all this her faith failed not. Mrs. Haygood died June 13, 1883, leaving a most blessed memory to her children, and, from out the unseen, exerting as effectual an influence upon them as when present with them in the body.

After the parental influence, probably the most vital factor in the Haygood home was the presence of the maternal grandmother, Mrs. Phoebe Smith Askew. After the death

of her husband, Rev. Josiah Askew, she came to make her home with her children, while they were still living in Watkinsville. She continued with them until her death, in 1859. She was a woman of deep religious life, and of fine spiritual appreciation and insight. She lived in an atmosphere of praise and devotion. At the time of grandmother Askew's death, in 1859, Mr. Green B. Haygood said, as he looked at her form still in death, "Her presence in my home has been like the ark of God in the home of Obed-edom, bringing a blessing with it."

Another decidedly important factor in the Haygood home, as regards the earliest formative influences about Miss Haygood, was that of her brother Atticus. He was her senior by six years. The delicacy of his health prevented his going to school in early boyhood, and called for much of outdoor life and play. He was much in the fields and woods, and learned many lessons from flowers and birds and trees and sky. His early schooling was under the full charm of nature in all her moods, from the gayest to the gravest. Not nature worship, but the worship of the God of nature, became a part of his character. Into his nature he had also gathered much that was strongest and most characteristic of his father and mother and grandmother. Through him they lived, and their best influences were made effective. His father's missionary Methodism and commanding leadership, his mother's remarkable dignity of character and breadth of mental sympathy and intelligence, his grandmother's devotion to her Master and her Church, all these he assimilated in an astonishing degree. He was a Christian from childhood. He was brought into the kingdom of God by Chris-

tian nurture. He was often heard to say that he could not tell the hour or place of his conversion. A lifelong friend says of him, "He knew he was the Lord's, and he served Him from the beginning of his conscious responsibility." With his powers unhurt by dissipation, unscarred by sinful habits, he was open-souled to the Spirit of God and deeply sensitive to the voice of his Master. As a mere boy he enjoyed the companionship of the great masters of literature. Macaulay, Carlyle and the great poets he read with appreciative insight. Very early his interest in public affairs was stimulated by the conversation of the home, and by his reading of current literature. His childhood home was also the home of the Methodist preachers, and his contact with them had a determining influence upon his convictions and ideas as a boy. Already he had prepared within him both the soil and the seed which were to bring forth fruit in the great preacher, writer, educator, philanthropist and bishop.

The Haygood home was also blessed with two children, Myra and William, younger than Miss Haygood. The relationships of the home were thus very complete, and gave ample opportunity for developing and expressing those finer qualities of mind and soul of which the home alone is the native atmosphere. Here was called out that affectionate reverence due to serene and lovely old age, as exemplified in grandmother Askew. Here the very best type of filial love and piety was inspired by an ideal father and mother. Here was induced that sweet, half-worshipful affection due to a keen-witted, large-hearted elder brother, as well as that tender, half-motherly love suited to a younger sister and brother. Beautiful beyond description is the picture to which we turn

in the next chapter of a robust, susceptible, eager child, placed in the environment of a home circle so full of gracious and varied influences, so charged with Christian life and purpose. In many ways it goes beyond that beautiful setting in which Paul has placed the early days of his "beloved child," Timothy, whom he reminds of his unfeigned faith which dwelt first in his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice. To Miss Haygood as to Timothy the deepest appeal could be made: "But abide thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a babe thou hast known the sacred writings which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."





MISS HAYOOD'S BIRTHPLACE, WATKINSVILLE, GA.

CHAPTER II

THE EARLY LIFE OF THE SUBJECT

1884

It is not known how long the subject may have lived, and it may be assumed that she was born in 1884.

The subject's early life is not known until she was born in two days after the first of October, 1884. She was the fourth child in a family of six children. The preceding chapter has set forth the conditions of the subject's home and the character of the environment in which she was physically placed. It reveals the conditions in what measure the home and these influences operated in forming the character and life of the subject in the principles of Miss Ingham's. The kind of environment more clearly seen than in the foregoing chapters is the growth, responsive nature of the child to the environment, physical and social environment, and the extent to which it is an ever-existing element in the child's life. It is a factor which appears in the child's life from his first steps to promote a thoroughly developed home environment. His chief agent for this, his social work, is the child's home, found a respectable, well-to-do and comfortable, comfortable and nice.

The subject's early years, during which she lived in a comfortable home, were spent in a comfortable home. She received her education, six were received in a comfortable home in the village of Watonsville; four in the town of Watonsville, and two at Madison, Connecticut, during the



CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST EIGHTEEN YEARS.

1845-1864.

I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.—*John.*

LAURA ASKEW HAYGOOD was born in Watkinville, Ga., on October 14, 1845. She was the fourth child in a family of six children. The preceding chapter has set forth something of the type of the home and the character of the influences in the midst of which she was providentially placed. It remains to be shown in what measure this home and these influences proved effective in molding the character and determining the life principles of Miss Haygood. The hand of God was never more clearly seen than in the beautiful correspondence of the rich, responsive nature of the child to the spiritual, intellectual, and social environment amid which she grew up. It is another exemplification of the truth that when God would make a great Christian, man or woman, usually his first step is to prepare a thoroughly Christian home to be used as his chief agent for this, his supreme work. Every element in her home found a response and bore abiding fruit in her character and life.

Of the eighteen years during which Miss Haygood was receiving her education, six were passed in the quiet little country village of Watkinville; ten, in the growing city of Atlanta; and two, at Macon, Ga., in the Wesleyan Fe-

male College. But place does not count for so much as persons in education, and so it is desirable to trace the dominant personal influences that wrought in the making of Miss Haygood.

It will not be amiss, first of all, to direct attention to the beautiful way in which the leisure of old age and the leisure of childhood brought grandmother Askew and little Laura much into each other's company. In the subtler things of her inner life, in her sensitiveness to the presence and love of her Heavenly Father, in her delicate faculty of hearing and discerning the suggestions of the Holy Spirit, the child was no doubt largely indebted to her early, loving contact with the Christlike mind and holy devotion of her grandmother. It was at her grandmother's feet that she heard over and over again those stories of Bible heroes, until she could not miss the lesson that every man's true life is planned of God, and every one's true strength is in doing the will of God. It was sitting at that same sacred place that she heard sung, over and over again, in the grandmother's sweet voice, mellowed with the touch of heaven, the inspiring hymns of Methodism, until the very air she breathed seemed charged with the love and praise of God. The lesson could not be missed that every human heart is rightly an altar of incense to God the Father. It was in large measure due to her grandmother that she came to accept "How Firm a Foundation" as her life-hymn, and to make the Word of God her life-chart. The waiting days of old age are sometimes depreciated as compared with the working days of life's noontide. The exceeding preciousness of these saintly lives, which are permitted to linger for a time on the border land of heaven, could not

well be more convincingly set forth than in the effective way in which the chastened graces of grandmother Askew's spirit infused themselves into the early life of Miss Haygood.

Before considering the all-pervasive influence of Miss Haygood's father and mother upon her character and education, it might be well to notice the influence exerted upon her by her brother Atticus. As before mentioned, he was her senior by six years. As he was somewhat frail physically, and she unusually strong and vigorous, she soon became his inseparable companion in his outdoor life and play, and was able to ramble with him about the fields and woods. With him she gathered flowers and watched the birds. With him she felt the charm of nature's life, and came to have that love of flowers which grew with each passing year of her life. Her brother Atticus taught her the alphabet. When she was four years of age he took her to her father, placed her with pride on his desk, and had her repeat all the letters by rote, to let him see that she had finished the first step in the schooling of those days. After she could read, they read the same books and periodicals. Together they went through much standard and current literature. No doubt this early reading tended toward fixing her taste for the higher class literature, and also made her easily at home in loftier and purer realms of thought. No doubt, too, the stimulus of keeping pace with the thinking of a bright mind so much her senior served to induce the alertness of thought and rapidity of reading which were so characteristic of Miss Haygood in all her after years. Without doubt a brother and sister, so thoughtful and so thoroughly one in sympathy and purpose and ideals, would talk much over their plans and dreams of

life. The generous enthusiasm for Christian service, the intense love of truth, the unselfish spirit and the high courage of the brother would easily pass into the foundation principles and essential structure of the sister's life. It thus appears that her brother Atticus exerted a very effective and helpful influence toward shaping the thought-life, the literary taste, the working principles and spiritual ideals of Miss Haygood.

Miss Haygood's father contributed to her equipment for life many of those elements which enter into the hidden man of the heart. In the subtle realm of personality and temperament she inherited much from him. Her intensity in following up any undertaking, her power of endurance and of sustained effort, her marked executive ability, careful accuracy, and thoroughgoing orderliness were in large measure derived from him. Daily association with a man of his type would induce in her a spirit of absolute loyalty to her sense of duty, and develop in her, too, the highest order of Christian conscience. His strong sense of justice and uncompromising courage of conviction were reproduced in her. His high valuation of simplicity helped to give Miss Haygood her fine appreciation of reality and her deep aversion to mere display. His insistent ranking of people by what they are, rather than by what they have, did much toward making her proof against the obsequious mannerisms and capricious whims of an artificial social life. Her father, too, must have inspired in her a supreme sense of religious obligation and privilege. She must have learned from him the absolute need of uttermost sincerity with her God. Through

him, under the Divine Spirit, perfect loyalty to her Lord became the ruling passion of her life.

Thus, in many of the strongest elements of her personality and character, Miss Haygood was her father's counterpart. She was like him, too, in her massive physique, her immense fund of physical vigor, and her commanding and reassuring personal presence. Her father's death, when she was seventeen years of age, profoundly affected Miss Haygood. It was her first great sorrow. She was made to face the verities of life, and to test the reality of her faith in the unfailing love of God in Christ. She thus early learned her dependence on her Father in heaven, and the secret of his gracious consolations. She here began the mastery of that art in which she became so proficient, the divine art of comforting those who are bereaved and distressed. She learned, in large part at her father's grave and in the school of her first great grief, how "we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." (2 Cor. i. 4.)

As attention is turned to Miss Haygood's mother, we are beholding the very light of her life. Mrs. Haygood was used of the Master to fulfil toward her daughter that high office which he set forth as his own in the words, "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." Few mothers have ever made a nearer approach toward reproducing the life and spirit of Christ in their influence upon their children. Mrs. Haygood poured out the fullness of her Christian faith and love into the heart and mind of her daughter Laura. We have seen how fully Mrs. Haygood assimilated the mind of

the Master, and we are now to see how thoroughly she united her child with the life of her Lord.

Each of the streams of influence which we have noted as having had a formative effect upon Miss Haygood's life was reënforced and supplemented by her mother. Grandmother Askew's life-lesson of joyous trust in God and worshipful waiting on him was exemplified by Mrs. Haygood not only under the burdens and cares incident to a household of young children, but also at a time of Miss Haygood's life when she could understand more thoroughly its divine meaning and gracious duty. While her brother Atticus very decidedly helped to inspire in her the unselfish principles and ideals of her life, it is only such a mother as Mrs. Haygood that can furnish the most attractive embodiment of absolute sacrifice of self for the sake of others. The father's influence toward the careful, orderly, and thorough execution of every task was given actual expression under the mother's loving eye and kindly guidance. But greater than all these influences combined was the depth of her mother's peculiar love and power. From her mother, especially, she had that fine trait of thoroughgoing sympathy, and that quick, unerring insight of love which is best described by her brother William as "universal motherhood." The daughter had with the mother such familiar friendship, and for her such filial reverence and tender love, that she became partaker of her mother's very nature. This close and constant association grew even more intimate as the years went on, and in the days of her mother's widowhood Miss Haygood became her most familiar companion. Miss Haygood's mother had to do with her training not merely in the unconscious ways of personal in-

fluence, but also in the direct way of personal instruction. From her mother she received lessons in the practical affairs of the home. Although her girlhood fell in slavery times, and prior to her leaving home for college the family had several domestic slaves, yet she was taught to do various duties about the home, and so was prepared to know about the practical details of home-making. These early lessons, no doubt, persisted in their influence, and helped her to be such a happy home-maker in China.

Miss Haygood's early education, in the literary and technical sense, was also chiefly the work of her mother. Mrs. Haygood, as we have seen, was a teacher of exceptional gifts and qualifications. Her teaching ability was especially evidenced in Miss Haygood's unusual proficiency in Latin and mathematics. Miss Haygood was quite a precocious child. At four she could read, and at six she had made fine progress in arithmetic. Her education went forward steadily and thoroughly under her mother's unceasing care until, in 1862, at sixteen years of age, she entered Wesleyan Female College, which at that time afforded very exceptional opportunities for the education of young women in the South. Although she entered irregularly, by diligent work during the college sessions, and equally earnest study during the vacation, she completed in two years the course required for graduation. Of her rapid completion of the college course, a friend and schoolmate writes: "Every one knew she had performed a feat, but it seemed perfectly natural that she should do so, for her power was felt." She impressed all with her maturity of mind, her great reserve power, and her dignity of thought and bearing. Her college record was not

remarkably brilliant, but it was distinguished by the profound respect which she inspired in both teachers and pupils through her serene and joyous and loving disposition, her great intellectual resources, and her ready ability in writing. Her gifts as a writer were developed not only in the regular work of the college, but also in her duties as a member of the Adelphian Literary Society. Probably the best clew to what Miss Haygood was at eighteen, when she graduated, is furnished in her "Senior Composition," as it is called. It bears date July 13, 1864. It is written in a very neat, legible hand, and still bears intact a rosette and streamer of white ribbon, now yellowed with age. The theme is: "Great Men Are the Gift of God." Her ideals of life are here easily discerned. That she looked upon life from the religious, or rather positively Christian, point of view is plain from every line of her composition. It shows mature thought, deep interest in the secret of great lives, and Christlike living. It plainly discloses the diviner side of life, and exalts the Bible, with fullest appreciation, as the Book of Life. It will certainly be gratifying to our readers to have the essay set forth in full.

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

Senior Composition.

Wesleyan Female College.

Macon, July 13, 1864.

GREAT MEN ARE THE GIFT OF GOD.

Men are not only endowed with a variety of intellectual gifts, but some are blessed with a much greater share of genius than others. There are some minds that without especial aid from any of the senses, and independently of the slow process of induction, seem to proceed at once to truth.

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REPLY TO A. A. P. ...

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MISS HAYGOOD
At the Age of Eighteen.



They live in a higher sphere of thought, which other men can reach only with difficulty, or, perchance, may never reach at all. We know that it will be pleasant for us to believe, at least it would flatter our vanity, could we think that all minds are equal in capacity; but such a theory would only bring down from the high glory which now surrounds them, the noblest and best of earth, without proportionally elevating the race toward their eminent position. Moreover, facts confound such a supposition. Great minds are especially endowed for their peculiar work. Do you suppose that of the thousands who have received equal educational advantages with Milton, another mind could be found capable of writing *Paradise Lost*? Was he not sent with a special mission from Heaven to us, that he might by the inspiration which he had received, lead many minds away from the sordid cares of earth to revel in the illimitable realms of fancy?

There were many, doubtless, in the days of Pythagoras, who were equally favored with him in all outward advantages, yet he alone, for many centuries, walked in the luminous path which his own great mind had traced out amid the mysterious, and till then hidden, truths of the universe. Was he not given as a beacon light which should guide the wandering feet of after years to a more definite knowledge of the starry worlds? Are not all these great minds, "which are the modellers, and in a wide sense the creators, of whatever the general mass of men contrive to do or attain," the best gift of Heaven to earth; souls sent down to us from the skies as heralds of the Infinite? We shall never derive the richest benefits from these men of genius till we cease to look upon them as an original force. We should rather regard them as "the exponent of a vaster mind," and look beyond them to the great First Cause. They shine, not merely as an earth-kindled light, but rather as a natural luminary created of God, which shall continue to burn with an undimmed radiance forever. These great men have more of God in them

than ordinary men, for they have greater capacity for receiving the divine into their souls. Our Heavenly Father in His wisdom and benevolence has imparted much of Himself to them, and given them their Godlike powers of mind, that they may do battle with a brave heart and strong arm against the empire of Darkness and Wrong. They are the powers which He has ordained to tear asunder the clouds which have so long overshadowed the earth, in order that the glimmering, struggling rays which have occasionally penetrated the gloom, may shine in their full glory. With each great man, a new secret of nature transpires; and the history of the past will allow us to hope for the future that many bright stars will be added to the universe of mind until the whole world shall be girded with a zodiac of intellect.

It would be unfair to adduce the lights of the Christian era as evidences of the debt we owe to genius, because in them revelation was so blended with inspiration, that we cannot separate their influence. But coming down toward our own times, in the breaking dawn of the sixteenth century, we find Luther, his intellect and his life all baptized with a holy zeal, devoting every energy of his great soul to the reformation and purification of the Christian Church from the polluting dogmas which had entered within its sacred walls. Nobly did he accomplish his work, and the Christian world owes him a lasting debt of gratitude, or rather owes it to the kind Father who sent him upon his divine mission. A little later and Galileo is given to the world. To his coming we are indebted for the telescope and all the sublime and glorious revelations which it has made. Penetrating through the mysterious fields of space, it has discovered to us new worlds, and systems of worlds, lying inconceivably beyond ours in the unseen, unknown, and undefinable regions of space. The Tuscan Artist elevated the world by his inspiration in introducing it to so many of God's works, leading it to a limit across which the imagination could not venture, and where

“as if at the very footstool of the secret throne we can only bend our heads and silently adore.”

In the same century came Bacon, “the priest of nature’s mysteries,” with his almost universal genius, introducing a new system of philosophy, and finding the key which should unlock the hitherto closed door and disclose many of the hidden treasures of nature. He was “a warbler of poetic prose,” surpassed by none in fervor and brilliancy of style, or richness and magnificence of imagery; if his heart had only equaled his intellect, he would have been one of the brightest lights that ever blessed the world.

Nearly a century later Sir Isaac Newton, with an energy of mind almost divine, discovered many principles concerning the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the law of universal gravitation, which have rendered his name immortal, and distinguished him as the greatest of mathematicians and philosophers. His was a consecrated genius, and we imagine that he never seemed so great as when in humble adoration he returned thanks to the great Giver for having revealed through him to the world these sublime truths. Such a man is the glory of human nature.

The greatness of the work which these men have accomplished proves them to have been each a special gift from Heaven, granted that they might enlighten and bless the world, and lead it nearer to the truth. “They are the secretaries of nature, and report for us the doings of that marvelous spirit of life which everywhere throbs and works.” They realize the glory and magnificence of meaning ever legible in the created universe, and translate for us the emblems of thought which our duller sensibilities might never have perceived. Inasmuch as they are above us, just to that degree will they have a tendency to elevate our souls, and assimilate them to their Great Original. Communings with them are both pleasant and profitable; they will give us nobler ideas of God and of man, and after listening to their

messages, the things of earth will possess fewer attractions, and we shall long to catch again the sublime thoughts which in sparkles of light emanate from them. While we linger near them, we shall find ourselves approaching insensibly the great Fountain of Light whence they receive their radiance.

The influence which a master mind exerts upon the world is felt from generation to generation. Their elevated thoughts sway a scepter resembling the omnipotent and omnipresent. Nature seems to wait for them, and civilization is upheld by their potent agency. The soul of the world's history, we might almost say, is the history of these gifted spirits. They cannot control their influence; as beautiful persons, without any effort, paint their images upon our eyes, in the same way, wise souls convey their qualities to other men, and teach all around them to think and speak and act, to a large extent at least, just as they do, and yet they are as free to evil as to good. If they throw off the ruling hand of God, or if their intellect is not baptized as well as enlightened from on high, it becomes a fearful thing. "Of him to whom much is given, much will be required," and these men who have received powers of mind so far superior to most of their fellow mortals, will be held responsible by the Supreme Ruler for every talent committed to their keeping. While we listen with eager pleasure to the sublime revelation which these great men make to us, we should not let our delight in their messages degenerate into idolatry of the herald; but rather elevate it into adoration of the King from whence they come, and to His feet bring all the honors which we would offer them.

The fitting close to this chapter will be the record of the most vital experience of all these early years. On July 28, 1858, when she was in her thirteenth year, Miss Haygood was converted and joined the Church. She afterwards

marked the date beside the text, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth." She had been under the sway of the Christian spirit and truth from her earliest accountability, but now, in a public profession of faith in Christ, she committed herself, with full consciousness of the solemnity of her covenant, to living out the will and purpose of Christ in all things. She ever remembered the day of her public acknowledgment of Christ, and kept it as a sacred anniversary. In 1885, under date of July 28, she wrote to her well-beloved friend, Mrs. E. D. Cheshire, of Atlanta: "By the way, I must tell you that this, July 28, is one of my anniversaries. Twenty-seven years ago to-night I joined the church in dear old Trinity. Dear Mr. Lester was our pastor. How vividly it all comes before me to-night. I remember that I did not feel sure then that God had forgiven my sins, I did not have 'the witness of the Spirit,' but I did feel very sure that I wanted above everything else to be a Christian. There was wonderful comfort to me, child though I was, through those days when I waited to hear God's voice, in the old hymn:

'But, if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.'

My heart is overflowing with precious memories to-night, and filled with a gratitude too deep for words, as I recall all the way by which the Lord has led me. How patient He has been with me! Oh! that I had been more faithful!"

Thus we have reviewed the way in which, during her first eighteen years, Miss Haygood was furnished for the work

which God had prepared for her to do. The best things which an ideal Christian home, an active Christian Church, and a genuine Christian college could contribute for the making of Christian womanhood, and the growth of Christian efficiency, had been lavished upon her. Endowed as she was by her Lord with a rich, susceptible, vigorous, and intense nature, the good seed from the various sources fell into good ground, and in due time brought forth fruit a hundred-fold.

CHAPTER III.

THE BELOVED TEACHER.

1865-1884.

She was great, for she had the element to make true greatness—goodness.—*Miss Millie Rutherford.*

DR. CANFIELD states that the five essential characteristics of a successful student career are sobriety of thought, simplicity of life, absolute integrity, a courageous, determined will, and the strength of purpose which coördinates all the powers of mind, body, and spirit. These qualities, as a student, Miss Haygood possessed in a preëminent degree. From having been a faithful and successful student, she readily became an equally faithful and successful teacher. Miss Haygood, as a pupil, commanded most thoroughly the respect and love of all her teachers; and so, as a teacher, was able to win the profound reverence and love of her pupils. In the work of teaching, she found an ample sphere for her splendid gifts. She taught as much by what she was as by what she knew. A disciplined character, united with a well-trained mind, made her truly a great teacher and educational leader.

Miss Haygood began teaching during the year following her graduation. After refugeeing for several months in Watkinsville, the family found their way to Oxford, Ga. There, in 1865, Miss Haygood began teaching as an assistant in Palmer Institute. In March, 1866, however, she returned to Atlanta, her brother Atticus having been appointed

pastor of Trinity Church. The Atlanta home had been destroyed by Sherman, but by selling off some of the land which her father had bought, money was secured to erect a school building. Here she opened a private school for girls. This school grew into a large high school for girls. As the demand grew for the more advanced work, her mother, having returned to Atlanta, became associated with her in the school, taking the younger pupils. Miss Haygood continued her private school until January, 1872. At that time the Atlanta Girls' High School was opened, and she was elected teacher of the second grade—*i. e.*, the second from the highest class. In this position she remained until the summer of 1877, when she won the deserved recognition of appointment as principal of the Girls' High School. In September, 1878, because of continued ill health, she tendered her resignation as principal. The Board, instead of accepting it, granted her leave of absence until she should be strong enough to resume her work. In 1878 and 1879 she taught under great difficulty, but with undiminished efficiency.

Miss Mollie Stevens writes :

What a blessing she was to her girls during those weary months when she suffered with sciatica, sleeping only from one to three hours in twenty-four, and with very great difficulty reaching the schoolroom! They love to go back to the object lesson which she gave them of the power of Christ, which enabled her to teach during those days with all faithfulness, patience, and sweetness.

Mrs. George Hodgson, a former pupil, also very beautifully writes of Miss Haygood's triumph over her sufferings at that time :

As a pupil of Miss Haygood in 1879, while she was principal of the Girls' High School of Atlanta, the writer had an opportunity of witnessing an exhibition of rare courage and fortitude on the part of her teacher.

All during the summer months Miss Haygood had been confined to her home, and most of the time to her room, with a severe attack of sciatica. She was so disabled by the severe and long-continued pain that for weeks she had to be helped from her bed to her chair by loving hands. Few people thought Miss Laura would be able to resume her work in the fall, but I remember well the bright September morning when, true to her trust, she came promptly to open the school at the appointed hour—not walking, as she would have loved to do, but driven up to the door in a carriage, from which she alighted with great difficulty, on account of her rheumatism. Kind hands assisted her to a lounge on the rostrum in her schoolroom, and from that lounge she not only directed the affairs of the High School, but taught the graduating class of forty or more girls for the greater part of the winter.

Many times in recitation we could see her lips quiver and her face grow pale, but in no other way did she ever betray the suffering she endured. Miss Laura never voluntarily alluded to her illness, but was absolutely uncomplaining and heroic in her fortitude. Nor did the difficulty under which she labored make her less careful in her work. She gave her best service to her girls, heedless of what it cost her, and was always ready and willing to do extra work after school hours to assist a backward pupil.

Miss Haygood's school life that year was a more potent lesson to her girls than any words she could have uttered. I doubt not that the silent lesson she unwittingly taught us of patience in suffering and fortitude under difficulties has been an inspiration to many of her pupils who went out from her class room to take their places in the various walks of life, and has helped them to be nobler, braver, stronger women.

All who knew Miss Haygood's work as teacher and principal testify to its superior quality. She had great tact in teaching, and a wonderful power of imparting what she knew. She did not fall far short of the standard which requires that a teacher shall not only express himself so that others can understand him, but so that they cannot misunderstand him. She was preëminently gifted as a teacher of language; and her work in Latin, technically considered, is regarded as her best work, both by those who studied under her and by those who taught with her. Moral science also furnished her a most congenial field, and she did some of her most vital work in teaching this subject. Mental philosophy and English literature she, also, made much more than mere text-book instruction. She was very skilful in finding opportunity for imparting and impressing those truths and principles which enter most essentially into the worthiest living, and therefore into the truest education. Technical exactness and scientific thoroughness, however, were never substituted by mere moralizing and homely commonplace. Respect for her scholarly and scientific bent of mind always gave dignity and emphasis to the practical and familiar talks which were incidental to her teaching. It seemed that no subject could be so technical as to suppress the play of her strong and inspiring personality.

One who knew Miss Haygood's work very intimately says that her thorough knowledge of girl nature, in its numberless varieties and complications, was even more wonderful than her exceptional knowledge of books. Her wisdom in deciding how to deal with the most perplexing cases was of great-

er value, if possible, to the school than her high scholarship and unusual tact in teaching.

Miss Haygood's influence upon her fellow-teachers was also of the very highest and most helpful order. Miss Millie Rutherford, now principal of Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., writes of her association as a young teacher with Miss Haygood as principal:

She was so loving and kind to me when I was thrown under her at the High School; her association with her teachers was always so helpful. Miss Laura was to me a wonder. Mr. Mallon [Superintendent of the Atlanta Public Schools] valued her beyond measure. In writing of her he used this expression: "Our loved Miss Haygood has no equal, and I know you will agree with me in this estimate of her." It was in 1877 that I was elected to a position in the Girls' High School. I needed a kind and sympathetic heart in those early days of teaching, and Miss Haygood proved to be all that was needed. No one will ever know how she encouraged me in my crude work. From being my principal she soon became my friend. How I loved and trusted her! And I know she loved and trusted me too. She was so patient as we gathered in her room at the close of each day's duties to pour into her ear the ups and downs that the day's work had brought. I can see now how much patience this required, and yet by no sign did she make us feel that she was bored. On the contrary, her merry laugh over our dilemmas made us feel we had magnified their seriousness. She was great, for she had the element to make true greatness—goodness. She will ever be to me an inspiration.

The normal class furnished Miss Haygood an opportunity to reach all the teachers of the Atlanta Public Schools only

a little less effectively than those in the Girls' High School. This is best expressed in terms of the tribute paid to Miss Haygood by the normal class at the time of her resignation from the High School. It is as follows:

A TRIBUTE TO MISS L. A. HAYGOOD.

Miss Laura A. Haygood, Principal Girls' High School, Atlanta, Ga.: At a regular meeting of the teachers of the public schools of the city in normal class, held June 9, 1884, on motion of Mr. M. C. Blanchard, a member of the Board of Education, a committee was appointed to convey to you, in suitable terms, some expression of the great esteem in which you are held among us, and the regret we feel at your determination to sever a connection which has so long existed.

The undersigned were appointed as the committee in pursuance of the above action of the normal class.

In discharging the duty which has been imposed upon us, we would abandon the formality of set phrases and resolutions usual upon such occasions, and with the freedom of friendship convey to you the sentiments of esteem and affection which prompted your associates to this action.

You have long held an important place in the educational system of our city; and the fidelity, ability, and success with which you have discharged the responsibilities resting upon you are attested by the utterances which have been made, time and again, in the assemblies of the normal class by the loving hearts of those who have been subject to your guidance, by the valuable aid you have been to your fellow-teachers, and by the public appreciation which you have won.

We feel that a successor to the position which you will soon vacate, equal to yourself, will be difficult to find; and that your high purpose to do good, to make plain and attractive the paths of knowledge, to ameliorate the conditions of the unfortunate, to make better human beings whenever and

wherever found, will be a blessing to any community to which Providence may guide you.

In conclusion, the committee, upon whom has been imposed this labor of love as well as of duty, beg to add their personal tribute of hope and prayer, that your path, in the future, may be smooth; that, as in the past, success in good works may brighten your way, and that an incorruptible inheritance may be your reward.

E. G. MOORE,
W. A. BASS,
A. CALLAWAY.

During the years that Miss Haygood was a teacher, she was also an untiring student. Her own studies kept her from being mechanical and uninteresting in her teaching. During the busiest years of her career as a teacher she carried on private studies in French, German, Greek, and, for a time, in elocution. Of her work in Greek, Prof. Moore, from whom she took private lessons, said to a friend that in all his work as a teacher he had never known a mind that so readily and thoroughly grasped Greek. Her vacations were used very largely in travel, and were turned to account in getting suggestions as to school methods and management, and, occasionally, for such study as the summer might offer opportunity.

Her work as principal of the Girls' High School continued until June, 1884, when she resigned to enter upon her missionary career in China. Her resignation was the occasion of much entreaty on the part of friends that she should continue to fill the place which she had won, not only as a leader in all that made for the truest culture in Atlanta, but also as one of the foremost educators of Georgia. Her success as a teacher had been all that heart could wish, and the testi-

monials of universal esteem must have been very gratifying indeed. In May, 1885, during the year following her resignation, at the reunion of the Alumnae Society of the Girls' High School, a beautiful tribute was paid Miss Haygood in the unveiling of her portrait in Browning Hall. It still hangs on their walls side by side with that of Mr. Mallon, whose name is so revered. As a part of the exercises connected with the unveiling of the portrait, Maj. Charles W. Hubner delivered an address that was overflowing with appreciative praise of Miss Haygood's work in the High School. It is well to reprint some of his words. Having referred to the presence, from out the unseen world, of the beloved Mallon, he added:

But another is with you also in spirit—one whom to name is to praise, whom to honor is a high and grateful duty, and whose memory is precious as refined gold and fragrant as a lily. . . . She is one whose voice is ever soft, gentle, and low, that "excellent thing in woman;" she it is of whom it may be truly said:

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."

To say this, is to say that I mean Laura A. Haygood! Around her memory the strongest tendrils of your affections are twined; for her every heart in this assembly has a blessing and a prayer. You know her loyal, patient, fruitful, imperishable work here. . . . Therefore, being present in spirit, give her welcome in your hearts, with joy and great praise; for none within the compass of your affections deserves it more than she whose benign and familiar features are presently to be revealed to you through the magic of the

painter's art. Treasure her picture as a costly gift and as one of the chief ornaments of your society. In thus honoring her you honor yourselves. She will repay the distinction you accord her a thousandfold, by serving you, even in her pictured semblance only, as a prototype of every lovable quality which adorns womanhood, as an inspiration to noble living, high purposes, and a divinely consecrated ambition. Under the gaze of such eyes as these beaming from the faces of the sainted Mallon and the beloved woman of whom I speak, the true, the good, and the beautiful only can hold sway in this hall.

All of her pupils, who speak of her influence, seem oppressed with a sense of their inability to express what it meant to them personally. One writes: "Scholarly and dignified, yet ever ready to enter into our pleasures and amusements; gentle, yet commanding, in its truest and best sense; above all teaching by daily example the noblest of life's lessons, her influence in the schoolroom alone cannot be estimated." Another writes: "Possessing in a rare degree that tact which results from a purely unselfish nature, desiring only the best and the highest happiness of those with whom she came in touch as a leader, she never failed to win the entire love and confidence of her pupils. Never was Miss Laura too busy to give time, thought, and affectionate advice to all 'her girls,' as she lovingly called them, and many were the doubts and difficulties dissipated by her cheering personality. A most remarkable combination of intellectual and spiritual strength, she was indeed the true exponent of the true teacher—a consecrated follower in the steps of the Great Teacher." Still another closes a tribute, much like the above, with the words: "I can say no more, though I can nev-

er say enough. Among my most sacred treasures is a little Bible which came to me as a farewell message the day of her departure for China. It bears an inscription, beautiful to a casual reader; to me it is the index of a fruitful mind that gave lavishly of its treasures, a noble personality that unconsciously spread its great influence, and a soul whose watchword in life was the betterment of mankind." In some respects, a still more significant testimonial to Miss Haygood's great strength as an educator is contained in the following words from one who is herself a teacher: "Although I had not the pleasure of being in one of the classes taught by Miss Haygood, I had, nevertheless, as a pupil, the privilege of knowing her in the capacity of principal of the Girls' High School. The fact that I never was in her class, and yet learned to love her, shows how magnetic a personality she possessed. She seemed to know the girls in every class of the school, and they all loved her and looked upon her as their friend. With it all, however, she was firm, and I never knew her equal as a disciplinarian. I have never forgotten her parting words to our class—they have always been an inspiration to my best efforts. If I have attained any success at all in my work, I owe a great deal of it to Miss Haygood, whose advice I followed in choosing teaching as my vocation."

The great majority of Miss Haygood's friends felt that the principalship of the Girls' High School afforded her ample sphere for doing her best work. Miss Haygood herself realized the greatness of the opportunity which she enjoyed, and found a deep satisfaction in her work. As little as her friends did she dream that this work was but a training for

another work whose greatness and far-reaching influence would make it possible for the beauty and strength of these earlier labors to be lost to view. God's ways are truly marvelous to men's way of thinking. Few would now venture to question that the High School work was but a providential and unconscious preparation for a more Christlike work in a much needier field. But fewer still, placed as Miss Haygood was, would have heard the call and discerned the leading, directing her to go far hence to a Christless people beyond the seas.

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

1869-1883.

No college honors—no distinctions that men give one another—are worth the heartache. . . . Only neglected duty . . . should bring us sorrow—the mere failure to win earth's honors ought not to have the power to disturb us.—
Miss Haygood.

THE following letters, with one or two exceptions, were written to Rev. Howard Crumley, of the North Georgia Conference. They cover fourteen of the eighteen years during which Miss Haygood was a teacher in Atlanta. The first was written when Mr. Crumley was a little boy about nine years old and was Miss Haygood's pupil. It is a significant fact that she should have thought it worth while to take the time to answer the letter of a very young pupil who happened to write to her, and it is equally suggestive of the strength of her influence that the letters should have been preserved for so many years. These letters illustrate many of Miss Haygood's happiest traits as a teacher, and show her warm, hearty sympathy with young life.

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., April 27, 1869.

My Dear Howard: I was very glad to receive your little letter this evening, but wish that you had made it longer. I

am truly sorry to learn that your eyes have been troubling you. It is a great trial to you, I know, to be shut up in the house, particularly when there are so many beautiful things out of doors to attract your attention, as you doubtless find in Augusta at this season. I hope that you will soon be quite well.

Bro. Attie, Sis' Mollie, Wilbur, and Mamie all left us last Thursday for a visit to Oxford. So you see mother and I are having a very quiet time. Last Sunday your father, and sister Myra, and brother Charlie, all took dinner with us. It gave us a great deal of pleasure to have them here. Your home is very quiet, and looks almost as if it were deserted without you and "mother." Your father looks very lonely as he walks upon the veranda or about the garden. We shall all be glad when it is time for you and "mother" to come home.

Frank has brought me the little dog which he promised me. I have named him *Frans*. He is very pretty and has a great many cunning ways. I expect that you and he will be good friends when you come home.

Our roses are beginning to bloom very prettily, and we shall soon have a great many flowers in our little yard.

Lizzie Jones, Charlie McLendon, and all of your little friends in school are well. They divide their time at recess between croquet and "mumble the peg." They will be glad to welcome you home.

It is at last decided that we shall have our Sunday school picnic at Oxford, Friday the 7th of May. I wish that you and your mother could be with us. I hope that it will be very pleasant.

Mother joins me in a great deal of love to your mother and you. We miss you both very much. Remember us very kindly to your sister and the little folks. I shall be glad to have you write to me again. Hoping that not

one thing will occur to mar the pleasure of your visit,
I am,

Your affectionate teacher, LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

TO MR. AND MRS. W. M. CRUMLEY.

NEW YORK, July 29, 1876.

Dear Friends: Howard and I are resting this morning. As he is asleep and I am writing, I have concluded to write for him too. I want to tell you how good a boy he is. I don't think he has done anything since he left home that you could not have approved, if you had been with him. He has added in many ways to the pleasure of the party without adding one particle of trouble. He is a very enthusiastic sight-seer, but so are several others of our party, especially Mr. Cook and Miss Ramey. He has not allowed them to leave him until this morning, but he looked tired at breakfast, and so I persuaded him to rest with me. He has made the trip a very profitable one so far, learning something new every hour. He has written to you, I suppose, of his enjoyment of Washington and Philadelphia. Yesterday he went out in the morning here with Mr. Cook and Miss Ramey. They visited many places, but seemed particularly charmed with Trinity Church and the magnificent view of the city which they had from its steeple—considered the highest point, I believe, in the city. They were so fortunate as to be in the steeple at noon, and to *see* as well as *hear* the famous chimes. Howard has given special attention to the fine churches wherever he has found them. . . .

Affectionately, your friend, LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

TO MRS. MARTHA HAYGOOD.

BURLINGTON, VT., 3 P.M., August 11, 1876.

Dearest Mother: I don't think that letters ever gave me greater pleasure than those from Willie, Clara, and your-

self that I found waiting for me last evening at Burlington. I had heard nothing from you after Willie's dispatch to Mr. B. at Niagara, until I met Mr. Rawson yesterday at St. Albans, and I need not tell you that the time seemed long. I have sent you postal cards, or hurried notes, almost every day since leaving home, but they have often been written so hurriedly that I am afraid they have been very unsatisfactory. You know from them where we have been—though not *what* we have seen. I shall have so much to tell you all when I get home. I have enjoyed the whole trip exceedingly. During the first ten days, at two or three different times, I felt that perhaps it would have been better for me to have stayed at home, and I must confess that I felt at that time that it was very hard to be lame *just* then. It seemed to me that at any other season in all the year it would have been more convenient for me to have entertained rheumatism as a guest. Though I tried to be patient and cheerful, it was sometimes a task. I do believe that "whatever is, is best," and I tried to make the blessed assurance that "all things shall work together for good, etc.," the refrain of every thought. At last I *felt* it as well as *thought* it, and for the latter half of my trip I assure you that I have not thought of my lameness to regret it. I still limp, still walk with a stick, my right side is quickly tired; but I suffer very little now, except when I receive a jolt of some kind, or move too quickly. Of course it keeps me from undertaking some things that would otherwise be easily within my reach, but it does not *now* mar in the least my enjoyment of the pleasures that I do attain. I have sought in every way to prevent my lameness from interfering with the happiness of the rest of the party. I have not, I dare say, perfectly succeeded in this, but I have tried. Now, I know that you wonder greatly that, under these circumstances, I cared for the Canada trip. We had lived so fast in the preceding two weeks, and I had become so fully reconciled to my rheumatism, that I had be-

gun to look upon the world as a person does who is lame for life—though I do not apprehend such a result just now—and to make the most of opportunities and pleasures just as he must. Don't imagine that I have availed myself of them in a long-faced sort of way—but I enjoyed them thoroughly. I really believe that I have had as much real pleasure as any member of our party. I had no idea of giving so much time to myself and my feelings as I have done, but then I am sure of your interest, dear mother.

I don't think that three people ever had a nicer visit of five days to Canada than Howard, Mattie, and I ended yesterday. Leaving Lewiston Saturday 10 A.M., we reached Montreal Sunday a little after sunset. We were entirely comfortable upon the steamer, not in the least sick, and all agreed that it was the most delightful traveling we had ever experienced. I wish I could picture for you the beauty of the lake and the river. The St. Lawrence is to me the most beautiful of rivers. We expected a little, just a little, spice of danger in passing the rapids on the St. L., but the river was so high that there was absolutely none. Indeed, I am sure, from inquiry, etc., that the channel is now so well known that there is not, with an experienced pilot, danger at any time.

The churches are the glory of Montreal, though I believe that the Victoria Bridge, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, is the lion of the city. The latter impressed me chiefly for its length and strength. It is not as graceful in outline as the suspension bridge at Niagara. We visited a number of the churches. Many of them are rich in paintings and frescoes, and some of them venerable with age.

From Montreal to Quebec we went upon a very handsomely fitted-up steamer, the largest river steamer, I think, upon the St. Lawrence. We made the distance, about 250 miles, in twelve hours—with an hour or two of beauty in the twilight and again in the early morning, and several hours of

sleep and rest, almost as perfect as if we had been at home, between.

Quebec is so European that I could have almost believed that we had crossed the Atlantic while we were asleep. In both Montreal and Quebec French is spoken quite as much, indeed more, I am disposed to think, than English. It seemed a little comical to have the cabman cry out to us, "*uni voiture! uni voiture!*" and to hear the servants and children jabbering French, or a lingo made up of sandwiched English and French. The business houses frequently have their signs and placards French upon one side and English upon the other, and the more intelligent people seem to speak the two languages equally well.

Quebec is divided into two distinct cities—the Old and the New, or the Upper and the Lower. At some points there are precipitous roads, and at others flights of stairs leading from one city to the other. The Old city possessed the greatest charm for me—but I need not have told you that. . . .

In Seminary Chapel, Quebec, we found some of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen. We found there, too, two cases of precious relics, containing the skulls and some of the other bones of two saints high up in the calendar, whose names I have now forgotten. But I will tell you of these and other things when I get home. We came back to Montreal Wednesday night, and on to St. Albans yesterday, as I have already written. We came on to Burlington last evening, arriving about 7:30, expecting to arrange this morning for a trip to the White Mountains. We found, upon inquiry, that it would be rather more expensive than we had counted upon, and so we have decided to rest here for a day or two. . . .

I am glad that it has been convenient for Mrs. Crumley and you to see so much of each other. I know how pleasant it has been for you. Please tell her for me that I do not believe that she knows as well as I do how good and how

strong a boy Howard is, for she has not seen him, as I have. away from her own and his father's influence. He is perfectly inflexible in his adherence to duty. I shall be greatly disappointed if I ever hear of his being *led* into wrong by any one, and I am sure that he is not going there of his own accord. He has been thoughtful and careful for our comfort and convenience, wise and prudent in the management of traveling expenses, since we left the other members of the party, beyond his years. She may trust him anywhere. Be sure to tell her, too, that he does not run recklessly into danger. He spends nearly all his waking time with us. I think that I may safely promise her that he will come back to her, after this glimpse of the great world, as pure and good as when he left her. . . . More love than I can ever express for dear mother, Willie, Wilbur, Clara, Charlie, and Mattie. . . .

As ever and forever,

LOLLIE.

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., September 10, 1876.

My Dear Boy: Your "sermon" ought to have been written and mailed Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, that it might have reached you this morning. But, after school work was finished, on Friday I was so tired as to make writing almost an impossibility, and Saturday morning "Normal Class" claimed me. Of course I know better than to send a sermon *now*, which would reach you Tuesday morning, when, as the busy Frenchman said, you "will have to fry some fish" other than sermons. I write now only to tell you that I did not forget, and because I want you to write to me and tell me about the dreaded examination and your first days at college.

Your mother told me that you had already made some acquaintances that promised to be pleasant, before she left you at Kirkwood on Tuesday. Do you know that I think the

association with young people, near your own age, with similar tastes and aspirations as yourself, will afford some of your most pleasant experiences in the new life which is opening before you? You are to form, I doubt not, many lasting friendships at Oxford; some that will follow you with cheer and comfort through the lights and shadows of all the years that are to come. Choose your friends wisely, then love them faithfully, for the price of a true friend is "far above rubies." My experience is that the firmest, most lasting friendships are those formed in youth. The heart receives impressions then so readily. The successes, the disappointments, the trials, the pleasures, which you share at school, are as real and as important to you as the seemingly greater ones that come to men in the busy world, and they all serve to unite, to weld in indissoluble union, the golden chains that bind hearts together. You must not hope to find perfect boys. Some will need your help, others may give you help, oftentimes there will be opportunity for mutual aid, as you struggle toward the higher and better life. This note has almost developed into a little sermon, but it shall not be "twelve pages." We are so sorry to have your father and mother go, but hope sincerely that your father will be benefited by the change, and that your mother will find Oxford pleasant. I shall expect a letter from you before many days.

With much love,

"Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., September 20, 1876, 8 P.M.

My Dear Boy: I was very glad indeed to receive last Saturday morning your letter of the 14th inst.

I congratulate you upon having passed so successfully your examination, and upon having taken so good a stand in your class. I am anxious that you should maintain this good stand, but remember my caution, and don't give all your time to *text-books*. Of course I would not have you neg-

lect your lessons; but, after you have learned them, do not spend time in useless iterations. The mind is all the stronger for regular recreation. The bow *must* be unbent sometime, you know, else it loses its tension. If the Sophomore course does not keep you busy, and, after "lessons and play," you still have time for other things, it will be a most opportune occasion for you to begin the study of the English classics. Dr. Callaway will, I doubt not, from time to time, introduce you to one after another of those grand men whose names are the glory of the English tongue, whose ready pens clothed breathing thoughts in burning words. Cultivate their acquaintance diligently. Make them your familiar friends. You will find them faithful and true through all the years to come. They never intrude themselves when they are not wanted; yet, always ready to come at our call, they fill with sunshine many an hour that without them would be dark. They cheer days that but for their presence would be lonely. Remember the aphorism of Bacon—one of the wisest of them all—"Reading maketh a full man; writing, an exact man; conversation, a ready man." I know that you want to be "full," "exact," "ready," so you must *read*, *write*, and *talk* as you have opportunity. I fear that *talk*ing will be the greatest trial to you, therefore I would especially emphasize "*talk*."

I am really glad to know that you are a Chi Phi, and that you took part in the first debate. I am on your side of that question, and congratulate you upon having gained the victory in this word battle. Speak as often as it is fitting for you to do so in the Society. I imagine that there are no better training schools, for boys who wish to become public men, than these debating societies. I hope that you will find membership in the Phi Gamma Society both pleasant and profitable. We women, who are left outside, have to take the word of the men for it, and those who know say that it is a good thing to be a Chi Phi.

Have you formed any acquaintances yet among the girls? I hope you will go to church with one of them Sunday night, and that she will give *you* a chance to do your share of the talking. . . .

Don't write to me from a sense of duty, but when you have opportunity, and "the spirit moves" you to do so, be quite sure that your letters will be gladly welcomed by me. Give a great deal of love to your father and mother.

As ever, with much love,

"Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., October 4, 1876.

My Dear Boy: I have just finished a letter to Mattie, and do not think that it would be at all fair to spend an hour talking to *one* of my children and say nothing to the *other*.

I am very much obliged for your pleasant letter of the 24th ult. I am glad that you have entered so enthusiastically upon your school work. Work and enthusiasm seldom fail to bring pleasure, and this, I doubt not, is to be a very happy year for you.

Isn't it surprising that teachers will have such exalted ideas of the ability of scholars when they *assign* lessons? And isn't it good enough for them that these lofty ideas are dashed to the earth when they hear recitations? "My girls" would say, "Yes, indeed," to both propositions; but boys, perhaps, care less for long lessons.

I am quite interested in Prof. Scomp's pronunciation of Greek. If ever a time comes when I have plenty of leisure, I should like exceedingly to go down to Oxford and take lessons from him. He must be quite an acquisition to the college. I am glad to hear that he has made so favorable an impression. You are fortunate in being a member of his Sunday school class. He spent some time, I believe, travel-

ing in the Holy Land. . . . Write to me when the spirit moves you. I am always glad to hear from you.

Most affectionately,

"Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., November 3, 1876.

My Dear Boy: You must blame the tyrant we call "circumstances" for my long delay in replying to your last welcome letter. We have had visitors with us nearly all the time for the past three weeks, and the time not needed for school work or sleep was necessarily given to their entertainment.

I am glad to hear of your continued industry and success. I am especially glad to know that you are not crippling your mind by the use of "translations" in your language studies. It would certainly be very poor policy to teach a child to walk with crutches. His limbs could never become strong and self-supporting under such tuition; and surely it would be worse than folly to *begin* with crutches, if they are to be put aside as soon as he has learned to use them skilfully. The boys who use translations are making the mistake, I think, of beginning with crutches. They will regret it one of these days if they care to make scholarly men. They certainly will not wish to go through life leaning upon sticks, when they might learn to walk alone with all ease. My experience of the past summer has taught me that it is far more satisfactory to have strong limbs belonging to one's own self than to trust to the surest and strongest of arms belonging to one's friends.

By the way, I am still rheumatic—some days better, then again worse. I have not dared yet to undertake a longer walk than from home to school. I am now under treatment by Dr. Johnson. He says that the remedies that I am now trying may relieve me in a few weeks, or may require several months. So, you see, I am likely to have abundant oppor-

tunity for learning the virtue of patient waiting. . . .
Write to me when you have opportunity.

As ever, most affectionately,

“Boss.”

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., November 21, 1876.

My Dear Boy: Thanks for your prompt reply to my last letter. I thought to have written to you last Friday evening, but visitors for the night prevented. I have just finished grading a set of exercise books, and very willingly turn to the more pleasant occupation of talking to you, though the talking must be a monologue.

Everything on our quiet corner moves on in “the even tenor of its way.” I used to think that monotonous lives were, necessarily, very dreary ones; but, as I grow older, I am beginning to think that they may be very happy. Carlyle once said, “Blessed is that people whose annals are vacant,” and it is almost as true of individuals as it is of nations. But you like “rapids,” I believe, rather better than the peaceful flow of an unbroken river, and so cannot be quite in sympathy with my present appreciation of a quiet life. It is astonishing how tastes change as we grow older.

I am glad that you are finding so much time for reading. I see that you have had a pleasant variety in your selection of authors. It is very well to relieve the sober tints of history by the sparkle and brightness of humor. However good a thing “monotony” may be in a life, I do not think that it is desirable in literary pursuits.

I would not advise you to undertake a heavy course of study with Prof. Scomp during vacation, unless you are conscious of being behind, and wish to make up the deficiency. Let your vacation work be without, rather than within, your regular class work. . . . Write when you have opportunity.

Most affectionately,

“Boss.”

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., December 15, 1876.

My Dear Howard: Your interesting letter of the 2d inst. was very welcome.

I congratulate you sincerely upon your good report. We very rarely deserve "100" for any work that we do in this world. We can strive after perfection, but ought not to be surprised or disappointed if we fail to attain it. At the same time it is quite right to raise our standard higher year after year; or, as Tennyson says, "to rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things." Your report will be somewhat better next term, I have no doubt. A thousand times better have "93" in Greek or Latin, than to have cheated yourself and your teacher by having used a "pony." Most young people, I think, attach too much importance to "marks" at school, just as if *they* made the scholar. Don't fall into this mistake. Do your duty day after day, patiently, persistently—as I am sure you are doing—and then do not worry at all about results.

I am glad that the Sophomore party was so pleasant. Did you give your heart to any of the fair ladies present?

I should think that the young people left in Oxford would find it exceedingly pleasant to organize a social club during vacation.

And so you are reading Shakespeare! I am glad. You must not expect to "finish" that and put it aside as you do many other books. The study of Shakespeare is the work of a lifetime. Coleridge called him "the ocean-souled," and if any uninspired man ever deserved so magnificent an epitaph he certainly did. If you learn to like him, to appreciate him, you will probably read some of his tragedies and some of his histories a dozen times and find new beauties each reading. There is no writer so universally quoted. You will often hear his words upon the lips of persons who never heard of him. If you have a copy of your own, you will find

it profitable to mark as you read thoughts that impress you as especially wise or witty, or well-known quotations that you may chance upon. It will be better to read and study carefully two or three plays, than to go hastily over the whole of his works. I would commend to you for study "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," and the "Merchant of Venice." They will give you illustrations of his power in the three departments of tragedy, history, and comedy, in which he is almost equally wonderful. . . .

Mother and Willie join me in a great deal of love to you all. Write when you have opportunity.

Most affectionately,

"Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., February 3, 1877.

My Dear Howard: I am surprised that I have allowed the month of January to pass without answering your last welcome letter. Christopher North—Wilson—the dearest, the sunniest-hearted of all Scotchmen, says, "The weariest wavings of Time's heavily laden wings are very fleet," and as I grow older I find myself every year more and more disposed to agree with him. But, if this is true of the "weariest wavings," what word can we find to express the rapidity of movement when the wings are burdened with nothing heavier than bright, happy, *busy* days? I am beginning to have almost as high an appreciation of the blessing of "busy days" as have your father and my mother. Mrs. Browning is right when she says,

Get leave to work in this world:
For 'tis the best you get at all.
God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men, in benediction.

God says, "Sweat
For foreheads;" men say, "crowns;" and so we are crowned—
Aye, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel,
That clasps with a secret spring. Get work, get work,
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

But a boy as busy as you are certainly does not stand in immediate need of a sermon on work, though I scarcely think that you have lived long enough to fully appreciate its delights. Take my word for it, *it is a blessing*, if it does sometimes seem "a blessing in disguise," and the work going before makes every holiday and every vacation *blessings undisguised*. . . .

As ever, affectionately,

"Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., March 27, 1877.

My Dear Boy: If I am not mistaken, this is your seventeenth birthday. I cannot let it pass without sending love, and earnest wishes for all good gifts of fortune and Providence to you in the years that are to come.

I shall put all my sermon this time into short quotations:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God."

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

There!—that is all this time. I only wanted you to know that I thought of you on your birthday, to give you something to think about, and to thank you for your pleasant letters, which I am going to answer very soon. I have been

very busy with term examinations, etc., else I had written earlier. Very much love to your father and mother.

As ever, most affectionately, "Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., April 15, 1877.

My Dear Howard: I was very much pleased to receive a few days since your interesting letter of the 8th inst. By the way, let me congratulate you upon your improvement in penmanship.

I am sorry that you did not come up to be photographed with the seniors. I think that you would have enjoyed it, and I am sure that your friends here had a welcome waiting for you.

I could almost enjoy, in the retrospect of memory, a walk to "the Rock" as I read your letter. I remember several walks there with merry crowds of young people, to whom the beautiful days seemed all too short. I remember one walk there with mother, Myra, and Willie twelve years ago this spring. Nature was lovely then as now, and beauty smiled all about our pathway. Even to our quiet little party there came an occasional gleam of merriment, though we were exiles, and our hearts were quivering between hope and fear as to the future of our country.

Confess to me now. Didn't you become at all sentimental under the jasmine wreaths? If tradition may be received as history, many a college boy has surrendered his heart at or about "the Rock," to the owners of fair fingers, which had busied themselves in twining beautiful flowers about his *hat*, while bright eyes and gentle words fastened golden chains about his *heart*.

The lines you quoted from Wordsworth are very beautiful. He was in wonderful sympathy with nature, and seems to have appreciated her in every phase. . . . I hope that

you will "cover yourself with glory" in the approaching examination.

Very much love to your father and mother. Write when you have opportunity.

Most affectionately,

"Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

PORTER SPRINGS, GA., July 19, 1877.

My Dear Boy: I am sure that the date of my letter must suggest to you July 19, 1876, when our party, somewhat saddened by recent good-byes, yet full of bright anticipations of pleasure, left Atlanta for the Centennial. I shall think of my boy and girl, Howard and Mattie, very many times during the next five weeks, as the anniversaries of some days come that we enjoyed together last year. I have no doubt that we shall recall with more than wonted pleasure during these summer days the experiences and delights of the Centennial summer. How our party are scattered now! What changes another year may bring none can guess—we can know, though, that an all-wise Father guides, that nothing can happen to us without his will, that what he wills is best.

I think that I owe you an apology for my long silence. For the last two months of school—after Miss Taylor's resignation—I was just as busy as could be. When school duties were over, after a few days of hurried preparation, I came with mother, Mrs. Boynton, Sr., Clara and Charlie Boynton, to Porter Springs. I have not been very well since I have been here, and so have abandoned myself to the sweets of rest and idleness, the *dolce far niente* of the Italians.

I am rather disappointed in Porter Springs, chiefly, however, in finding so many people here. There are between 175 and 200 guests here, very many more than they have had at one time in other seasons. Mother, as you can well imag-

ine, does not enjoy the crowd, and her health and comfort were the principal considerations that induced me to come to Porter. I still hope that she will be benefited by the change. I always enjoy mountain air and scenery, but I do not think the views about Porter are as beautiful as those from Nacoochee Valley. For quiet beauty the mountains that encircle Nacoochee are rivaled in my imagination only by those that are around Lake George. Ah! how much you all missed in not seeing Lake George!

I hope that commencement has passed very satisfactorily. You must write me all about it. I see glowing accounts of Dr. Leftwich's sermon in Tuesday's *Constitution*. Give a great deal of love to your father and mother. Write to me sooner than I deserve. We shall probably be at Porter two and a half weeks longer. Hoping that you will have an exceedingly pleasant vacation, I am,

As ever, with love,

"Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., Saturday, April 13, 1878.

My Dear Boy: I have just finished reading, carefully and critically, your essay on "Wesley as a Reformer." I congratulate you most heartily upon your success. You have done exceedingly well. I have taken you at your word, and have indicated changes, not in thought but in dress, *wherever* it seemed best to me. Feel perfectly free to accept my changes or reject them as you please. Do not hesitate to retain your own expressions wherever you in the least prefer them. I hope that you will have no trouble in deciphering my *blue* hieroglyphics.

When you copy, write upon one side of your paper, and fasten together at the top. I send you by mail a quire of paper like that we are now using at the High School for

examinations. I think you will find it admirably suited for your essay. I hope that it will reach you in good order.

I shall be very proud of you if you take the medal; but if you do not, I shall think that you have done an excellent work in familiarizing yourself with the life and time of Wesley.

Be quite sure that it has given me pleasure to read and criticise your essay.

I am still rheumatic—the other members of the family in usual health.

Very much love from all to yourself, father, and mother. When you have opportunity, write to me.

Most affectionately,

“Boss.”

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

WARM SPRINGS, N. C., Sunday, August 25, 1878.

My Dear Boy: Your London letter came to me a day or two before I left home, and your Venice letter, kindly forwarded by your mother, found me here a day or two ago. I thank you most sincerely for your letters. It was very pleasant to know that amidst the charms of the “Old World,” the busy pleasures of sight-seeing, you thought of me and took time to write to me. How I would have enjoyed being with you! How I shall enjoy talking over your route with you when you are home again! I try sometimes to decide what I would care for most in Europe, and Edinburgh and London and Rome and Venice and Florence and Switzerland pass in swift review, and I generally find that—like little Mattie Boynton when we ask, “Whom do you love best?” and she answers, “All of ‘em”—each has some special interest for me. I will not be guilty of the folly of “carrying coals to Newcastle,” in writing to you just now about Europe.

I send this little letter to thank you for your letters, and

to meet you in New York with a welcome home. Distance is a relative thing, and after all the miles you have traveled, New York will seem almost homelike, I am sure. God has been very good in shielding you from dangers by the way. I pray that his good guidance may lead you all the way through the journey of life—much longer, I trust—which is still before you.

I received a kind letter from your mother, with a little note from your father, by the last mail but one. You have hardly an idea, my dear boy, of all that you are to them, of the intensity of their love for you, of the hopes that center in you, of the sacrifice it has been to them to be separated from you, of the joy with which they anticipate your return. You are already beginning to reap the reward of a dutiful son in the knowledge that you are a comfort to them. God grant that they may live to see you realize their hope and yours of a noble, useful manhood.

I am still unable to walk without my crutches. I came here hoping to derive some benefit from the use of the baths here. I have been here some ten days and I think that I am a little better. Of course I do not yet know what the end will be. I am sure that it will all be right, yet I cannot help longing for health and strength.

This is a lovely place, encircled by mountains, with the French Broad River on one side and a sparkling mountain creek on the other.

I would have written to you in Europe, if I had known your address. Again, welcome home, a thousand times welcome!

With very much love,

“Boss.”

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., May 23, 1879.

My Dear Boy: Very many thanks for your pleasant letter and the *photograph*. It is “your very image,” nose and all.

Jesting aside, I think that it is an excellent picture, and I am very glad to possess it. I will have one of mine for you when I am able to climb safely the stairs leading to the gallery.

I hope that one of your prize essays will bear away the honors.

I wish that I could suggest some good subject for your oration. If I could talk with you about it, I think that I might help you in selecting the subject, but a suggestion, unless I knew the line of subjects upon which you had been thinking, would be, or might be, a hindrance rather than a help.

I will name only a few topics selected from a programme of the commencement exercises of the University of Indiana for 1878. "Character the Culmination of Culture," "Pioneers of Thought," "European Ideas in America," "The Real and Apparent." . . .

I am by no means alarmed at the story of your "love affair." You are too nearly through school for it to interfere seriously with your school work, and if you do grow *pale* and *thin*, why *that* is an evil that time will remedy. . . .

Affectionately,

"Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., October 26, 1879.

My Dear Boy: . . . I see your mother almost every day. She is not looking quite as well as I would like to see her, though she does not complain. . . . Your father is looking better. I think he is somewhat improved in health. They both miss you very much and watch anxiously for your letters. You can hardly realize how all your mother's thoughts and hopes and plans for the future revolve around you. I verily believe that she would cheerfully, *gladly*, lay down her life at any moment to promote your welfare. Do not be afraid to tell her in tenderest words of your love and care for her. Every manifestation of your love strengthens

her heart like wine does a fainting body. Now, don't conclude that I think you have been wanting in affection for your mother. Not at all. I only think that the most of us do not tell our friends as often as we ought of our love for them. Some morning we wake to the bitter consciousness that the ears that would have been gladdened by our words of love are deaf to our sobs and prayers, and we tell the pitying friends who weep with us of our love and sorrow. How much better to utter the loving words to the living ears which care most to hear them! Now, I wish you to write to your mother—all to herself—a genuine *love* letter. Don't be afraid of being sentimental. Tell her all that is in your heart of love for her and appreciation of her noble life of self-sacrifice, of devotion to your father and yourself.

Such a letter would brighten the whole winter for her. Don't fancy that she complains, that she thinks you cold, that she doubts your love. Not a bit of it. You are son and daughter both to her, you know, and you must give her the sort of tender petting that daughters give more frequently than sons. Her heart is hungry for it, yet I hardly think she expects it from any one. Give it to her, my boy, as you give, I know, your love. Your own life will be the richer and brighter for it.

My school work, as usual, keeps me very busy, but I enjoy it. We had two days' holiday last week on account of the Fair, but I had a *very* bad cold, and did not go out. I am still on the invalid list, but expect to go to school to-morrow. . . .

Affectionately,

"Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., February 10, 1880.

My Dear Boy: I have been intending for some weeks past to send you a long letter, but, always busy, I have only waited for the moment when there was nothing to hinder.

Your mother told me to-day, however, that she had not written to you this week, and thinking that, in the absence of her usual letter, my letter would be especially welcome, I have *made* a time in which to write.

Now, you must know that I think of you very many times when I do not tell you so, and that I take a very warm interest in all your work as a scholar. I am very glad that you are getting on so well, and offer my congratulations upon your oratorical successes since you have been at Vanderbilt.

I am very much interested, on your account, solely, in the election (I believe it is an *election*, is it not?) of your commencement orator, which I think takes place this week, yet I want to say just this now, that *you must guard carefully* against too much *anxiety* as to the result. If you are successful, no one will congratulate you more heartily than I; but if some one else receives the honor, I shall not think it a matter of condolence. No college honors—no distinctions that men give one another—are worth the heartache. Be quite sure of that. There are very few things worth worrying about. When we have done our duty—the best our circumstances will allow—we have done well, and *failure* ought not to bring us sorrow. Only neglected duty—sins of omission or commission—should bring us sorrow (of course I except personal bereavement); the mere failure to win earth's honors ought not to have the power to disturb us. What are they when we win them? How fleeting! How quickly forgotten! How empty! You have already gained the chief good which the honor could bring you, from the extra effort in speaking to which it has incited you.

While we are on this subject, I want to beg you, my dear boy, not to be too much concerned about being a *great man*, as the world estimates greatness. Let *that* be a mere incident of life—not its aim. Remember that your mission in this world is to make the most of every talent—of every opportunity—that God has given you, not that you may win

honor for yourself, not that you may inscribe your name upon the roll of famous men, but that you may make the world better for your life, that you may win some victories for Christ. Now, I am not saying these things to you by way of reproof—understand that—but I know so well how these temptations beset all earnest young people, and I know well how strong the temptation is to seek *personal* honor, and in seeking it I know that we often lose sight of higher and better things. I watch with the utmost anxiety year after year to discover the motives that lead my best scholars to study, and whenever I find that they care more for *marks* than knowledge, my heart sinks, for I know that, guided by such influences, they will have many bitter disappointments, and lose the purest, sweetest pleasures of student life.

There—that is enough sermon for one time—*too much*, I am afraid you are thinking. . . .

With very much love, faithfully your friend,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., March 29, 1880, 7 A.M.

My Dear Boy: Before commencing the duties of the day I must send you a word of love and congratulation upon this your twentieth birthday.

I thank God for all the mercies and blessings with which He has crowned your life—devoted parents, health, opportunities for culture. Truly He has been good to you. Life stretches fair and bright before you—smooth waters and sunny skies. I trust that the storms may be very long averted. Come they will, sometime, somewhere; but, if Christ is in the boat with you, you need fear no evil. Remember when the little band of disciples were storm-tossed on the Sea of Galilee, at his command “Peace, be still,” the threatening clouds dispersed and the turbulent waters grew placid. Not until the disciples *looked to Him* did help come. But with

an infinite tenderness, with "a gentleness that makes great," He hears the feeblest cry. Life has brought you no blessing so great, I think, as the early teaching which led you in childhood's hours to make Him your friend.

Many of your ideals will not realize themselves amid the chaos of the actual, yet life may bring you something nobler and richer than you have ever dreamed. That it may be noble and rich, however, it is not at all necessary that it should lead among the high places of earth. If God crowns you, there will be little need of earthly laurels. *Being* is so much better than *seeming*. *Seeming* will count nothing, and *being* all, when God estimates our lives.

I hope the speech prospers. Beware of making it too long. I have not advised you in any way about the subject-matter, not because I am wanting in interest, but because advice given at this distance, without knowing more of your line of thought, would be worthless.

With a prayer that your new year may bring you every good and perfect gift of God's grace and providence, I am,
Most faithfully, your friend, "Boss."

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., February 22, 1881.

My Dear Howard: I thought the congratulations I did not write when your mother told me that you had received a speaker's appointment for your approaching commencement. It must have been very pleasant to have received from your classmates so generous a token of their appreciation and friendship. That was better, I think, than the medal, even if you should win it.

I am very glad to know that you have not been thinking about it, or making preparations for it for months before. It would have been taking time, I think, from subjects that are of vastly greater importance than a brilliant display at

commencement. Besides, your oration, if hammered on for a year, would have lost in freshness all that it gained in breadth. You have time enough, I think.

I like very much the line of subjects that you have had in mind. The Irish question is one of international interest just now, and likely to continue so. It will command, I think, the popular ear. If you feel strongly inclined to that—if you feel a genuine, personal interest in the "Land League," etc., you can hardly do better. It seems to me that Gladstone or Disraeli either would make a most excellent subject. My personal preference would all be for Gladstone. I consider him the truest and wisest friend that Ireland has ever had among English statesmen. "Gladstone's Relation to the Irish Question" would be a very happy form of the subject, I think. By the way, if you decide to take the "Irish" in any form, you must read Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times"—a thoroughly delightful book. It is published in the "Franklin Square Library" series, and you can get both volumes for forty cents.

Now, my dear boy, keep in mind that the medal, in itself, is not worth working for. The honor of receiving it is ephemeral. Half the audience will forget before twelve hours the victor's name—three-fourths of his friends will never hear that he received it—nine-tenths of the one-fourth who hear of it will forget it within a week—and nine-tenths of the one-tenth—all indeed whose friendship he need care much about—will not esteem him at all more highly *because* of the medal. Do your work well, because it is right to do *well* what you do at all, and the work *well done* will be its own best reward. The *medal* is not worth an anxious thought, or a single regret. The winning of that medal will not help you much, I fancy, in your life work; the loss of it certainly ought not to hinder, ought not to mar the sunshine of one day.

I am glad that you are almost through. Your father and

mother need you. Neither of them is at all well, though not seriously sick now. But they are lonely without you. It is right to stay until you are through. They wish it, and it is best, but we shall all be glad when you are at home.

I shall be very glad to hear from you at any time, but you must not feel obliged to write when you are busy.

With very much love,

“Boss.”

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., March 29, 1881, 7 A.M.

My Dear Boy: I cannot let your twenty-first birthday pass without a greeting. I hope that the sky is blue above you, and the sunshine bright around you on this glad morning. Better still, I hope that the angels of peace are filling your heart with music. Outward sunshine is worth very little if there is silence and darkness within.

It is hardly fitting that I should continue to the man of twenty-one the sermons I have been preaching to the boy I have been caring for so long, yet I am quite sure that you will be willing to listen to a closing exhortation. My text is: *Don't worry*. Very familiar words these are, but very difficult to actualize in life. The worrying or the not worrying, however, makes the difference between a restless, unhappy life, and one serene and beautiful. There are few greater incongruities than that “the children of a King,” who have the privilege of living in his favor, worry and fret, mar their work, and turn their joy into sadness, because, forsooth, men do not understand them, plans and hopes—that, too often, are of the earth, earthy—fail them, the honors of the world are withheld, objects of personal ambition are denied.

There may be personal bereavements, there must be sorrow for sin—but Christians have no right to *worry*. Bravely, cheerfully, as in God's sight, we ought to meet the duties of each hour, doing what at the moment seems duty, and

content with the result—laying to heart our mistakes only so far as may be necessary to enable us to avoid them in the future.

Pardon me, my dear boy, for saying things of this kind to you so often. It would have saved me many a heartache if I had learned the lesson at this age—your age, I mean.

I hope the speech goes well. I have not been wanting in interest, but I knew the danger of advising at this distance. I would have suggested other reading, but I was quite sure from your mother's letters that you had a superabundance of material at hand. Can I do anything for you now?

Your father and mother are in usual health.

With very much love, and an assurance that the friendship that has followed you from babyhood to manhood will follow you through life, I am,

Most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., August 20, 1883.

My Dear Howard: I was very greatly obliged for your kind letter of August 8th, which came to me a few days ago. It brought before me very vividly dear Chautauqua, with its varied attractions. I am truly glad that you are enjoying it all so much. I think that you were very wise not to take the Hebrew. You would have lost more in other lines than you would have gained there.

I fully sympathize with your admiration of Dr. Vincent. I think him one of the grandest men I ever knew. To *know him* is a good contribution toward a liberal education. I was deeply touched by your quotation from his prayer. It was like him to remember the sorrowful ones at home. I can almost imagine the glories of that opening night. Twice I have been there when the light, the music, the flowers, the eloquence, the eager, upturned faces, the "Chautauqua lil-

ies"—converted the groves into fairyland. It is very pleasant to remember it all.

I am glad that you are at our old headquarters, because I like to know your surroundings. I trust that you have found it pleasant in every way.

My poor head continued to ache most persistently, and I grew more tired physically every day, so the good people at home took the matter into their own hands, and said that I must come away. The Pattillos were here, and wrote to me that the climate was very invigorating, and that I could find a quiet boarding house. So I came. Lizzie Pattillo remained to be with me. We are quiet and comfortable, and the climate and scenery are all that could be desired. If I do not grow quite well and strong, I think that I shall be quite without excuse.

We found a horse that I could safely drive, and so Lizzie and I go driving almost every afternoon. Few things could be more pleasant than wandering about in the country roads around Asheville, now following the winding ways of the French Broad or the Swannanoa, now climbing in easy spirals to the breezy uplands, from which views of rare loveliness, of quiet valleys, graceful streams, encircling mountains, greet our enchanted eyes. I find myself often wishing that I could raise in the arms of love to these heights all the tired hearts and aching heads of the patient workers in the valleys, and let them be filled with the *rest* and the *peace* which seem God's special gift to these mountains. I wish that I could put right into your heart the tender, solemn beauty of some of the sunsets I have watched from the lofty hills in and around Asheville. The very gates of glory seemed to be opened for the departing day, and you could almost fancy the Delectable Mountains—the outer battlements of the City Celestial—before you. God is very good to give us here and there upon this fair earth such intimations of what the perfected workmanship of his hands may be.

I am sure that it is good for me to be here—that my coming was of my Father's ordering. If I could have chosen I would have stayed at home. My heart was a little sore at first at having to leave undone some Home Mission work that I had planned for August. But quickly the healing came, with the precious message: "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him, and He shall bring it to pass." That is all I am doing just now—*resting* and *waiting*—trying to open my heart to all the gracious influences of earth, air, and sky—to learn gratefully all the lessons that God would teach me, to leave without an anxious thought not only my own future, but all the work so dear to my heart to the wise and loving Father who has said: "I am the Lord thy God which shall teach thee to profit, which shall lead thee in the way that thou shouldst go." I can never thank Him enough for having shown me so graciously this summer, in times of sorest need, how strong and tender, how full of compassion is the Everlasting Love.

I have been attending the Methodist Church here; and never before, among strangers, have I realized so fully the blessedness of the tie of Christian brotherhood, by which all who truly love the Lord Jesus are "*one* in Him of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

You must remember me very kindly to Mr. Spring, and to dear, kind Miss Raymond, and to other friends who may remember and ask about me. By the way, will you do me the kindness to tell Miss Raymond sometime *how busy* I was last spring. I received a letter from her during our meeting, which I meant every day to answer, but the days were very full. Before the meeting closed dear mother was ill. You know the rest. You can make her understand, better than I can, that my silence was not mere indifferent neglect.

There will hardly be time for you to answer this letter, and please do not feel that you must. I shall be glad to

see you and have you tell me all about your holiday. I shall care to know from you how Brother Attie's lectures were received. No one knows so well as I, perhaps, how much heart and conscience he put into them. That he will be much criticised and misunderstood, at home especially, is inevitable.

May God bless you, my dear boy, and "strengthen you mightily by his Spirit in the inner man" for every good word and work! Now and always, as ever,

Most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., Sunday, 9:30 P.M., October 21, 1883.

My Dear Boy: At the close of a sweet Sabbath, which has been full of rest and light, though not of leisure, I want to thank you for the beautiful little Bible I found waiting for me the other evening, and yet more for the love that remembered my birthday and prompted this token. I felt at once what a comfort your gift would be. It made its first round with me yesterday morning, and if there were no other associations than those of the day, this particular volume would be already dear to me. At one bedside, the exceeding great and precious promises of Isaiah cheered an aged saint who is only waiting to be called, resting in the Lord; at another, St. Paul's strong faith that counted not "the sufferings of this present time as worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed," strengthened the heart of a sick and sorrowful mother; and yet another, an invalid for many weeks, was comforted by the story of Jesus' compassion to the woman who had faith enough to touch the hem of his garment; and, perhaps best of all, from its pages I tried to make very plain to two souls struggling to the light, the way to Jesus. It will be so easy always to have this dear little Bible with me, that it may furnish many times the word that my memory might have failed to carry. It will be very pleasant to asso-

ciate with its quiet ministry a thought of your affection for me.

I hope that you have had a good day—that the presence of the Holy Spirit has filled your own heart with comfort and joy, and has made your words the message of God to the hearts of all who have heard you. I felt strangely moved this morning to pray that *the Spirit would help you preach to-day*. I feel more and more strongly with the passing days that we can hope to accomplish nothing worth the doing without this help. Come to see me when there is opportunity. Love to your father and mother. Now and always, as ever,

Most faithfully your friend, LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

TO H. L. CRUMLEY.

ATLANTA, GA., December 6, 1883.

My Dear Howard: I congratulate you upon your appointment. I did not make it, but I doubt whether it could have been better, either for you or the work. "The field is white to the harvest." I pray that God "may grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man," for this work. Tell your father and mother that I hope that this appointment will bring you all "home." That will be one of the personal pleasures connected with it for me.

Come to see me when there is opportunity. Come to tea, and there will be time for talking after. With love for you all,

Most faithfully yours, LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

CHAPTER V.

HOME MISSION WORK.

1882-1884.

I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.—*Psalms*.

WHILE Miss Haygood was so fully occupied with her work of teaching, and with qualifying herself for an ever-enlarging efficiency, she was also engaged in many forms of personal Christian service. From a mere child, she had been interested in the Church. As has been seen, Trinity Church, Atlanta, grew out of the Sunday school which was founded by her father and mother, and whose sessions were held at first in her mother's schoolroom. Trinity Church was built in 1854, and Miss Haygood, as a child of nine, took great interest in the building. Her brother Atticus subscribed twenty dollars to the building fund, and paid his subscription by carrying brick and mortar for the building. She and her sister Myra helped with the sweeping and dusting of the church and took care of the lamps, in order that the scanty treasury of the struggling young Church might be relieved from any unnecessary outlay.

The Haygood home had frequent visits from the preachers of Atlanta and vicinity. As a child, Miss Haygood found unusual pleasure in doing helpful, thoughtful things for the pastors and their families. The contact with these devoted, self-sacrificing messengers of Christ profoundly influenced

her ideals of Christian life. As we have seen, she joined the Church in 1858, and from that time forth she grew in her love for the Church and her devotion to its work. Under these hallowed influences, she "advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men."

On her return to Atlanta as a teacher in 1866, Miss Haygood again became an active member of Trinity Church. She here had a long and most useful career as a Sunday school teacher. For many years she had a class composed of the older girls of the Sunday school. Many of these were led into active forms of Christian work, and themselves became most excellent teachers in the Sunday school. She gave much attention to the preparation of her Sunday school lessons, and was especially gifted in seeing those truths which were best suited to deepening the spiritual life of the young ladies intrusted to her care. She believed very profoundly in the power of religious education to make men and women after the likeness of Christ.

In 1876 Miss Haygood had a very severe attack of sciatica, which lasted for several years and which put her on crutches. The sciatica was so persistent that, as we have seen, she was ready to resign her position as principal of the High School. During the severest period of this illness, she was forced to forego her Sunday school work. But, as restoration of health came, she again took it up. In the summer of 1881 she spent her vacation at Chautauqua, N. Y. There she entered very enthusiastically into a course of Bible study in connection with the Sunday School Normal Department of the C. L. S. C. On returning to Atlanta, she not only took up, with renewed appreciation, her class work, but

greatly widened her influence by organizing a Normal Class for Sunday school teachers, which met in her study every Saturday afternoon. This induced much of the most intelligent Bible study of which she was capable. Not only did members of her own Sunday school, and of other Methodist schools in Atlanta, avail themselves of her helpful guidance, but some of other denominations also attended the class.

Miss Abbie Callaway, of the Baptist Church, writes :

We remember the helpful lessons, the fervent prayers, the earnest personal talks with those who lingered after the meetings for just one word with the woman of whom everybody seemed to be needing something, and the sweet seasons of refreshing into which these meetings quickly grew. From that time the spiritual element in Miss Haygood's character rapidly developed.

Miss Haygood assisted in organizing the Sunday schools which grew into St. Paul's and St. John's Methodist Churches, Atlanta. She, with other workers, one summer organized a Sunday school in the open air under the trees on Fair Street. When the weather became too cold for open-air meetings, a small building was rented, and the work was pressed so vigorously that at last it expanded into St. Paul's Church. Members of her Sunday school class began a similar work on Rawson Street, which developed into Pierce Chapel, and is now St. John's Church.

In February, 1882, at a Wednesday evening prayer meeting at Trinity Church, conducted by Dr. Kendall, who made a talk on Psalm xl. 8 ("I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart"), Miss Haygood received a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit for service, and

entered upon an era of her life especially devoted to home mission work. A new love for the poor and helpless was awakened within her, and she devoted herself to ministering to them in a very earnest, wise, and sympathetic way.

In response to an invitation from the pastor, a number of the ladies of the Church met in the following April, to consider plans for the promotion of helpful, Christian work among the poor of the city. Trinity Home Mission Society was formed, and Miss Haygood was made the president. From this time until she left for China, about two years later, Miss Haygood gave to this work all the time that she could command from her regular duties of teaching. She brought to it the same enthusiasm, the same consecration, and the same skill that in after years so marked her work in China. These two years of special activity in Christian work at home were an important part of her preparation for her work in the foreign field.

Miss Haygood's annual reports for 1883 and 1884, published in the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, give a full and most interesting account of the work done by Trinity Home Mission at that time.

TRINITY CHURCH HOME MISSION—ANNUAL REPORT,
APRIL 24TH, 1883.

In April last year, when the Holy Spirit came so graciously into our hearts, teaching them new lessons of God's love, and filling them with a burning zeal to do something for the Saviour, who had done so much for us, upon the invitation of our pastor, fifty or sixty ladies of Trinity Church united to form a society for home mission work.

A Constitution and By-laws were adopted for the new

society, officers were elected, and then the question came: "What next?" Prompt was the answer: "The poor ye have always with you." "What can we do for them?" "You can help them to better ways of helping themselves." "How can we do this?" "By learning to know their homes and lives, by letting them feel in help the touch of a sister's hand, by giving them, in fact, a part of *yourselves*."

"Are we able?" our doubting hearts asked. "Of yourselves, *no*, but you can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth you." "How shall we begin?" "Study the causes of the poverty and suffering about you." "Who will teach us?" The blessed answer came to some of our hearts: "I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way thou shouldest go."

We began to look about us, and we found on every hand object lessons ready for the open eyes. A very few days taught us that many of the destitute poor needed to be taught how to work, and then to be supplied with work. An industrial school, which should be at the same time an agency for receiving and giving out work, was suggested. The plan commended itself to the society, a working committee was formed, and on Wednesday, April 26th, at 9 A.M., this committee met in the lecture room for the purpose of organizing the school. Due notice had been given of our intention, yet we found ourselves with eight or ten teachers and no pupils. We lingered for an hour, and planned and prayed. Some of you will remember the cordial welcome we gave to the three or four stragglers who came in at ten o'clock and said: "We want work, and we are willing to be taught how to do it." How glad I am to tell you that this welcome has been given twice every week, without a single interruption, during these twelve months, by Christian women met in their Master's name to help His poor, to every woman who has come to us asking for work or instruction.

Before our second meeting material was purchased, various

garments cut out, a room rented near the church, where our work could be carried on more efficiently, and Monday and Thursday afternoons agreed upon as times for meeting.

We had no money, you remember, but we had friends. Chamberlin, Boynton & Co. sold us goods upon credit—and again and again during the year have repeated the favor. Mrs. Cheshire loaned us chairs, Mrs. Schley a table, Mr. Hemphill benches from the Sunday school room, and we were ready for work.

Upon Monday, May 1, we met in the rented room. There were present six or seven women and four or five children.

In October, through the kindness of Dr. Kendall and the board of stewards, our work was transferred from the rented room to the basement of the parsonage, and we have since met in what we now know as the *Mission Room*.

During the first six months there were enrolled twenty-six women and twenty-four children. From this number there was an average attendance of about twenty-five at the school.

In November the exigencies of winter drove many to us who had before been self-sustaining, until the names of seventy-six women and about fifty children appeared upon our books. These were never all present at one time, yet our room was so crowded that we found it necessary to make a special appointment for the children, and for several months past they have met on Wednesday afternoons for instruction. Their teaching has been directed by one of the ladies of the Society, who has been assisted by six or eight young girls. These dear girls have been greatly blessed in this effort to help others.

To some of you, perhaps, a fuller account of the school may be of interest. Upon Monday and Thursday mornings a committee of ladies meet in the mission room and cut out from thirty to forty garments. In the afternoon another

committee meet and receive and pay for the work which was given out at a previous meeting. Each article is examined with more or less care. Faults resulting from carelessness and mistakes from ignorance are kindly pointed out, and good work is commended. While the work is being received a young lady at the organ leads the singing of gospel hymns. Then a Bible lesson is read with very simple exposition and practical suggestions as to ways in which we may serve God in everyday life, or the old and yet ever new story of Jesus' love is told, and we pray together. Another hymn, or the doxology, closes our service, the whole not occupying more than twenty or thirty minutes. Many of these services have been very precious. Who that was present upon New Year's Day can ever forget the sweet influences of that hour, the unmistakable presence of the Holy Spirit? After the service, the work of the day is distributed. Then individual audience is given to any who have stories of special troubles, with attention and sympathy when nothing else is possible.

To a chance visitor, who has seen only the work of a single day, it has seemed a very small thing, and it is small, yet our work-book shows that during the year *one thousand five hundred and sixty* garments were made by the members of the Industrial School, the work paid for by the mission.

We have not sought to make this department of our work a source of revenue to the Society, but only to make it pay its own expenses. We have paid for the work not only fair, but liberal prices, always paying promptly when the work is delivered. We have sold the garments at such prices as will simply pay for the cost of material and making. The school has been nearly, though not quite, self-sustaining.

We have been asked again and again during the year: "Do you call this buying and cutting up of cloth charity?" Indeed we do, I have answered. "It would be much less

trouble to give them the money directly." Quite true, but in giving them work we increase instead of diminish their self-respect; we encourage them in habits of industry, we do a little toward lifting them out of the chronic pauperism into which so many of their lives have fallen. Besides, this coming together gives opportunity for other lessons, brings them into personal contact with Christian women, enables us to know the industrious and the worthy.

The Industrial School has been the center around which the work of the home mission has gathered, but, thank God! it has not ended there.

Much visiting has been done during the year by the relief committee. Our numbers so increased that it became impossible for this committee to meet the demands made upon it. In February every member of the mission was assigned one or more of the families dependent upon us, of whose interests she was asked to become the special guardian, by visiting them once at least every month, by helping them to secure work, by reporting their necessities, by looking after them when ill. I am very glad to say that most of the ladies cheerfully accepted the trust, and during the last three months nearly three hundred visits have been made among our poor by the ladies of Trinity Church. With kind words and loving hearts they have gone here and there into cheerless homes, have listened to the stories of perplexities and sorrows, and have learned for themselves how much better it is to give than to receive.

A few months ago I told you that we had found many houses without Bibles, that very few of the women who came to us ever attended Church. How glad I am to tell you a different story to-day! You will remember that last December some of us were impressed that we must take the Church to them if they would not come to the Church. A hall was secured at the Barracks and an afternoon service commenced by Dr. Kendall. Upon the last day of the year a

Sunday school was organized, which now numbers more than two hundred members. Of this school I will ask the devoted and efficient superintendent, Mr. F. M. Richardson, to tell you directly.

A little later arrangements were made for regular services on Sunday nights and Friday nights. Many who seemed hopelessly astray have found their way there, and now there are not, I believe, a dozen women or children of the hundred and twenty-five connected with the mission who do not attend Church, or Sunday school, or both. Besides, they have brought many of their friends with them. The Holy Spirit has come down into the lives and hearts of many of them with transforming power, and I thank God from the depths of my soul to-day for the evidence we have that they are now new creatures in Christ Jesus. I wish there were time to tell you of the ways by which God has led some of them. The new light that has come into some of their faces, the new purpose into their lives, testify as no words could do that the religion they profess is a blessed reality.

“But are all the women to whom you have given work and help worthy and industrious?” I am asked. I am sorry to say that there are some who are neither worthy nor industrious. Some of them are very weak, very ignorant—sinning, suffering, sorrowful women—yet our sisters, and I can but feel that the greater their weakness the more need they have of us. Did not the blessed Saviour’s hand rest in helpful benediction upon the leper? God grant that before another annual meeting of the home mission shall be held their redeemed lives may witness to the power of the cleansing blood of Christ.

At the risk of wearying you, I must tell you something more of the work for the children. Last September every reasonable effort was made to secure their attendance upon the public schools. About one dozen of them have been regularly at school during the year. Their reports which are

brought to us from time to time show fair advancement. But the schools were crowded, parents were indifferent, and there were thirty or forty of our children not at school. We were sorely perplexed. They were growing up in idleness and ignorance. With no help at home, the lessons on Wednesday afternoons and Sunday mornings were altogether inadequate. How our hearts ached over the problem as we prayed and waited! In our weak faith we thought that little could be done without money and, indeed, a good deal of it.

How God rebuked us when He sent to us one day an earnest, consecrated woman who said, "I am ready, as a labor of love, to give two or three hours every day to teaching the children;" and a week later when a message came from the accomplished daughter of Rev. T. F. Pierce, saying, "I am ready to help Mrs. Turner in the work for the home mission children at the Barracks!" We thanked God and took courage. We cannot reckon to-day in percentages the results of the work so faithfully and so lovingly done for these little ones by Mrs. A. C. Turner and Miss Linnie Pierce. The angels have kept the records and the averages must be made up in eternity. But God does not leave his workers altogether without reward on earth, and these two dear ladies are seeing every day the fruits of the work of the last three months with these children, and their hearts rejoice in the blessed: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my little ones ye have done it unto me." From these children we have much to hope. God helping us, their lives shall be better than the lives of their parents.

There were times during the winter when the suffering was very great among the poor, and their burdens pressed very heavily upon the relief committee. But those who were most actively engaged in the work of helping them found themselves so marvelously helped of our Father; realized in so precious a sense that "He giveth power to the faint; and to

them that have no might He increaseth strength," that with St. Paul they were able to say, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

We miss to-day two fair young faces that were with us a twelvemonth ago. None were more eager than they to enter upon the work, none more faithful in those first months to all the new duties which it brought. The one in the early autumn days, with a vision "of angels and light," left us to go as the first representative from Trinity Home Mission to the courts of heaven. The other, from across the seas, sends love and greeting for the Home Mission and an assurance that she is praying every day for us and for our work. Only a day or two ago the message came, "If I had twenty lives to give, I would wish to spend them *all* in teaching those who do not know Him of Jesus and His love. Will you not all pray when you meet in the dear old lecture room that God will open to the gospel the hearts of the boys I am teaching?" Can we ever forget them?

As your President I wish to express for you and for myself most grateful acknowledgment for the inestimable help our pastor has given us by his unfailing sympathy and his ready coöperation in carrying out our plans for work. Our sincere thanks are also due to the gentlemen of the Church, who have more than once come to our rescue, and to Revs. T. F. Pierce and W. A. Dodge for tireless and efficient work with us at the Barracks.

And you, my dear sisters, who have shared with me the rich blessings which this work has brought into our hearts and lives, I invite to join me in thanking God to-day for the privilege He has given, for the honor He has conferred upon us in allowing us to do this work for Him. At His feet we will lay our trophies down.

LAURA A. HAYGOOD,

Pres. Trinity Church Home Mission.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF TRINITY
CHURCH HOME MISSION, APRIL 22, 1884.

In God's good providence we come together this afternoon to celebrate the second anniversary of the organization of Trinity Church Home Mission. For our comfort and for our instruction let us review together the work of the past twelve months. We shall find, I think, much to encourage us, and some things to move us to penitence.

The carefully prepared report of our faithful treasurer has shown you the receipts and expenditures of the year and brought before you in outline our work; but it does not reveal the hopes and prayers, the labor and love that have been given, the rewards and blessings that have been received by those who, in the Master's name, have helped in this work. Nor can I hope to show you these things. The record is written in hearts and kept by the recording angel. Yet there are some things about the work of which I can tell you.

Our plans have been modified from time to time as circumstances have demanded, but we have kept steadily before us the aims which led to the organization of the home mission—the helping as God should give us opportunity of the bodies and souls of men.

The work of relief of the helpless, suffering poor, who were from location, or connection with us, proper objects of our care, has been systematically carried on. The demands upon the relief committee during the months of January, February and March, were frequent and heavy. The severe weather, as usual, brought very great suffering. Investigating carefully, trying to adjust equitably conflicting claims, striving to use faithfully the money intrusted to us, we sought to make our limited resources give all possible help. Our first attention was given to the sick, then the old, and then to homes where there were hungry little children. Though very far from feeling that our work should be limited to the members of our own Church, we have recognized the fact

that our first obligation was to them. So far as known to us their actual needs have been met, though not all their wants and wishes. I do not think that a reasonable request from one of them for help has ever been refused since the organization of the mission. You will not be surprised that we have not always been able to agree with them as to the reasonableness of their requests. Some of them have preferred to make their wants known in other ways than through the mission. Whenever these have been reported to us we have sought to coöperate with individuals in the work of relief. Whenever they have been sick, if known to the committee, they have been visited, in many cases again and again.

The very unsatisfactory and inadequate arrangement made by the city for furnishing medicine to the sick and poor has been the occasion of considerable expense to the mission. We hope that the city may be able to devise more liberal things another year.

The meetings of the women connected with the mission, for devotional exercises and for receiving and returning work, have been regularly held every Thursday afternoon throughout the year; during the summer and autumn in our Sunday school room at the Barracks, during the winter at the Church Home. There have been present usually at the meetings from twenty to thirty women and ten or twelve children. These meetings have been, I am sure, a means of grace to us and to our protégés. I do not think that we have ever had a meeting in which we have not felt that the Holy Spirit was present with us, graciously owning and blessing this humble effort to serve our Master, comforting and strengthening our hearts according to His glorious power. We have been very much encouraged to find that again and again women who did not come for work have made special effort to be with us on Thursdays because they cared for the services. I invoke your sympathy and prayers for these

meetings and invite your presence. They will do you good, and bring your hearts into closer sympathy with the dear Saviour, whose heart is overflowing with compassionate love for all who are turning from darkness to light.

Saturday morning meetings for teaching the children the Sunday school lesson have been held regularly for some months past. These have been conducted by Mrs. Cheshire, Misses Muse and Pattillo, with very great profit to the children.

In this connection I am glad to tell you that the young ladies of Trinity Church organized about two months ago a society known as Trinity Girls' Society, auxiliary in work and character to the Home Mission. I think that it will be possible to transfer to them the care of the children of the mission. It is quite delightful to see them coming to the work with ready hands and willing hearts, eager to be of service, glad to find something to do. That they will be a blessing to the work and the work a blessing to them we cannot doubt. To the mothers present especially would I appeal for sympathy for our girls in their efforts, and hearty coöperation with them. Encourage them in their visiting among the poor, go with them sometimes, let them feel that you think the work worth their doing, and, above all, pray for them that God Himself "may teach them to profit."

Thursday, November 22, was perhaps the most notable day in the annals of the Home Mission. For a long while many of the ladies of the mission had thought it very desirable that we should have under our control a home where shelter could be given to the shelterless, a hospital to the sick who could not be cared for elsewhere, and a refuge for friendless children. They waited and prayed for God's guidance, and He, in November, in His good providence, opened the way for beginning the work. A house containing ten rooms, 120 S. Forsyth Street, admirably located and well adapted in many ways for the work proposed, was rented November 2 by the

executive board, at a cost of twenty-five dollars per month. Thursday afternoon, November 22, witnessed the formal opening of our Church Home. Notwithstanding clouds and rain, thirty or forty ladies were present. A delightful service was conducted by Dr. Kendall. To those without, it was only a dark, rainy November day; to many within, the consciousness of the invisible presence of Him who is our Light imparted to the bare walls a heavenly radiance, and filled our souls with joy, as we joined in the hymn of praise and prayer of consecration. How grateful we have since sometimes been for the memory of that good hour in which the dear Saviour made us feel that He accepted at our hands this offering of our love! Very serious perplexities, as you know, have arisen since that afternoon in regard to the Home. Questions of expediency have prompted even its closing. But when we have remembered for whom our Home was opened we have simply been unable to close its doors. Did not our Saviour say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, my little ones, ye have done it unto me?" Could we close our doors upon Him?

Oh, let us take His words, sometimes so full of comfort, sometimes so full of warning, into our very souls to-day! They will kindle into brighter flames the love that at times grows so faint, they will give strength and zeal and comfort when hands are tired and heads are aching and hearts are weary. Ought we not to be inexpressibly grateful that it is possible to do this for Him?

It is almost impossible to present to you in statistics, in names and figures, the work of the Home. It was understood from the first, I believe, that our object has not been to provide a permanent home, but to give in times of need, where all other resources fail, the help which should save from despair. Consequently there have been frequent changes among the inmates of the Home. Eight women and eleven children have been received and cared for during the

winter. These have remained for periods of from one week to four months. There are now six children under our care. These figures do not show you the patient and loving labor which our devoted matron has given to the work. To her untiring care and skilful management we are indebted for the comparatively small cost at which our home family have been provided for during the winter. This service has been rendered by our matron without compensation, except the board of her two little girls. When other members of her family have been temporarily inmates of the Home they have been there as boarders. The burdens of the Home have fallen more heavily upon her than any one else. We are even indebted, to her kindly lending, for the use of nearly all the furniture in the house. Let us draw her very close to our hearts in tender sympathy and make her constantly feel that the arms of our love and faith are upholding her. Let us not forget to ask the guidance of the Holy Spirit for her, and the comfort of His presence with her every day in the delicate and difficult duties which are hers.

The rent of the Home for the year is provided for by special subscriptions, except one month, August, the first two months having been paid by the Society. Before there is need, the rent for August will, I am sure, be provided.

We still solicit for the Home contributions of second-hand clothing, furniture, provisions, vegetables, etc. Small gifts from many people will help materially in meeting expenses.

I am glad to tell you that we have found our work in several departments greatly facilitated by the opening of the Home—such as the preparation and giving out of the work, the reception and distribution of clothes, etc. It is, in other words, a center for our work.

Among the pleasant experiences connected with the work of the year was a series of cottage prayer meetings held during October and November by a committee of ladies from the mission at the homes of invalids, or other persons who

were not able to attend church. That, by the blessing of God, good was accomplished through these services we cannot doubt. The short days and the inclement weather of winter made it necessary to suspend them, but there have been earnest solicitations to resume them, and I trust that it will be possible at an early date to do so. The same causes that suspended the cottage meetings have hindered general visiting, though there have been some devoted women who have gone through rain, and wind and cold, from house to house, with comfort and cheer. The blessings of God and man have been upon them. Their work has not been possible to all during the winter. But, my dear sister, with the coming of the springtime, can you not help? Will you not do it? I beg for your own sake. I verily believe that the poor can do better without you than you can do without the blessings which God gives to those who minister to them in person for His sake.

No department of our work has been more signally honored of God than the Sunday school at the Barracks. I could say much of the fidelity and zeal of our devoted superintendent, Mr. Richardson, and the earnestness and faithfulness of our teachers, but I leave the special report of this work to our secretary, Mr. Peterson. I am afraid that he will not tell you, however, of our Christmas festival—our home mission holiday. God's benediction came in the glad sunshine of the perfect day, and in the warm and loving responses of Christian hearts to our appeal for help. Abundant provision was made by our generous ladies for the entire school, and there were many ready hands and willing hearts to assist in the work of giving.

I must not close this report without grateful mention of special benefactions that came to us sometimes in hours of great need—donations of blankets, of coal, of clothes, of orders for provisions, of money. In some cases the donors were so careful to do their alms in secret that their names are

not known, but I am sure that they have found a place in God's book of remembrance, and sweeter far than any thanks of ours must be to them the assurance of St. Paul: "Of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ." In this connection I wish to say that the experience of the winter proved the wisdom of purchasing fuel in the summer or fall for winter distribution. Without the assistance of our faithful friend and co-worker, Mr. W. T. Evans, we would not have been able to complete the arrangement which made our gifts of fuel double what they would otherwise have been at the same expense. To him, your special thanks are due.

I am glad that you know so well, for I could hardly find words in which to tell you, how the work of the Home Mission has been fostered and strengthened, and under God made possible, by the sympathy and coöperation and zeal of our beloved pastor, Dr. Kendall. His strong faith has given new power to hands that were growing weak, and his ardent love has warmed hearts that were growing cold.

As your president, I thank you from my heart for the confidence you have given me; for the ready sympathy and hearty coöperation of those who have been actively engaged in the work; for the quick response when special calls have been made upon those who were not able always to give personal service. These will all be good to remember when the world lies between us, and will be to me a pledge that no interest of the Home Mission will ever suffer for aught that your love or care can bring.

When I thought last night of the wonderful goodness and mercy of God in allowing us to see already so clearly and in so many ways that the labor of love undertaken in His name and for His sake has not been in vain, my heart was filled with a gratitude too deep for words. When I recalled the changes that have come into the faces of some of the women connected with the mission since we first knew them, I

realized as never before what it means for the Sun of Righteousness to arise upon a human soul, with healing in His wings. If God had put a new light into the eyes of only one of these women, if He had given faith and hope and love to only one heart, because of Trinity Home Mission, it ought to have been reward enough for all that we have done or tried to do. But when we see more than a score of women who have learned to call Him Father, when we see in some cases whole families who have come from darkness into light, our hearts ought to overflow with thanksgiving that we have been allowed a share in the gracious work of bringing these souls to the Great Physician for healing.

To us, my sisters, the women of Trinity Church, belongs this work. Upon us rests the responsibility of carrying it forward. If we are faithful, God will open to us other gates of opportunity, and make Trinity Home Mission a blessing to our whole city. Let us pray unceasingly for the presence of the Holy Spirit in our hearts, opening our eyes that we may see our duty, enlightening our minds that we may apprehend our responsibility, enkindling in our hearts the love that will make service a delight.

LAURA A. HAYGOOD,

Pres. Trinity Church Home Mission.

Miss Haygood's interest in the work among the poor and neglected not only filled her own time with beneficent activities, but awakened a spirit of sympathetic helpfulness in many of her friends and pupils. The wish to have a share in helping the needy, and at the same time give pleasure to their much-loved teacher, was given a unique and happy expression on Miss Haygood's birthday by the members of her class in the Girls' High School. The following paragraph from one of the Atlanta papers gives an account of this unusual birthday celebration :

A NOVEL PRESENTATION.

*How the Pupils of the Girls' High School Surprised
Miss Laura Haygood.*

To-day is Miss Laura Haygood's birthday. The fact became known to the students of the first grade of the Girls' High School, and on Friday last they presented her with a touching evidence of their regard for her. To not only her pupils, but to nearly all of her acquaintances, Miss Haygood is known as a lady of great charity. Many a person clad in rags has rejoiced on account of some appropriate and needed attention by Miss Haygood. Knowing that she would rather relieve the suffering poor than to receive the most costly gift, her pupils decided upon a rather novel presentation. The matter had been secretly but fully discussed among them, and when the young ladies entered their schoolroom Friday morning, each carried a bundle. These bundles were piled in front of Miss Haygood's desk, and then they were delivered to her, accompanied by a short address by one of the young ladies. The bundles were then opened. An inventory disclosed the fact that there were shoes, dresses, pantaloons, coats, hats, and in fact everything needed to keep the body warm. Some of the articles were new, while others were somewhat worn, but all were worth the use to which Miss Haygood will consign them. Miss Haygood was completely surprised, and so overcome by the evident appreciation of her students that she found it almost impossible to put her thoughts into words. The articles will be judiciously distributed among the poor by Miss Haygood.

Of Miss Haygood's manifold activities in the home mission work Miss Mollie Stevens writes:

Here her wonderful gifts in organization and her magnetism in drawing others into the joy of service, her fertility of resources and her power in soul-winning, were abundantly

illustrated. Nothing that would help was too lowly. How merrily she used to laugh over a license to peddle on the streets of Atlanta issued by the City Council to Laura Haygood, with the privilege of transferring it to some poor woman. No home was ever too repulsive with poverty, dirt, disease, or shame to be brightened by her gracious presence and cheered by her gifts and words of counsel. It is no wonder that the poor to whom she ministered, and her other friends in Trinity Church and Atlanta, felt bereft when she went away.

Of this phase of her work Miss Callaway writes :

She was held in almost worshipful affection by all classes. She had become the embodiment of *love*. As the poor and outcast poured into her sympathetic ear their tales of woe, she put her arms about them and told them the story of a Saviour's love. Mothers sought counsel of her in the management of their children. Young girls, her pupils—and former pupils—and women of all ages sat at her feet and learned of Jesus. Her heart was large enough to take them all in without crowding anybody out. All grades of society met in that big soul and felt at home. Even the cook and chambermaid and coachman and school janitor claimed Miss Haygood as a personal friend.

With her usual breadth of vision and sympathy, Miss Haygood saw in the home mission work in Atlanta simply a type of what the women of Southern Methodism ought to be doing throughout the entire Church. As her heart was large enough to take in those of every class in her own city, it was also large enough to go out for the forsaken, the homeless, and the needy in all the cities and towns of her homeland. She accordingly united with other friends in seeking to set on foot an organized home mission work. Very

naturally the first step toward such organization would be the effort to enlist the Methodist women of Georgia in such service. Miss Haygood, with others, urged that the Women's Missionary Societies of North Georgia should take up home mission work in addition to their work for the women in foreign lands. This they declined to do at the meeting of the Conference Society which was held at Athens, Ga., in the spring of 1883. Thereupon, Miss Haygood, with Mrs. Morgan Callaway and Mrs. John D. Hammond, unwilling that this work should longer remain uncared for, issued the following circular letter:

To the Methodist Women of Georgia.

Realizing that in organized effort there is strength, and deeply conscious that there is much work to be done for the poor and ignorant in our midst, we call upon you to unite with us in forming in every Methodist Church in Georgia a *Woman's Home Missionary Society*.

The aim of this society shall be to enlist and organize the efforts of Christian women in behalf of the needy and destitute women and children, without distinction of race—first of Georgia, then, if God shall open the way, of other sections of our country—and to coöperate with other societies and agencies of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in educational and missionary work.

We are far from wishing to supplant or even encroach upon the work of the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*. With hearts full of zeal for that work we call you to this, believing that earnest work in either field will increase the capacity of any woman or Church for work in the other, that tender care for the souls that are perishing around us will make us feel more deeply the needs of those who sit in darkness in heathen lands. While we do the one the other must not be left undone.

We are not inviting you to an untried experiment. In some of the Churches of our own State God has acknowledged and blessed in a most signal manner the work of Christian women for the destitute and ignorant about them. Volumes might be written of the work accomplished by the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Can we, Methodist women of Georgia, longer neglect with a good conscience this work for the Master, which is crying to us from our very doors?

We enclose a form which we suggest for Constitution and By-laws of local societies, which may be organized at once with a view to becoming auxiliaries of a general society to be formed hereafter.

Whenever in any Church *three* women are ready to unite for the work suggested, we think a society may be formed and work begun. When ten such societies have been formed, a meeting of representatives will be called, and arrangements made for forming a Conference or State Society.

We shall be glad to have you report the organization of a society for *home* work to either of the undersigned, who will be pleased to give other information upon the subject to any who are interested.

We most earnestly invite the coöperation of pastors in this work, and beg that they will call the attention of the ladies of their congregation to this circular.

In the bonds of Christian sisterhood,

MRS. MORGAN CALLAWAY, Augusta, Ga.;

MRS. JOHN D. HAMMOND, Athens, Ga.;

MISS LAURA A. HAYGOOD, Atlanta, Ga.

But even the effort for the organization of the women of Southern Methodism for home mission work did not exhaust Miss Haygood's concern in this behalf. She felt that the organization would be effective only as it had the spirit of intelligent service, the true missionary spirit, breath-

ing in it and through it. She saw that the only guarantee for such a spirit was that it should be fostered by all those educational influences that center in the home and schools where these women are being trained. So among her last published utterances before leaving for China, wrought out amid those last busy days of preparation for quitting her home land, was an address on the place of female education in home mission work. It bears date, August, 1884. Its value calls for its reproduction here.

RELATION OF FEMALE EDUCATION TO HOME MISSION WORK.

BY MISS LAURA A. HAYGOOD,
Recently of the Girls' High School, Atlanta, Ga.

By female education let us understand all the influences that in progress of time go to make of the baby girl an educated woman, and by home mission work all the possibilities of service that are found in the lives of the women of our own land. Let us ask if the education of to-day is fitting woman for the work that God gives her.

I thank God that there is no longer a question as to woman's having a part in the world's work, though we—the women, as well as our brothers—have been slow to understand that she, with all who should believe on Him through the ministry of the apostles and their successors, was included in the Saviour's gracious words to the Father when He said: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." To her as well as to man was the Comforter promised; to her as well as to him was given the great commission to teach and to testify of the risen Christ; upon her as well as upon him came the pentecostal gift of tongues; to her as well as to him was allowed the precious privilege of ministering of her substance to the dear Lord's

physical wants when He walked among men, and to her in a very peculiar sense was given a part in the sweet assurance that in the persons of the weak brothers and sisters "for whom Christ died" this blessed ministry may go on through the ages.

With rare exceptions here and there through these eighteen hundred years, woman has been content to receive "unspeakable gifts" of blessing—grace and comfort and joy—and to give but little of herself, or of "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God" which hath shined into her heart "in the face of Jesus Christ," to those that "sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

Too often, alas! when she has fed the hungry bodies of men, her ears have been deaf to the cry of hearts hungry for the Bread of Life, her eyes have been holden that she has not seen the prostrate souls of the weary and fainting about her who needed the uplifting that the tenderest and gentlest hand can best give, she has not heard the "cry of the human" for the compassion that only flows from hearts in which a fountain of living water has been unsealed by the touch of a Saviour's hand—and men and women have *died* all around her whom she might have brought in arms of love and pity to the Great Physician for healing. Who is to blame? Woman herself. Rather, I think, the society in which she lives and moves and has her being, and the teachers—at home as well as at school—who have trained her for this society. Now and then an Elizabeth Fry, a Florence Nightingale, a Helen Chalmers, a sister Dora, obeying the voice of God in her soul, has gone forth to show the world how strong woman may become, how ready she is to serve; and the hearts of thousands of women, as they have read the stories of these lives, have swelled almost to breaking with the unutterable longing to claim a share in the work that would prove that they too belonged to the great brotherhood of man. What has hindered?

Their fathers and brothers and husbands again and again have thrilled their hearts as they have talked in burning words of glowing panegyric of these heroic women who have served the world in great ways. Why have they not made the lesson more thorough? Why have they not said to the daughters and sisters and wives, "You, too, have a part, very humble it may be, but very real, in this work?" Why have they not with St. Paul taught us that "as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ," and that "God hath set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him?"

As He called Elizabeth Fry to visit those that were in prison and minister unto them, as He sent Florence Nightingale across Europe with cups of blessing and draughts of healing to the sick and dying soldiers, as He led Helen Chalmers, an angel of light, through the dark alleys of Edinburgh, as He gave to sister Dora the heart to feel, the eye to see, and the hand to supply the wants of sick and sorrowful women and children in her own land, so He gives to every woman who has called Him Lord and Master a share in the blessed work of taking the bitter from life's woes.

How careful the Great Teacher was to make this lesson plain to us! How slow of heart we have been to understand! Did he not say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me?" And again, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward?" That the very weakest of us might be without excuse, the Holy Spirit, through St. Paul, taught us that "even the member that is more feeble is necessary." And, as if this were not enough, God himself promised, "my strength shall be made perfect in weakness." And again, we have been taught that "the weakness of God is stronger than men, and the foolish-

ness of God is wiser than men." We need not be afraid, O my sisters, because of our weakness, or our foolishness, if we have made the lives of which they are a part altogether God's.

When should these lessons begin, and what have they to do with our schools? They must begin in the hearts of parents and teachers, who must be ready by precept and example to lead the baby feet into that "more excellent way" in which the walkers do not envy, vaunt not themselves, are not puffed up, do not behave themselves unseemly, seek not their own, are not easily provoked, think no evil, rejoice not in iniquity, but *rejoice in the truth*.

To the baby girl her home is the world. There she must first learn that as a member of a community she has duties to her neighbors, the little brothers and sisters who share the privileges of the home with her. There she must be "subject to the higher powers," there she must begin to exercise the charity that "suffereth long and is kind." A little older grown, conditions are changed, and with a broader horizon she finds a fuller world about her. From the home she passes to the school, from the school to the college, from the college to the world, but the same lesson must go on. Whether the accompanying course of study be geography and arithmetic, the philosophies and the higher mathematics, the arts and the sciences, or the making of a fair and beautiful home, she must know and feel that there are obligations resting upon *her*, because God has given her a soul and placed her among men and women, her brothers and sisters. She must understand that every obligation involves a duty, and that the world is less good than God meant it to be if *she* fails to meet the measure of responsibility which He has placed upon her. She must learn the grand truth that God himself knows and cares whether she is faithful and patient and honest and earnest.

At whatever stage of her education she may be, or in

whatever department of this great school of life, I care less for *what* she studies than *how* she studies. All the arts and sciences, the languages and the literatures of the world may be made tributary to this "higher education" for which we are pleading. No course of study can be too advanced, no learning too deep, no culture too broad, to help in the making of the *perfect woman*. But unless she has learned to "rejoice in the truth," though she "speak with the tongues of men and angels, she has become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Though she "may understand all mysteries," if her heart is not moved with compassion for the hungry multitude about her, "it profiteth her nothing."

What are we doing, parents and teachers, for the hearts of our girls? Do we not too often, by our unwise praise or our equally unwise condemnation, make them feel that the perfect report, the medal, the honor, the applause of the world, a brilliant entrance into society, are the ends and aims of education? What wonder, with such incentive, the work is for the most part superficial. The honors are won, the medals are worn, the *début* is made. Before long she finds that the "good time," of which she dreamed through girlhood, and for which she tried to be ready, is not all good. A little later, if she thinks, she begins to say with the preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Conscience, it may be, is awakened. She longs for something better. Alas! she has learned nothing thoroughly. She knows not the "more excellent way." She looks to this or the other avenue of work. One says to her *that* work is not womanly, another *this* work is too difficult for you, and for some other she even knows that she has not the strength. Turned back upon herself, she seeks refuge in what she has been taught to consider *culture*. She devours eagerly the books—not always the best—within her reach; she spends hours at the piano, though she has no special talent for music; she begins to paint impossible pictures, or, even worse, she *stitches* away her life,

with its golden opportunities of health and strength, in ruffles and tucks and embroideries, as veritable a slave as she who sang the "Song of the Shirt."

Why have we not taught her that in doing faithfully and well the little duties nearest to her, the commonplace work of her home, she may gain the grace that will give to her in the more difficult duties beyond a noble ease, that she may develop the power that will furnish for heavier burdens an adequate strength? Why have we not told her that to grace her home, to make it bright and beautiful and good, is indeed womanly and wise, but for most of us need not, ought not, *must not* absorb all of love and time and mind? Why have we not made her feel that for her as truly as for her brother there is need of earnest, honest, thorough work, because the world has need of her? Why does she not feel that she as certainly as her brother has *neighbors*, as Christ taught us to understand the word, all about her, who have "fallen among thieves," and are bruised and wounded, who need to be tended by her gentle hand and to be ministered to of her substance?

Can we not help our girls to feel and to know that to become strong, helpful women they must be, in their measure, strong, helpful girls? That, if they are to be earnest and true women, they must be earnest and true girls. Can we not lead them to see that every gift and grace of mind or body is better and more beautiful if kept for the Master's use? Can we not show them that their refinement and culture are never so resplendent as when they shine in the darkened homes of the poor and the sorrowful? That the knowledge of "tongues" that won the language medal of school is never so well employed as when it interprets to dull ears the precious truth that God loves the world? That the voice which charmed the gay crowd at Commencement is sweeter and truer when it swells the chorus of praise at

prayer meeting, or leads the children in glad songs at the mission Sunday school?

Do we not too often in our schools shut our girls *out* from the real world with its real needs, and shut them *in* to the narrow ways of self and selfish aims? St. Paul says: "Be ye transformed from the world." Do we not too often say to the bright young daughters, fresh from college with honors and diplomas, "Be ye conformed to the world?" The human heart is all on our side, and self triumphs, and the blessed Jesus, who beholding them loves them, turns sorrowfully away.

Dear girls, do not wait longer for us. Say to the Master to-day:

"Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee."

Begin with the little duties, very humble, very home'y though they be, that are nearest to you. As daughter and sister and friend, be faithful and true to every opportunity for service, and by the doing of noble deeds day after day make life one glad, sweet song. Your work cannot be in vain, though the world give no medals. If you serve the Lord Christ, "of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance." He said, "Let him that would be greatest among you be servant of all." "I am among you as one that serves."

Atlanta, Ga., August 9, 1894.

After Miss Haygood became immersed in the overwhelming burdens and possibilities of the work in China, it might be supposed that her concern for the home mission work

would be somewhat abated. On the contrary, in March, 1885, in a letter designed for the Woman's Board of Missions, she enters her most earnest plea for a thoroughly organized home mission work. This letter so deeply stirred the Woman's Board in its annual meeting of 1885 at Knoxville, Tenn., that Mrs. Trueheart offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved: That we recommend all our home workers to adopt Miss Haygood's suggestions of combining with their work for heathen souls, the work at hand, such as visiting and comforting the distressed and helping the needy.

The letter was so appreciated that the Board had it published in one of the Knoxville daily papers, ordered one hundred copies of the paper for their own use, and urged that the letter be given as wide a circulation as possible throughout the Church. This historic letter cannot well be surpassed in its passionate appeal for help for the millions of Chinese women and children; its impressive plea for more effective missionary service at home; its urgent insistence "that the work at home and the work in heathen lands is *one*." This Spirit-filled letter furnishes a very suitable close to the consideration of Miss Haygood's Home Mission work.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, March 26, 1885.

Dear Mrs. McGavock: Miss Muse and Dr. Allen have both written so fully by this mail of our work that there is little I need add in regard to its present status. I do wish to say, *as strongly as possible*, that I see more and more clearly with every passing day the grand possibilities that are opening before us. There are no limits to the work, absolutely none,

except in the workers. O that I could burn the consciousness into the hearts of the Christian women at home that there are *millions of women* in China living in the shadow of death, and going down into hopeless graves, into whose life they might bring light and joy and love! If they could only once feel that these women are their sisters, their weak sisters for whom Christ died, they would count it a very small matter to deny themselves the dress or bonnet or jewels that would enable them to bring gifts of money to the treasury. Day and night their hearts would be poured out in earnest prayer that God "would send forth laborers into the vineyard," and scores of women here and there would help to answer the prayer by saying: "Here am I; send me." We do want them to come by scores. O that twenty were ready to come in October! Specific work would be waiting for them long before they could be ready to undertake it.

The auspicious opening of our day schools has so strengthened our faith and courage that I wish to join Dr. Allen in asking that the appropriation for "day schools in the Shanghai District, for 1886, be doubled." I need not say to you, my dear Mrs. McGavock, that in the expenditure of these funds we keep constantly in mind the fact that we are only stewards, and seek to economize in every way that, in our judgment, the best interests of the work will allow. We will await most anxiously reports from the Annual Meeting, and fervent prayers will ascend that God will graciously fulfil to you his promise of Isaiah *xlvi. 17*. I realize as never before how great are the responsibilities and how heavy the burdens that rest upon the Woman's Board of Missions. It is yours to inspire the hearts of Christian women at home, and to call forth and direct their gifts.

The salvation of thousands of souls in heathen lands may depend upon your action at this meeting. I feel, perhaps even more strongly than when we talked about it last spring, that the work at home and the work in heathen lands is *one*,

and I long inexpressibly to have the Woman's Board take some action at the approaching meeting which shall look to better organization for home work. This does not at all mean a division of money or division of strength. It means saying to the hundreds and thousands of women in our Church who in deed and in truth love the Lord Jesus Christ, but who cannot come to foreign lands, "You, too, have a part in the 'Great Commission;' you, too, may testify of a risen Christ to those who know him not." No other organization is needed. Only show them, can't you? that wherever there is a Missionary Society, its members are invited not only to pay their dues and talk about foreign missions, but are invited to become *missionaries* in the truest and best sense of the word, by "ministering of their substance" and time and love and life to those about them—by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, teaching the ignorant, comforting the sorrowful. Only when this is done will the Church become truly *missionary*, and *then* when they have learned how sweet this personal service of their fellow-men becomes when done for Christ's sake and at his command, and how sweet and full and rich are his rewards, *then* will you have all the women and the money that you want for "Foreign Work," and *only then*.

Has not the time come when the Board may speak on the subject? Nothing could so inspire me with hope for the work in heathen lands as to know my sisters at home were doing "with perfect hearts and willing minds" the work about them. Oh! that every woman in the Methodist Church would say, "I give my money, my love, and my prayers to the foreign work; I give my money, my love, my prayers and myself to the home work!" "Then would the glory of the Lord be revealed," and the Church would indeed become the "joy of the whole earth."

Most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

CHAPTER VI.

MISSIONARY CALL AND DEPARTURE FOR CHINA.

1884.

Within the last ten days I have come to feel that if the work of God in China needs women, there is no woman in all the world under more obligation to go than I am. As far as the decision rests with me, I am ready.—*Miss Haygood.*

AFTER the deepening and broadening of her devotion to Christian service in 1882, the Home Mission work seems to have very fully satisfied Miss Haygood's heart and conscience. Her consecration was entire, and she was never more fully under the call of God than when engaged in this work. From 1882 to 1884 she was in constant receipt of letters from China. Miss Muse wrote her very fully and frequently of the conditions of work in China, and of the gracious ways in which Christ's promises were being fulfilled to her. Dr. Allen also wrote to her presenting the needs and claims of China. The need she felt, but a call of God she did not feel.

A letter to Mrs. D. H. McGavock, the Secretary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, dated February 12, 1883, describes her state of mind very clearly:

. . . I am *very deeply interested* in Dr. Allen's work, and yet I have never felt impelled by conscience to *go* to share it. My heart and hands are very full of work at home, which seems to me God-given. I dare not put it down. If I could only do both, it would be an indescribably precious privilege

to help there. I am deeply conscious of the importance of the work, and of the very great difficulty there will be in finding the women he wants and ought to have. I know very many teachers, but not a single one in our Church free to go, who could do the work Dr. Allen wishes. It will indeed be a sad day, if you are compelled to tell him that there is not one to answer his call. God forbid that this shall happen! The hearts of the children of men are in His hands; we must earnestly plead with Him for these laborers. . . .

Although in this letter Miss Haygood says she felt no impelling call to go, yet her mother, before her death, in June, 1883, said to her daughter, Mrs. Boynton, "I know that Lollie will go to China when I am gone." It is possible that her devotion to her mother, during the last years of her life, caused Miss Haygood to feel that she had a providential reason for remaining at home. In June, 1883, her mother died, leaving her free to go wherever the most urgent need might call. Her mother's death made a very profound impression on her, and she found relief from her sorrow especially in her mission work. She was probably convinced that if her whole time were devoted to such work her Christian life and usefulness would be greatly enhanced.

In July, 1883, about six weeks after her mother's death, she wrote to Miss Mattie Nunnally:

. . . The past six weeks have seemed very, very long. Sometimes I feel as if years had passed. I can find no words to tell you of the sense of loss and loneliness which abides with me. Friends could not be kinder—God has been inexpressibly good to me—and yet there are moments when my heart almost breaks with the intensity of its longing for my Mother, my precious, precious Mother. I have often been separated from her as long before—but the sweet mes-

sages of love were coming from day to day, and I knew that she was waiting for me *at home*. I do thank God for the sweet consciousness that *she is waiting for me* in the heavenly home, but my poor human heart aches and longs for the word of love—which does not come. If God did not help me, I do not at all see how I could bear it. Again and again He has spoken to me through His Word as never before. A light from Heaven has seemed at times to illuminate the precious promises and to fill my heart with its radiance. He has made me understand those wonderful words "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." He has given me strength in moments of very great weakness. He has won my heart to a deeper love and a stronger faith than it has ever known before. There has been very much comfort for me in the thought that *He knows* our poor, human hearts. He understands the weakness and cares for the grief. I do not question. I have not for many weeks questioned His wisdom or His love. Even in the moments of deepest loneliness I do not feel that I would call my mother back. Oh, no! I thank God that she is *most blessed forevermore*. But I understand now, as I could not do before, why and how she felt that it was so much better to go. Except to do His will, to work for Him, there seems to me very little reason why a Christian, who has no other dependent upon him, should care to live. *To live* means work and waiting and anxiety and oftentimes sorrow—*to die* is to enter upon immediate fruition of all that we could ask, or hope for, at the end of the longest life. Death is after all the crowning glory.

I have tried to take up all the old duties. Sometimes they have been very, very heavy—but oftener they have helped me. The Home Mission work has been a benediction to me during the past month. It has been a sweet privilege to feel that, though my own heart was full of sorrow, I could take into darkened homes some bits of help and comfort. I could

tell others of the same, and that it was sustaining me. I am disappointed in the result, but I refer to the preceding page.

There are many of the former laborers in China becoming more and more ignorant. Mrs. Lee had been to visit her heart and conscience stirred by the fact of such a need, and the scarcity of capable, trained workers. On February 24, 1884, while listening to a sermon by Dr. P. at Trinity Church, she definitely decided to devote her life to the work of Christ in China.

Answer to Dr. P. (1884):

Dear Dr. P.: In answer to your letter inquiring as to Detroit or New York, I have never been a seaman—nor would I have tried to put out of mind the new feeling which arose from a personal relationship to the work in China. In the last ten days I have come to feel that of the work of China needs were on, there is no man in all the world under obligation to quit his home.

As far as the decision rests with me, I am ready. You will, perhaps, care to know that I reached this conclusion while you were preaching last evening.

I have just written to Dr. A. and shall wait for Mr. McCreary to lay.

Most truly yours,

L. A. A. HAYGARD

Mrs. Lee's early efforts for the benefit of the Chinese in a prominent way, as in the case of a woman of the same name, especially in the orders of the Woman's Board in the same way with a foreigner. Something of the feeling of the same can be gathered from her letter to Mrs. P. in the year 1884.

There is a letter from Mrs. Lee to Dr. P. interested in work at home, which I have also referred to and filed my heart



DR. YOUNG J. ALLEN.

tell others of the wonderful love that was sustaining me. I could point them with a stronger faith to the precious promises. . . .

Dr. Allen's appeals for more laborers in China became more and more frequent. Miss Haygood began to feel her heart and conscience stirred by the fact of such appalling need, and the scarcity of capable, trained workers. On February 24, 1884, while listening to a sermon by Dr. Potter at Trinity Church, she definitely decided to devote her life to the work of Christ in China.

She wrote to Dr. Potter:

Dear Dr. Potter: Since your letter of inquiry, last October or November, I have never been able—nor indeed have I tried—to put out of mind the new feeling which is aroused of personal relationship to the work in China. Within the last ten days I have come to feel that if the work of God in China needs women, there is no woman in all the world under more obligation to go than I am.

As far as the decision rests with me, I am ready. You will perhaps care to know that I reached this conclusion while you were preaching last Sunday.

I have just written to Dr. Allen, and shall write to Mrs. McGavock to-day.

Most truly yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

Miss Haygood's offer of herself for the foreign field made a profound impression upon the women of the Church, and especially upon the officers of the Woman's Board, and upon the missionary workers of Georgia. Something of her feelings and motives can be gathered from her letter to Mrs. McGavock under date of March 19, 1884:

. . . I have been for years very deeply interested in work at home, which has absorbed my time and filled my heart.



DR. YOUNG J. ALLEN.

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LAURA A. HAYWOOD

of herself for the foreign field
upon the woman of the Church,
of the Woman's Board, and
of Georgia. Something else
can be gathered from her letter to
under date of March 10, 1884:

I have been for years very deeply interested in work
me, which has absorbed my time and filled my heart.



DR. YOUNG J. ALLEN.

I have not felt until within the last two or three months that I could leave it. Now, even, it is only the knowledge of the *greater need there* that makes me willing to go. I make this statement that you may understand why I ask for specific work, instead of offering to go to any field. . . .

I feel that God is infinitely good in allowing us to work for Him anywhere, and for many months I have felt that there could be no question in my heart as to time or place other than a daily looking to Him for guidance. I am resting in perfect peace upon His promise to *lead* us. I am sure that it is only through the teaching of His Spirit that I am willing, even *glad*, to say that if His work there needs me, I am ready to go to China. . . .

In June, 1884, the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, in session in Kansas City, Mo., gratefully accepted Miss Haygood for work in China. They felt that she was the answer to Dr. Allen's call for a gifted, experienced woman, who would take the leadership in woman's work in Shanghai.

The committee on missionary candidates in their report to the Board said of Miss Haygood:

With great pleasure the committee recommends Miss Laura A. Haygood, of Atlanta, Ga., for appointment as a missionary to China. Miss Haygood combines in a pre-eminent degree the qualifications requisite for a successful worker in any field. Of rare mental endowments, high scholarly attainments, marked executive ability, and great experience in organizing many varied departments of Christian work in the home field, verily Miss Haygood is a response to the call for "the woman that cannot be spared at home." We recommend her joyfully, feeling assured that she is capable of taking charge of the work of the Woman's Board of Missions in whatever department the superin-

tendent may assign her. What a power such a woman will prove in the missionary operations abroad, and what an impulse to the work at home! Well can we feel assured that the comprehensive plans of Dr. Allen, Superintendent of the China Mission, for the development of woman's work in that field, will now be carried out in a manner commensurate with the grandness of their conception.

Every day of the last month at home was full of joyful labors. Miss Stevens writes:

From the time of Miss Haygood's decision in February to go to China, there was an eagerness in her heart to fill up the measure of all she had done or might do in Atlanta for Christ. It seems difficult to believe that so much could be crowded into one life during those months. In addition to her school work, which was done with the utmost faithfulness, she taught in two Sunday schools, led the Sunday school normal class, and was president of Trinity Home Mission. Although these engagements filled three afternoons of each week, she rarely missed a prayer or class meeting, or a ladies' society meeting. In addition to these she organized the Girls' Society, helped with the children's missionary work, superintended a boys' band, and organized and presided over the Woman's Industrial Union, an interdenominational organization.

Added to these things there was a heavy correspondence, and the necessity of meeting hundreds of people who, in view of her approaching departure, wanted each as much of her time personally as could be granted.

Miss Haygood's visits to the churches and missionary gatherings during the summer were memorable occasions in many places. The first week in May she took advantage of a short holiday and went to Nashville to meet the Local Board, and to see the Secretary, Mrs. McGavock. While

there she addressed the girls at Price's College, and talked at McKendree Church prayer meeting. About the middle of June she spent four days at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., where she spoke to the pupils on the occasion of the anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. One who was present says: "She spoke wise words, fitly chosen. . . . She told the young ladies how her own mind was opened to the truths of the Bible as she read and studied it." Her earnest words, growing out of her own experience, were expressed with great clearness and a persuasiveness that went to the heart of every one present.

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the North Georgia Conference met at Washington, Ga., July 5, 1884. Miss Haygood was present, and it was an occasion of great enjoyment to her. She seems to have felt at this time more fully identified with the foreign mission work than ever before. Up to that time, almost her whole attention had been absorbed by the work at home.

At other times during the summer she visited Newnan, Carrollton, Griffin, and many other places, speaking to deeply interested audiences everywhere.

Of the meeting at Griffin a friend writes:

Last Sunday was made memorable to our entire community by the visit of Miss Laura Haygood. The Woman's Foreign Missionary and the Juvenile Societies, under the management of sister G. A. Pattillo, had arranged for a public missionary meeting at night. . . . Miss Haygood spoke last, out of the fullness of her head and heart, of the wonderful works and ways of God, as the Spirit gave her utterance. We were all amazed, and marvelled, giving glory to God.

Although the demands of that busy summer were more

than Miss Haygood could possibly meet, yet she found time to go to Spellman Seminary, a school for young colored women in Atlanta, and speak to them also the message that God had given her.

Notwithstanding all these things, Miss Haygood still counted her measure of service incomplete, and to it added, in the hot summer days, personal work for the needy ones of the Home Mission. "The poor and troubled flocked about her as if a beneficent angel was soon to pass into the heavens." The most degraded ones seemed especially to be the objects of her loving search, and in company with Miss Mollie Stevens, she climbed through the muddy ravines of Kennesaw Alley, and was daunted by no discomfort or danger. She even helped to bury the dead, and one August day assisted Mr. Howard Crumley in conducting the funeral service for a poor woman.

The busy, happy, yet half sad, summer days came too quickly to a close, and the time of Miss Haygood's departure to her new field of labor drew near. The heart grows tender and solemn in trying to realize what this transplanting of her life meant to such a woman as Miss Haygood. For almost thirty-nine years she had been living and growing—most of that time in Atlanta—and this change from home and native land, congenial work and truest friends, could only be made with a great wrench, and through the strength of the Most High. In vain friends tried to persuade her not to go. She had seen the heavenly vision, she had heard the voice divine, and from henceforth her mission was to those beyond the sea.

Miss Haygood's last days at home were made sacred by

many expressions of love from friends and kindred, and by hallowed seasons of prayer and praise at the missionary prayer meeting held daily at Trinity Church. Mrs. Young J. Allen and children, Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Bonnell and children, and Miss Jennie Atkinson, of Alabama, met Miss Haygood in Atlanta, and went in company with her to China. Dr. Kendall took advantage of the presence of these outgoing missionaries to deepen the interest of the Church in missions, as well as to strengthen the faith and courage of those so soon to leave their native land. For ten days previous to their departure an informal and undenominational prayer meeting was held every morning at the church, to which "all whose hearts the Lord inclined to pray for our missionaries and the work to which they were going," were most heartily invited by the pastor. These services were the occasion of great blessing to the Church, and the missionaries were indeed sent away "not empty, but greatly enriched in Christ with the dowry of the fastings and prayers of God's people."

On Sunday afternoon, October 5, 1884, Miss Haygood met for the last time with her faithful co-workers at the Home Mission Sunday school. The superintendent, Mr. F. M. Richardson, with many expressions of grateful appreciation and loving remembrance, presented her with an autograph album, which was paid for by dime and nickel contributions from the school, and in which were written the names of many of the pupils and teachers.

On Monday evening, October 7, a missionary love-feast was held at Trinity, at which the last good-byes were said to the missionary band. Long before the time for opening the

service, every available space in the aisles, gallery, and churchyard was filled. There were many ministers seated within and around the chancel. Rev. Dr. Potter, editor of the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* and President of the North Georgia Conference Missionary Board, presided over the meeting. Dr. Potter opened the meeting by reading John xiv. Dr. Kendall then prayed, commending the missionaries, their work, and the congregation "to God and the word of his grace." After singing the hymn "Children of the Heavenly King," the love-feast of bread and water was celebrated. The meeting was then open for voluntary and informal remarks by any of the congregation. Prof. Bonnell, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Wightman, and many others spoke. Mr. J. C. Kimball, a member of the Public School Board, spoke of the great devotion of the girls of the High School to Miss Haygood. Rev. F. M. Haygood, Miss Haygood's uncle, also spoke words of great tenderness, declaring that though loath to part with her, all of her relatives responded "Amen" to God's call. Dr. Heidt read a communication of greeting and farewell from Dr. Bass, President of Wesleyan Female College, Miss Haygood's *Alma Mater*. When at length Miss Haygood spoke, "her words burned their way into hundreds of hearts. Her inimitable sweetness of voice, incomparable diction, clear conception of the demands of the hour, and a holy spiritual unction, gave her access at once to every soul. She spoke briefly of her connection with Trinity Church since a girl of seven, her unswerving love to the entire membership, and her inexpressible sorrow at parting with them. Yet she felt that she owed it to her Saviour to testify that her heart was kept in perfect peace and thrilled with joy in being per-

mitted to carry 'good tidings of great joy' to God's little ones in China who had lost the light of the true God, and did not know how to find Him. Her closing words were taken from Paul's prayer for the Church at Philippi—Philippians i. 3-11—and this she prayed for all those she was leaving behind. Her words were sublimely sweet, and filled with spiritual grace past describing."

Mr. W. A. Hemphill, Superintendent of Trinity Sunday school, arose and said :

I want to say a few words expressive of the love and sympathy of Trinity Church for every one of these missionaries. Especially should I feel remiss if I failed to express our true love and unchanging interest in our own missionary, Miss Laura A. Haygood. We commemorate this evening a great wedding—the marriage of Miss Laura to the missionary work abroad. Shall we miss her? Ask the parched earth if it misses the refreshing showers. Shall we miss her? Ask hundreds of poor children and helpless women in our city whose tears she has dried, and whose bodies she has clothed and fed. Shall we miss her? Ask the poor who have been led to her Saviour and made heirs of heaven. Shall we miss her? Ask her large Sunday school class. Shall we miss her? Ask every good work in Church or city that needed counsel, strong faith, and a heart overflowing with love to Jesus and the whole world! We bid you "good-by," but will never forget you and never cease to hold you as ours—one of us even to the "end of the world" and the end of life.

Many others wished to speak, but it was growing late, and the services were brought to a close. Miss Haygood was to leave the next night, so Dr. Kendall requested that, in consideration of her and her relatives, good-byes should be

said then, in order that she might have the little remaining time with her family. "The congregation was dismissed, but did not leave, all wished first to take the missionaries by the hand. Hundreds looked into Miss Haygood's face, and with a silent clasp of the hand, blindly wept their way out of the house of God. Such a meeting, such a scene in all its phases, will never be witnessed again. The wings of the Almighty God, the grace of His Son Jesus Christ, and the melting breath of the Holy Spirit brooded over all."

Miss Haygood was accompanied as far as Nashville by her brothers, Bishop Haygood and Mr. W. A. Haygood, and her sister, Mrs. Charles E. Boynton. A second farewell meeting was held on Wednesday night at McKendree Church, Nashville. Here again Miss Haygood spoke with great effectiveness. "Modestly, yet fervently, and in purest English, she pleaded with her sisters. She presented the thought that all the work of the Church at home and abroad is one work, and lodged the conviction in many hearts, we trust, that every true-hearted Christian woman could take part in it. The home field was ripe to the harvest. 'I go to China,' she said, 'because I am free to go, and I go gladly.' That was the tone of all her talk, so full of womanly sweetness and victorious faith."

The next day good-byes most tender and sorrowful were spoken. Miss Haygood's sister and brothers returned to their homes, and she went forth to the land to which God had called her. To her, as to Abraham, God had said, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee. . . . I will bless thee, . . . and be thou a blessing."

MISSIONARY CALL AND DEPARTURE FOR CHINA. 111

Miss Haygood, and the missionary friends who left Atlanta with her, were joined *en route* by Miss Mildred Philips, M.D., Miss Lou Philips, Miss Dona Hamilton, and Dr. O. A. Dukes, making in all a company of nine adult missionaries, besides seven children.

Miss Haygood's heart was very full of tender memories of the loved ones she had so recently left, and she sent back many letters written on the train. The first of these to which we have access was written from "Somewhere in Kansas" to the members of the Sunday school Normal Class, which met every Saturday afternoon. It shows how completely in these first days of separation from home she found comfort and help in communion with Him who is invisible.

TO MRS. E. D. CHESHIRE

SOMEWHERE IN KANSAS,
ABOUT 175 MILES WEST OF KANSAS CITY.
Saturday, Oct. 11, 3:40 P.M., 1884.

Dearlly Beloved and Longed-For: I am sure that some of you are studying the Sunday school lesson now. My heart is with you, and my prayers have ascended with yours to the dear, loving Father whose "ear is ever open to our cry." I hope the lesson is helping you to-day, as it has helped me. I hope you have prayed for me to-day as David prayed for Solomon, "Only the Lord give her wisdom and understanding, that she may keep the law of the Lord, her God." I have taken right into my heart the charge "Be strong and of good courage; dread not, nor be dismayed." With David I can say to-day—I thank God—"The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" He helps me now—even now—above all that I could have asked or thought.

His goodness is past all finding out. His loving-kindness is better than life. See Psalm xxvii. 13, 14, and Psalm xxxiv. 1, 3.

Dear, faithful hearts, it has been a sweet privilege to pray for you all this afternoon—to pray for you by name—to feel that the loving Father Himself “who is able to supply *all* our needs,” and whose “compassions fail not,” can even, while I am praying, reveal Himself as Friend and Comforter to each heart. *He is a present Help.* I do not think He is going to let you be sorrowful. How can we ever be while we have His precious promises? Go back to the strong, sweet words we had together only eight days ago, if ever courage fails, and *rejoice* because He loves us, and cares for us, and leads us, and allows us to be co-workers with Him in bringing in the kingdom of our Lord and Christ.

While I have been writing we have been rushing along through these western plains, and now, at four-thirty, we are perhaps 200 miles west of Kansas City. Next Saturday when Miss Mollie reads this to you, I shall probably be just losing sight of land. There may be no opportunity for a message then, but I shall “have you in my heart.” Pray for me. I know you will. May the *peace* which passeth all understanding fill your hearts.

Now and always, most faithfully yours,

L. A. H.

The long journey across the continent was cheered by many expressions of kindness from God’s children, especially at Kansas City and Denver. At Kansas City friends met them at the train, with at least a dozen large lunch baskets well filled.

OUR MISSIONARIES AT DENVER.

Rev. J. C. Morris, of Denver, writing to the *Colorado Methodist*, of October 15th, gives the following account of the reception of our missionaries at Denver:

"The Union Pacific train which arrived at 7 A.M. brought Mrs. Young J. Allen and her three little girls, Prof. W. B. Bonnell and wife and four children, Miss Laura Haygood, Miss Dona Hamilton, Miss Jennie Atkinson, Dr. O. A. Dukes, Miss Mildred Philips, M.D., and Miss Lou Philips. What a company of consecrated Christians! All of them are bound for the mission fields in China, under the auspices of the General Board of Missions and of the Woman's Foreign Mission Board. They had six hours to remain here, and they used that time in worship with us. We devoutly thanked our Heavenly Father for the good Providence which brought them to us on the last Sunday of their stay in their native land. We praise God for the inspiration we got from this visit. The Sunday school pledged its prayers at home and in the school for them. I am sure that we will not forget the words of dear Miss Haygood—God in everything.

"After preaching we accompanied them to the cars. It seemed to us somewhat like the Ephesian elders going with the great missionary apostle as he left them for other parts. 'They accompanied him unto the ship.' But we did not shed many tears, though we were happy enough to cry. We were so full of thanksgiving to God that He has raised up such a band of laborers for the needy parts of His vineyard that we could not shed tears. The truth is that a number of us wish we could go along with them.

"Not the least touching part of the incident was the presence of a number of our Chinamen to shake hands with them and join in our joy. I could not help rejoicing over our convert, Kim Sam, the Chinaman, and the interest he took in them. His heart seemed as much engaged as ours.

"It was a red-letter day. It will help our work and our prayers for the great cause of missions. We have a missionary prayer meeting the first Wednesday evening of every month. Two months ago we studied this Chinese field. This emphasizes all our interest along that line."

The three following letters to Miss Nunnally will give a few glimpses of the remainder of Miss Haygood's journey to San Francisco:

TO MISS NUNNALLY.

Sunday, Oct. 12, 1884, 8 P.M. Atlanta Time.

. . . If I had written to you every time I have thought of you since I said good-by in Atlanta, there would have been so many letters that you would have cried "Hold—enough," before this. We are now about twenty miles west of Cheyenne, running about thirty miles an hour. I could scarcely write at first on the cars, but I congratulate myself that I am "improving in penmanship." We have been brought safely thus far on our way. The mercies of God abound to us. We could ask nothing better than He gives. At Nashville, at St. Louis, at Kansas City, at Denver, His people have met us and taken us to their hearts in truest brotherly and sisterly interest and sympathy. They have been ready to serve us in any possible way. At Kansas City they brought us at least a dozen large lunch baskets filled with everything nice. We were very happy in having the morning at Denver. We went to Sunday school at the Southern Methodist Church and remained to morning service. It was so sweet to have a part in their prayers and to join in the sweet familiar songs. It will be good to remember. We have had wonderful visions this afternoon of snow-capped mountains—long chains stretching away far as the eye could follow—the everlasting hills. If we could have chosen, we would have spent the whole day at Denver. We were there from 7:30 until 1:30. We could not stop longer without losing twenty-four hours, and that would not leave us needed time in San Francisco.

I am very well, and far less tired than I expected to be. The consciousness of the dear Saviour's love and presence

is *abiding*. He helps me every moment. You must write to me fully, freely, often. My tender love to every member of your family.

Most faithfully yours,

L. A. H.

TO MISS NUNNALLY.

FIFTY MILES WEST OF ELKO, NEVADA,
Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1884.

. . . We are running this morning through a pass of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is the roughest road we have had yet. I cannot at all control my pencil, but I hope that you will be able to read that *I love you* in between the rugged letters.

Our trip has been just as pleasant as it was possible for it to be, I think. The goodness of God has been unfailing. His tender mercies have been about us every mile of the way. The party are traveling together beautifully. The children are not troublesome. We met last night at Ogden a party of six missionaries from the Congregational Church—New Englanders—who go on the same steamer with us. I could write you very much of the scenery, but that would be an old story. I will send to Myra or Mamie a general letter from San Francisco for you all to read. You could have sent no text so precious as the "Lo, I am with you." It is *the strength of my life*. He fulfils it to me every hour. With tender love to your dear mother and every member of your family,

Most faithfully yours,

L. A. H.

TO MISS NUNNALLY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Friday A.M., Oct. 17, 1884.

. . . We reached San Francisco safely on Wednesday. Had a number of calls Wednesday afternoon, spent yesterday in arranging business matters and a little sight-seeing.

Are resting to-day, and bringing up odds and ends, will sail,
God willing, to-morrow.

We went on board the steamer yesterday—saw our state-rooms, etc. I think we may be comfortable. I am not anxious in any way about the voyage. . . .

You were so good to tell me of that day at home. I knew just how it all was as I read your letter. Whenever you go there—no, I will not ask that every time—but sometimes when you are there write to me of them all—just what they are doing and what they are talking about, and how the furniture is arranged, and love and caress the precious children *for me*, and let them know that it is for me. I do so trust your faithful love for me and for mine. . . .

Spend as much time with dear Mamie as you can this winter. She loves you very dearly and will be always glad to have you, and you can comfort and help her. Dear Mamie has been and is a true and loving sister to me. . . . I wish she knew how much I love her. You must be sister to her while Myra and I are away. I am so sorry when I think of all the worries that my last days at home brought her, and brought you too. . . .

May the presence of the dear Saviour make you glad every hour, and the joy of the Lord make you strong! Dear child, good-by.

Most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

On Saturday, October 18, 1884, Miss Haygood sailed from San Francisco on the steamship "City of Pekin." Many loving thoughts followed her and the friends with her on the long journey across the ocean, and many hearts all over the Church were lifted to God for their safety and the success of their labors. The following hymn, written by Rev. W. P. Rivers, of the North Georgia Conference, gave sweet expression to the prayer that was rising daily from many hearts to the Father's throne.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

(Inscribed to Our Outgoing Missionaries.)

God of Heaven, bless thy servants,
Faithful to their Lord's command ;
Going forth to preach the Gospel,
Far from home and native land ;
Holy Spirit,
Shine, and cheer them by Thy grace.

By Thy presence give assurance—
Strengthen faith, and banish fears !
Breathe Thy peace and love's communion—
Bethel's joys for sorrow's tears !
Send Thy blessing—
Token of a Father's love !

Lord of Heaven, earth, and ocean,
Give them voyage safe and free !
Calming still the sea's commotion,
As on stormy Galilee ;
Holy Spirit,
Waft them well to China's strand !

Bless their service and their sowing !
Fill their hands with goodly seed !
Let them see the harvest growing,
That shall Pagan millions feed !
While they labor,
Let them feast on Heaven's bread !

When at last—life's voyage over—
All their mission work is done,
Open for them Heaven's portals,
With their sheaves ten thousand won !
Where forever
They shall sing sweet "Harvest Home !"

October 10, 1884.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST MONTHS IN CHINA.

Oh! that every woman in the Methodist Church would say, "I give my money, my love, and my prayers to the foreign work; I give my money, my love, my prayers, and myself to the home work!" "Then would the glory of the Lord be revealed," and the Church would indeed become the "joy of the whole earth."—*Miss Haygood.*

THE long voyage of nineteen days was made under most favorable conditions, and on November 7th Miss Haygood reached Yokohama. While there she wrote to Mrs. McGavock:

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, November 8, 1884.

Dear Mrs. McGavock: I am sure that you will be glad to know that we reached Japan yesterday in safety, having been out from San Francisco only nineteen days. We came the southern route, and so escaped rough seas and extreme cold. The voyage could scarcely have been made under more favorable conditions. Most of us were ingloriously seasick, but to-day we are so well there scarcely seems occasion to mention it.

We were very happy in our fellow-passengers. Of thirty-seven first-cabin passengers, thirty of them were missionaries and their children. Some were going out from the Northern Presbyterian Board; some from the A. B. C. F. M.; some from the Dutch Reformed; one lady with two children coming to join her husband in Japan; two ladies going to Siam; the others to China.



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TRINITY HOME, SHANGHAI.

Brotherly love abounded; there was much sweet Christian fellowship. We felt that we were in deed and in truth "one in Him of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." We shall never forget—any one of us I am sure—the daily "family prayers" on shipboard, and the afternoon hour spent day after day in Bible readings.

Three of our party were returning to China, having already given the better part of their lives to the work there. It was a real inspiration to those of us who are going for the first time to see and feel their faith and hope and courage.

The Shanghai steamer will leave on Monday. We are comfortably quartered at the Windsor House, and are trying to make good use of our time in Japan. We saw something of Yokohama in a two hours' jinrikisha ride yesterday afternoon; spent to-day at Tokio; have arranged to attend Japanese service at 9:30 A.M. to-morrow, also an English service at 11 A.M., and a Sunday school or Bible class at the Presbyterian Mission in the afternoon. We have found very much to interest us here, but every missionary who has passed has given you a glowing account of Japan, I dare say, and I will considerably refrain from rehearsing the wonders of Tokio, etc.

Our young ladies are full of hope, and have been very brave and strong since we left home. I am expecting excellent things of them all.

Has any one told you how the "journeying mercies" abounded as we crossed the continent? Or of the brotherly kindness and sisterly sympathy which reached out kindly hands with loving grasps to help and cheer at St. Louis, at Kansas City, at Denver, and at San Francisco? We felt that it was all a gift of love from God coming to us through these human hearts. . . .

Of the Sunday in Yokohama Miss Haygood wrote to Miss Mollie Stevens:

I wish I could tell you of God's goodness to me to-day, of the strength and comfort that came with the morning service. He taught me how to pray—the Spirit helping my infirmities—with the native preacher this morning. I did not understand one word, but I felt that we were talking to the same Father, and *knew* that He understood and loved both of us, and that this Japanese preacher was my brother. Then when a little later they sang to Japanese words the old tune to which my sainted grandmother used to sing, "O for a closer walk with God," my heart sang with them. The English service was a real benediction. The preacher, Rev. Mr. Knox, of the Presbyterian Mission, preached *Christ* to us, and some of our hearts burned within us as he talked to us of the risen Saviour. The sermon was followed by the communion. Not even upon that last precious, precious Sunday at dear Trinity did the blessed service mean more to me than to-day—my first Sunday in this heathen world. It was at once a pledge and a prophecy to me. The dear Christ Himself supped with me and fulfilled in sweetest measure the blessed promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." How near the loved ones at Trinity seemed to me during the service, and what a privilege it was to ask God to bless *every one!*

After a day or two in Yokohama, Miss Haygood, with the little company bound for China, went aboard the steamer Hiroshima Maru. While at anchor in the Bay of Kobe, she wrote to Miss Nunnally:

Our passage from Yokohama has been very pleasant. I am quite recovered from seasickness. The scene about me is inexpressibly lovely—the beautiful bay—the crescent coast—the picturesque town stretching along the shore, and climbing the mountains just beyond—a dozen or more large ships at anchor, and hundreds of little boats darting about here and there. I wish that you could see it all.

After a few days more the beauties of the Inland Sea, as well as the discomforts of the Yellow Sea, were memories only. The Hiroshima Maru crossed the bar at the mouth of the Woo-sung River, on which Shanghai is situated, and slowly approached the wharf, where many members of the mission were standing, eagerly scanning the passengers on deck, looking for the faces of loved ones. The memory of that scene—the waiting friends on the shore, the long-expected loved ones on deck—still lives in many hearts to-day. Miss Haygood was there, strong and serene, with a Heaven-born courage lighting up her face as she drew near to the land of her adoption. She wrote to a home paper:

Our long journey ended Monday, November 17th. With hearts overflowing with gratitude, that could find no expression in words, to the dear Father, who had guided us every step of the way, who had given us light in darkness, who had made rough places smooth, and crooked ways straight for us, we came, a little after noon, on the 17th, to the wharf at Shanghai. While yet a long way off, through glasses, we discerned the group of waiting friends, whose waving handkerchiefs and hands outstretched in welcome spoke so eloquently to our hearts that we felt that brotherly help and sisterly love were waiting for us, and that there must be something of home beyond. A little later our hands were clasped in gracious and kindly greeting—a welcome more than royal, for heart spoke to heart—by Drs. Allen and Lambuth, Misses Allen and Muse, Mr. and Mrs. Royal and Mr. Loehr, of Shanghai, and Messrs Anderson and Parker, of Soochow, who had come the long way to greet us. From other stations friends, who could not be present in person, sent kind notes that said their hearts were with us.

Two days later, November 19th, Miss Haygood wrote to Miss Nunnally:

I am in Anna's room writing to you, and the new life has begun. We reached Shanghai at 2 P.M., Monday, November 17th. I can hardly realize, even after two days, that we are at the end of the long way. I had come to feel that, like Tennyson's brook, I was *going on forever*.

Nearly all the members of our mission came to meet us. You ought to have seen the handkerchiefs waving on the wharf and on the steamer as we approached. The welcome given us was better than royal, for nothing was left undone to make us *feel* the gladness that our coming brought. . . . When we reached Dr. Allen's we found the front door exquisitely garlanded with flowers and evergreens, and above them in beautiful letters the word "Welcome." From every room the flowers, that tardy frosts had kindly spared, smiled a gracious welcome to us. . . .

We went on Tuesday to see our new home. Dr. Allen had been very thoughtful and very kind. The house was as bright as whitewash and paint and varnish could make it. This morning we went shopping, and to-morrow will complete the purchase of things that are necessary, and I think that we shall be able, in two or three days, to begin house-keeping. When we are settled, I shall write you all about it.

Our passage from Yokohama to Shanghai was very delightful. There are few bodies of water in the world as beautiful as the Inland Sea. For miles and miles unnumbered the shore presented to us every combination of valley and mountain that could please the fancy or excite the imagination. Some of the bays looked as if they might be bits of heaven, so perfect was their loveliness. The whole way was good for us, and full of rest and refreshment. But we were inexpressibly glad to be on shore. We lift our hearts in grateful love—a gratitude which can find no fit expression

in words—to the dear Father who has led us every step of the way.

Anna is very well. She is *my home* just now. You can imagine better than I can tell you the welcome she gave me. . . .

By the last of the week the most necessary articles were purchased, and Miss Haygood, together with Misses Muse, Hamilton, and Atkinson, was comfortably established in Trinity Home. Home-making in a foreign land has in it the possibilities of many unique and even amusing situations. Of the four ladies, Miss Muse alone had any knowledge of the language, and her vocabulary had not yet extended to the kitchen. Often in the evening, when the cook gave his account of the day's purchases, the new housekeepers would have an object lesson on the names of various utensils, which, in despair of making them understand by words alone, he would bring in for them to see. An odd assortment of pots and pans, pokers and tongs, was sometimes brought together in the sitting room, but it was certainly an impressive and practical way of learning the language. The following letter to Miss Haygood's little niece, Carrie Haygood, gives an interesting account of some of the first experiences of the new housekeepers:

SHANGHAI, December 19, 1884.

. . . Everything almost that the Chinese do is unlike the things we do at home. They seem very, very odd. All the common people seem to wear blue, men and women too. Our "boy" wears, to wait on the table, a long, light blue gown, cut something like Papa's nightshirt, only it comes to his heels and has large sleeves. He wears a little black cap that fits close like Papa's traveling cap. It has a little red

ornament just at the top. He has his hair drawn close back and plaited in a long queue, that reaches almost to his feet. He is a very dignified youth, and does not even smile at my funny mistakes in Chinese. Our cook is dignified, too. He made us all wonder the other morning by sending in for breakfast some beefsteak dressed in *sugar*. When Miss Anna sent for him and asked what it meant he said that she told him to do it. She thought not. After a while she remembered that she *had* told him to cook the steak with *gravy*. Now the Chinese word for gravy is "tong," and for sugar is "dong." She said "tong," but he understood "dong," and so we had "dong" on our steak. He is a real good cook, though. The servants do not eat our food, and so board themselves. This makes it necessary to be careful not to have more of anything cooked than we want to eat. Miss Anna and the cook are trying to measure our appetites. At first it seemed very funny to have four potatoes brought to the table for four people, or four small fish, etc. I was a little afraid that everything would give out. I find, however, that we all have enough, though very little left for lunch. The cook made a mistake Saturday, and bought too large a roast for dinner. Miss Anna has been feeding us on hash ever since. We have had dry hash and wet hash and hot hash and cold hash, and we are going to have "curry" made of the remnants to-morrow. I have begged that a *small* roast be bought the next time. Miss Anna is very good to us all, and she tries every time to have with the hash some one thing that we like. I generally like boiled eggs or sweet potatoes, and so she gives me eggs for breakfast and potatoes for tiffin and dinner. . . .

In a letter to the alumnae of the Girls' High School, Atlanta, Miss Haygood thus described her home:

. . . Our home is in the French Concession, though we are quite surrounded by Chinese. There are *thousands* of them

within five minutes' walk of our gate. Our inclosure—called a "compound"—about two-thirds of an acre, contains a residence, a church, and a large school building. The lot is surrounded by a wall eight feet high. The church and schoolhouse are in front, and the residence in the rear, separated from them by a tiny lawn.

I wish that I could gather you all about me in my study—the one bit of home to me in all China. Here are my books and my pictures, many of the dear home faces, my home, Trinity Church, the High School, the class of 1883, many love-tokens from dear friends at home. Here I read my letters, the "good news from a far country," which is indeed better than "water to a thirsty soul." Here my heart and pen talk to the loved ones across the seas, here Anna and I talk of the days that are no more, here I read and study, here I feel oftentimes the presence of "Him who is invisible," comforting and strengthening me above all that I could ask or think. . . .

The furniture of this room was of the simplest sort, but there was something homelike about it that made every one love to sit there. On one occasion, in reply to the Doctor's astonished "What! Do you see the Chinese in here?" Miss Haygood said quietly, "I have nothing too good for them." There she toiled at the language, and there—sitting at her desk, which in after years seemed almost a part of herself—she wrote letters, trying in vain to keep up with her heavy correspondence. During this first winter she often wrote until one or two o'clock in the morning. To Miss Nunnally she wrote: "My *work* this winter has been studying Chinese—my recreation writing letters to friends at home." It was a genuine sorrow to her not to answer all of the letters she received, and no one ever tried more faithfully, spending

every day many hours at her desk writing, when she should have been resting, or perhaps asleep. January 14th she wrote to Miss Nunnally: "I was really very sorry to send you only a postal by the last mail, but if you had been with me and had seen the interruptions that come to me and the demands upon my time, you would have quite understood that my silence was not wilful."

So perfect was her patience, and so ready was she to give her time and strength to any who needed her, that no one ever guessed how great a trial these interruptions often were. On March 17, 1885, she wrote to Miss Mollie Stevens:

. . . I am gaining a little every day with the language, but it will be months before I can converse readily, and two years probably before I shall be able to teach Bible classes in Chinese. I need a special gift of patience; first, because of the long waiting when there is so much need now for a tongue; and second, that I may bear, as God would have me, the constant interruptions that come to my hours of study. I am teaching now, you know, at the College from nine to twelve A.M., and studying Chinese nominally every day, except Friday, from two to five P.M. Friday afternoon I make my one holiday of the week, that I may meet the ladies' Bible class, which, by the way, is a great pleasure. I assumed in January the business management of our schools, and other work belonging to the Woman's Board, and the interruptions that come in consequence to my systematic study are truly appalling. And I have always cared so to do things in an orderly way. There is real comfort in thinking that I only see the wrong side of "the tapestry." What seem to me tangled ends may be—have I not a right to say must be—a part of a pattern which God is weaving my life into. I am so glad that I do not think that things come by chance to me. I do try to be patient, and yet I do so long to know the

language. I thought to-day that no missionary ever had so great a need of a "gift of tongues" as I. Yet, His own precious word quiets the thought with "I will supply all your need." While I give the days to Him, the work that fills them must be His. . . .

TO MISS VOLLIE STEVENS.

April 29, 1885.

. . . I spend a part, the larger part, unless we have visitors, of almost every evening writing letters. Even with this I am not nearly able to meet obligations to dear, faithful friends, or to satisfy my own heart. There are rarely ever more than mere fragments of daytime that I may use for letters. It is a great pleasure for me to write, and if it were a physical possibility to do all that I would like, no friends would ever think me forgetful. Please help them to understand. I cannot bear to give pain to any one that loves me, nor to have them think me indifferent. I have been almost obliged to limit my correspondence to answering letters, and am now fifteen or twenty behind. I have explained so fully because with the short summer evenings I shall be obliged to reduce the number of letters, and I wanted somebody to understand. . . .

TO MRS. E. D. CHESHIRE.

SHANGHAI, Saturday, December 6, 1884.

My Very Dear Friend: It is now nearly ten o'clock of my Saturday night, and about 8 o'clock of your Saturday morning. I lead a sort of double life all the time here. The things about me, the actual duties of the day, claim very much time and thought, and yet my heart keeps time in a constant chorus of tender thought and loving memory and earnest prayer to all that you are doing at home. Our days and nights are so interchanged that I am sometimes asleep when you come together. But, when I awake about six my Sunday morning it is four of your Saturday afternoon;

and I think "They are now at normal class"—and then I ask the dear Christ Himself to meet with you and bless every heart. When, Sunday night about eleven, I go to bed, I think "They are now meeting for Sunday school," and the superintendent, the teachers, the whole school are in my heart and prayers. It is so sweet, too, *then* to pray for the Sunday morning service at dear old Trinity, for Dr. Kendall, and for those who listen, and then for the Sunday school at the Barracks, and before I go to sleep all Trinity Church, with all her precious interests, usually finds a place in these Sunday night prayers, as well as many others. Oh! I do "thank God upon every remembrance of you all," "for your fellowship in the gospel," and I thank Him that the ten thousand miles which lie between us cannot separate us, that we are still "one in Him," that we may still "meet around one common mercy seat." I never knew until God took me away from you all how sweet the privilege of praying for those we love might become. It has been *so sweet* to talk to God about the precious friends He gave me. I have come to realize more and more fully with the passing weeks that the wealth of human love which has so blessed and brightened my life is *His gift to me*. With wondering gratitude I thank Him for it.

You must not think that I have been forgetful of you, my dear sister, because this letter has been so delayed. Even when there has been no opportunity for writing there has been place for memory, and I can never forget when I recall the wonderful lessons which God taught us in His own school, the dear home mission, that *we were schoolmates* there. How good it is to remember now some of the Monday afternoons and Thursday afternoons which seemed at the beginning of the hour so dark and perplexing, but became glad and bright with His presence as He fulfilled to us His gracious promise and came and "made one in our midst!" How good He was to accept the cutting of shirts





MISS HAYGOOD'S STUDY.

FIRST MENTIONS

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and drawers as service to Him! How infinitely good to let us tell the sad hearts about us of His compassionate love! I am sure that we shall both thank Him in heaven that He let us help a bit in the home mission work. Oh! that hundreds of other hearts may learn the blessedness of this service done in His name and for His dear sake.

I have been in China nearly three weeks, and two weeks in our new home, and it will be two months to-morrow since I left home. I feel sometimes as if years must have passed since that precious, precious Monday night (I do not forget our pledge, dear friend) when my heart would have broken if God had not helped above all that I could have asked or thought. He has helped me all the time, day by day, through these long weeks. He has crowned the days with His tender mercies, and His loving-kindness has been all about me.

Our home is beginning to be quite comfortable. My own study, in which I am writing to-night, is beginning to feel just a bit like home. All about me are tokens of love—the very pen with which I am writing and the stand which holds my ink, the writing desk and the Bible near—all are eloquent to me, as their very presence tells me of *love*. I have on your wrapper, too, to-night, and Marnie Pittman's slippers. I wish you knew how thoroughly comfortable both are. I do not need them to remind me of you, but it is very pleasant to have the comfort which they have given, and do give, associated with your care for me. I was not mistaken in pronouncing the wrapper "comfortable" that hot summer afternoon when we fitted it. It has been a comfort indeed many a time since. . . .

May God's own peace fill your heart and life! Know always, dear, faithful friend, that I love you.

Most truly yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

No duty was ever too lowly to inspire Miss Haygood's heartiest interest. Every day she obeyed the command,

"Whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men." (Col. iii. 23.) She who, a few short months before, was the honored principal of the Girls' High School in Atlanta now found herself teaching the most elementary English to Chinese boys.

January 14, 1885, she wrote to Miss Nunnally:

. . . I am quite settled to preparatory work, and the days are strangely full. For a while Anna and I have changed work, because I needed her Chinese in the girls' school, of which I took charge January 1st. The girls—eighteen in number—cannot speak English, and I had too little Chinese to undertake the management of their school, etc., so I have taken Anna's class of boys in the Anglo-Chinese College, and she is temporarily in charge of the girls' school, which is domiciled in the schoolhouse in the corner of our yard, . . . I find the teaching very pleasant, though if you could suddenly be uplifted and put down in our schoolroom you would be inexpressibly amazed. If you had the long voyage, and your eyes in Japan were almost wearied with novel sights and sounds, and from the wharf to the college every step of the way presented something new and curious, by the time you reached the schoolroom nothing *could* surprise you. I think that you would find the strange faces and the strange dress curiously familiar, and you would feel half inclined to believe that you had known them all in some other life. I find as to myself that *nothing* surprises me, though I never, perhaps, go on the streets without seeing things of which I had never heard or dreamed.

My work at present with the boys is teaching them to read and spell a first reader, varied with lessons in penmanship and the catechism. To-day we had for our lesson the thrilling story of the "Goose and the Golden Egg." You must not think that I mind at all this day of apparently small

things. It is the work that God gives me just now, and I do it gladly. . . .

The work of teaching English to Chinese boys, and her own study of the Chinese language, were most happily varied for Miss Haygood this first winter by two English Bible classes. The first was composed of English and American ladies living in Shanghai. The next was a class of sailors in the Union Church Sunday school.

February 24, 1885, Miss Haygood wrote to Miss Mollie Stevens:

. . . I am still working on the Sermon on the Mount. That reminds me that I must tell you how very pleasant our Friday afternoon Bible readings are getting to be. We have been for two months on this wonderful sermon, and have only gotten through the Lord's Prayer. It is like the Sunday school lessons at home used to be. There is never time—but I commence and close by the clock—2:30 and 3:30 P.M. We have usually from twenty to twenty-five ladies present—on very rainy days as many as fifteen. Our lesson yesterday was on the Lord's Prayer. The precious words never meant so much to me before. I had but faintly understood their wonderful comprehensiveness until this study. I count it a special providence that gives me this incentive to study the words of the Master in this way now. Will you not ask the ladies at Trinity, at their next Tuesday meeting, to pray most earnestly for this Friday afternoon meeting in Shanghai? Some of the ladies who come are full of faith and love; but there are others who seem to be stretching out their hands in silent entreaty, "feeling after God, if haply they may find Him." How I long to help them! . . .

Of her Bible class for sailors, Miss Haygood wrote to Miss Nunnally:

. . . I do not usually accomplish much after school—school closes at four o'clock—before our six o'clock dinner. That

is my playtime. At 7:30 on four evenings in the week I have a Chinese teacher come, and I study for an hour and a half. On Wednesday evening our little home circle spend that time in a Bible reading and informal prayer meeting in my study. I have kept Saturday evening for my Sunday school lesson. I have a class in the English Sunday school Sunday afternoon, made up of strangers, usually sailors from some of the vessels at anchor here. Varied as is my experience in Sunday schools, this work is new. I find it very pleasant, however, and count it a precious privilege to have this opportunity for service.

There is so much work all around me waiting for a ready tongue that I find myself longing to know the language—but it is slow work at best. Do not be at all anxious about my undertaking too much. I think I am reasonable, and that I appreciate the wisdom of “making haste slowly.” . . .

The following letter to Miss Nunnally was begun on an afternoon in February, while waiting for the mail. Only those who have been separated from their loved ones by thousands of miles, and who have had to wait two or three weeks, and sometimes longer, between mails, know how much is summed up in those words. During this first winter, especially, Miss Haygood often found it hard to quiet her fears, and to wait patiently until the letters came. Then, with trembling hands and tearful eyes, she would open them and read the messages of love which were more precious to her than any earthly treasure.

TO MISS NUNNALLY.

SHANGHAI, February 17, 1885.

. . . I was so sorry to let the last mail go without a letter to you, but duties and letters pressed, and the hours

slipped away, and when the mail closed your letter was still unwritten. Now we are waiting for the mail. You don't know what that means. Our last letters came February 2nd. For fifteen days there has been no word from home. We expected the mail at noon to-day. Now it is four P.M. and still it has not come. . . .

The sunshine and the blue sky, and a little freshening of the grass upon our tiny lawn, as well as the date of my letter, make me realize that the winter is almost past. I feared that it would seem very long, but the days have been full of work and "crowned with mercies." Very few have been long enough for all the reading, or writing, or study, or planning for the work here, or now and then, the real doing of something that has been possible. My *work* this winter has been studying Chinese—my recreation writing letters to friends at home. There have been many odds and ends of things that have fitted in with these—the receiving and returning of calls—long conferences with Dr. Allen about our work—consultations with Anna about business matters connected with the household, or questions arising about the school work—the going on Monday afternoon to our missionary prayer meeting, and on Friday afternoon to a ladies' Bible class—etc., etc. I have written you before of our Sundays, I think. Chinese Sunday school at 10 A.M., Chinese preaching at 11 A.M., English Sunday school at 3 P.M., English service at 6 P.M., Chinese service at 7:30 P.M. We do not always take both of the evening services. Anna never allows me to do it without a protest. I would not choose it, but I feel very strongly the obligation to be at the Chinese service, and I wish very, very much to be at the English. We have in my study almost every Sunday morning an English sermon together before going to Sunday school. Parker—Dr. Parker, of London—has been my favorite this winter. He will never know how much he has comforted and strengthened me this winter. . . . I need not tell you

that I have sorely missed the Church services that were so precious to me at home. That loss alone would have made the winter very dreary but for the wonderful compensations of God's love. He does help in such wonderful ways *when* and *where* the need is greatest.

The weather has been very like a winter at home, except that we have had less rain. The cold is, perhaps, more penetrating because of the greater dampness of the atmosphere. Yesterday we had a combination of snow and rain falling through almost the entire day. To-day—one of those contrasts not unusual at this season at home—is bright and cheery, a very forerunner of spring. I am and have been very well. Anna is quite as strong as I have ever known her. . . . She accomplishes a wonderful amount of work. The housekeeping she has had, you know, ever since we came. For several weeks past she has had charge of our girls' school. She has to receive and entertain for herself, or as my interpreter, all Chinese visitors, besides keeping up her own study of Chinese. In addition to all of this, she has *me* on her conscience. I think I almost double her work, and quite double her care—for as guardian of my physical man, she is always on duty—trying to see that my fire is kept at the right degree, that my room is in perfect order, that I do not sit up too late or get up too early, that I do not begin work too promptly after eating, that I take recreative exercise at the right time, that other people do not make too many demands on my time, etc., etc. Indeed, her loving, watchful care is about me every moment.

February 18, 1885.

Well, the mail did not come until seven P.M., but then I had a rich reward for my waiting. I had *twenty-five* letters, and *three* others were sent in this morning. The dear, loving hands at home that penned these dear messages will *never* know how much pleasure they gave me. From the very

depths of my heart I thank God for human love and for its sweet expression. This was a double mail. . . . I have received twice, I believe, eighteen letters by a single mail—usually I have about a dozen. When mails come so rarely as ours this is not very many. . . . Do you know that almost every mail brings me tidings of the death of some one that I have known and loved? Twice I have found my heart and hands tremulous for a day before the coming of the mail. . . . It would always be so if God did not help me. It is a part of his gracious keeping that usually I am “saved from the fear of evil tidings.” I find that a much stronger faith is needed to trust God for our loved ones than for ourselves, and still more faith to trust Him for them ten thousand miles away than when they were all around us. But, dear child, I find myself absolutely shut up to a life of faith. If I do not trust God, I am absolutely wrecked. I can't see beyond the duties of the present hour, but I do believe that “His way is perfect.” His goodness is past all finding out.

It is now twilight. Anna has gone with a Bible woman to see a sick Church member, for the special purpose of painting the sick woman's leg with iodine, as prescribed by the doctor, and not understood by the family. This is genuine *home mission* work. Don't you think so? . . .

TO MRS. W. A. HATGOOD.

SHANGHAI, February 19, 1885.

My Very Dear Mamie: The mail which came on Tuesday, 17th inst., brought us letters from two Pacific steamers, the delayed San Pablo and the one which left San Francisco January 10th. It was a feast of good things. You can never know at home how hungry we get for letters here. God bless the dear, faithful hands that send me messages of love! They comfort and help and make me stronger for the duties here.

Your sweet letters of November 24th and January 2d came together. I have quite understood why you have not written, and have not for one moment thought you forgetful, my precious sister. Nor shall I ever think so. I know quite well how many hindrances come to you. When you do write, I shall be very, very glad. When you do not write, I shall still feel quite sure that you love me and think of me.

I rejoice with you in the recovery of the dear children, and join you in thanksgiving. There have been few greater trials to me this winter than the knowing that you and the little darlings were sick, and that the world was between us. How I longed to help you in the nursing! . . .

I think that it was rather a relief to know that Mary Graham [a former slave who had been cook and nurse] had been released from her sufferings. She could never have been well again. Yet she was connected with so much of the old life that I felt very tenderly about her death. I really want Willie to charge a part of the funeral expenses to me.

Shanghai is very gay just now with the festivities belonging to the Chinese New Year, which fell this year on February 15. Their year begins with the first moon of our February, so it does not always fall on the same day. Their shops and business houses are all closed, and everybody takes holiday for four or five days at least, many for a longer time. As I see them on the streets it seems to me a time of most laborious merrymaking. They all don their good clothes—a new suit, if by any means it can be attained—and spend their time in riding, or walking, or visiting, or feasting. The streets were thronged this afternoon, and every face wore that eager look of expectancy which we see in people who know that they are entitled to a good time, and make most of hope if the full fruition escapes them. This is the home of firecrackers, you know, and if I may judge from the fusillade that has been kept up with them

during the last week night and day—especially at night—the enthusiasm of the American small boy for such sport is very tame when compared with that of his cousins on this side the water.

Dr. Allen took some of us into the walled city on Tuesday to visit the temples, which are especially thronged with worshipers at this season. Oh! it was pitiful to see men and women, young and old, rich and poor, prostrating themselves to the earth before these “gods of wood and stone.” They seemed very earnest and very devout. The temples are large, containing a number of courts, vestibules, etc., but they are not especially pretty. The chief god, who is supposed to have the same rank in heaven as the chief officer of the city here, was of colossal size and flaming with red and gold. The vestibule next his court was lined with figures, life-size, that were called his attendants. The worship which we saw consisted of the burning of consecrated papers, sticks of fragrant wood, “ghost money,” incense, and prostrations. Some of them seemed to be repeating words. There were, besides the principal god, numbers of others—his wife, the god of literature, god of the constellations, etc. Each had its own coterie of worshipers. Before the wife was spread a feast of earthly food. I saw a cup of tea, some rice, other Chinese dishes, and the inevitable ground peas. If the Church at home could have seen that picture, it would not sleep until men and women and money were ready to send scores and hundreds and thousands of heralds with the glad tidings of a God who can hear and answer prayers. . . .

TO MRS. W. A. HAYGOOD.

SHANGHAI, March 10, 1885.

My Very Dear Mamie: We had the pleasant surprise of receiving a mail yesterday—a week earlier than we had hoped. Still there were no letters from home. I was very grateful to Miss Abbie and Miss Mollie for telling me of

their last visits to you, and to know from Miss Abbie that you were all well. The outgoing mail leaves to-morrow, and many things claim me, yet I cannot bear for the mail to go without a message to you and Willie. First, I am very well. The winter has really been very comfortable. It has been cold, but with very little rain or snow, and for the last week there has been a promise of spring in grass and flowers and blue skies and glad sunshine. The weather has not differed materially since we have been in Shanghai from the best Atlanta winters. I judge from letters and papers that it has been much colder at home. My school work began last week. So, spending my mornings at the college, my afternoons in studying Chinese, the odd minutes in settling questions that arise in regard to woman's work, and the evenings usually in writing, there is not time to be lonely. Yet, dear Mamie, somehow or other, my heart keeps up an accompaniment to all the work, a real melody made up of all the precious memories that belonged to the old life, and the music fills up all the pauses—so there is never a vacant moment. Sometimes it is an expression of your faithful, sisterly love; sometimes it is dear Willie's strong, brave soul that speaks in brave, hopeful words; sometimes it is Carrie or Willie or baby Myra, with clinging arms and merry kisses; sometimes—but there would never be an end to the sweet memories if I were to try to tell you of the variations that make up this wordless song which fills day and night my heart with harmony. Oh! I thank God for memory. I think, it may be, that I remember the old life something as we may remember earth when we get to heaven—only China is by no means heaven. But all that was sweet and good in the old life is mine forever. Things that at times gave pain no longer have the power to do so, except so far as I regret, and must always, the things undone there that I ought to have done—and more even, I believe, the things done that I ought to have left *undone*. It is only of myself

that I am sorry to remember, and there is so much that is fair and beautiful and precious and forever good in all that made my home, that the thought of *self* only comes as the discord that makes the melody more divinely sweet.

But I am afraid that you will think that I am growing sentimental over here in China. I am writing in the twilight, and only putting into words the thoughts that come and go "between the dark and the daylight." . . .

TO MRS. W. A. HAYGOOD.

SHANGHAI, February 12, 1886.

. . . A week ago to-day we went to our first Chinese feast—a wedding feast. The foreigners present were Anna, Dona Hamilton, Miss Lambuth, and myself, with Dr. Reid a little while. It would take a small volume to tell you all about it. We were invited for twelve M. We went promptly, and were at first presented to the bride, and then served with tea and fruits. After a time the bride was taken to another room, where the bridegroom joined her and a more formal presentation took place. Curiously enough, the seats of honor were offered to the guests, one by one, instead of being given to the bridal couple. Chinese etiquette demands that the guest should absolutely refuse to take the seat, though the hostess urge most violently. I was in blissful ignorance of this society regulation, and consequently made a very comical mistake. As the oldest foreigner present, I was treated with special consideration. The Chinese pay great deference to my age and *size* and spectacles. So I was invited to go *first* and *alone* for the special presentation. I felt quite as I used to do when as a child I played "Mason" and was led mysteriously into some dark room to be "initiated." When the hostess offered me the most honorable seat I protested slightly, but as she urged I thought it more polite to take it than to keep them waiting, whereupon the bride and groom came and prostrated themselves before me, giving me the

congratulations that I thought I ought to give them. It was a trying moment, I assure you, and brought to mind the adage "If you want to know how anything is done in China, ask how it is done in America, and then do it the other way."

After the presentation I was invited to take another seat, that the *chair* might be vacant for the next guest. One by one they came, but no one else made my mistake. Anna was forced into the chair, but instantly rose with proper protest. I left the room a wiser woman.

We returned to the first room and the feast was served. We sat down at one P.M. and remained at the table until four. I can't give you the bill of fare, for nearly all the dishes were peculiarly Chinese. They began with the dessert, a sort of cake, and ended with rice, though twenty-six different dishes came between, by actual count. Every guest was furnished with a pair of chopsticks, but plates are not at all necessary to a Chinaman's comfort, and so were not provided for ours. I made my first real effort to eat with chopsticks.

Two saucers with gravy, or sauce, were placed upon the table, and in the center a dish of the meat, or stew, or vegetables, and each took out a mouthful with the chopsticks, dipped it in the sauce, and then dexterously transferred it to her mouth. *Par parenthsis*, there were only women and children present, and we were seated at four or five small tables, six or eight at each table. The men were served in a different room. They pressed us to eat, and when they found that we could not very well follow their ways, saucers were brought to us, in lieu of plates, and a Chinese woman at my side devoted herself to supplying my wants, taking what seemed to her the daintiest bit from every dish and putting it upon my saucer. At the end of an hour there was the most comical pyramid of eatables before me that I ever looked upon. Each of the foreign ladies was served with

equal care. Eating was quite impossible, but I played with my chopsticks, and made an occasional morsel last as long as possible. You can't imagine the combinations of meat and vegetables that they delight in. Bread is unknown to them, though they find a good substitute in rice. It was quite a relief, by the way, when at the last the bowls of rice were brought—each being allowed a special bowl this time.

We are all glad to have had this experience, though we hope that it will not often be necessary to accept invitations to Chinese feasts. The groom this time is the son of the matron of Clopton School, and the feast was given by her—hence our invitations. . . .

TO MR. W. A. HAYGOOD.

SHANGHAI, March 2, 1886.

My Dear Brother Willie: I have left your letter this time for the last before the mail, and that always means a hurried letter. But you will not mind this time, I think, as it has been only a week since my last letter, and there is nothing new to record, except a great pleasure last Sunday in the bringing together of our schools, new and old, for the Sunday school and Sunday services. Again and again my eyes filled with grateful tears as I looked around at the full pews and attentive faces. Nothing during the morning gave me more pleasure, perhaps, than the presence through the whole service of seventeen heathen women. Many of them promised to come again. You would have laughed heartily at one episode. There were so many women and girls present that we had to seat some of them on the men's side of the house. Now the lines are drawn very closely, and women and men are most religiously separated in churches in China. That I might act as a sort of moderator, I sat with the women who occupied the last pew assigned to them. Just as the preaching service began two Chinese boys, young men perhaps I might call them, came in and sat down in the pew

behind me. One of them took up a Romanized Mark that happened to be with my books. His perplexity and that of his friend was indescribable. One of them leaned over and asked me in English, "What is this book?" I explained and read a few verses to them. Whereupon they asked, "Do you speak Chinese?" I answered, "Not very well," and one of them said in a most patronizing way, "But you speak very good English." Ask Miss Abbie if she is not glad that I have found a Chinaman capable of appreciating my English. . . .

We have now seen Miss Haygood as she was during that first busy winter in Shanghai. We have been with her in her schoolroom as she led young Chinese boys through the intricacies of their first lessons in English. We have been with her in her study, as day by day she applied herself to the task of mastering the even more difficult tones and characters of the Chinese language; as she wrote long, delightful letters home; as she thought and planned for the enlargement of the work, and was the final referee for countless business details which came up in connection with the schools and the home. We have also been with her on the Sundays, which were as busy and full as the week days. It has even been our sacred privilege to see something of her great love for her kindred and friends across the seas, as with tear-dimmed eyes she read their letters over and over. We are wondering, perhaps, whether the sacrifice of home and country was not proving almost too great. In a letter to the alumnae of the Girls' High School, April 13, 1885, she answers our question:

. . . Some of you are asking, I am sure, "Is Miss Laura satisfied to be in China?" Yes, dear girls, I am glad to be here, though Georgia, Atlanta, home, *are ten thousand times better*;

and are dearer to my heart to-day than ever before, and the work that may be done there so beautiful that I think that an angel might be willing to leave heaven to have a part in it—and yet I am so sure that *my work now* is in China that I am glad to be here. . . .

I thank God for the twelve busy, happy years spent in the High School, I thank Him for dear Mr. Mallon and all that he was to us, I thank Him for the teachers with whom I was associated there, and I thank Him for you, my girls, and all that your faithful love has been and is to me. I can never forget here—though I sometimes think that I remember it all now as we may remember earth when we get to heaven—all that is sweet and fair and good of the old life belonging to me, with that which may once have been burdensome, forgotten, or remembered without pain. *It is so sweet to remember.* I think that if we were discussing the old question concerning “The Relative Importance of the Mental Faculties,” I could, from personal experience, exalt *Memory* as the best of these gifts to us. . . .

I am afraid that I am taking very much more than my share of your hour. If there were time, I should like to give you a chapter on my Chinese teacher and my methods of study, and my curious experiences in studying this most curious of curious languages. But that may wait till next year. I will only tell you that my *very* broken Chinese is a constant source of amusement to my friends. I have been furnishing jokes to the mission all the winter by my efforts to use my very limited Chinese vocabulary. I am having abundant opportunity to test thoroughly the “word method” of learning to read. It loses something of its charms when it is extended to an entire language; when, instead of an alphabet of twenty-six letters, you must know three thousand or more to read even the New Testament. You will have some idea of the length of the lesson before me when I tell you that in the fifth chapter of Matthew, where I had occa-

sion to count them, there are three hundred and twenty different characters. Besides all this, there are sounds in the spoken language unheard in any other land, which cannot be accurately represented by any combination of our letters. There is no "graduation" in this study, but I hope to have after a while a working knowledge of the language, which will open many doors that are now locked to me. There is no limit, absolutely no limit, to the work that may be done for women and girls in China in helping them to find a better life, except in the number and strength of the workers. . . .

Now I take you each by the hand and look into your dear eyes and loved faces and ask, as I have done many a time before, God's best gifts for each heart and life. May I give you a "quotation" for the year, dear girls? It is a very short one this time—only two lines—

"Do thy duty, that is best,
Leave unto thy Lord the rest."

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOPTON SCHOOL.

It was a notable event and an occasion of thanksgiving that at China New Year four of our pupils were thought ready to be intrusted with the duties and responsibilities of teachers. . . . They are pleasing fruits of the work of Clopton School as a Normal and Training School for teachers.—*Miss Haygood.*

WHEN Miss Haygood reached Shanghai, in November, 1884, she found organized work of the Woman's Board already awaiting her. For many years Mrs. J. W. Lambuth had freely given much of her time and strength to such work among women and girls as was then possible, and when Miss Haygood came she transferred to her care one boarding school for girls (Clopton School) and two day schools, located in Shanghai. As previously stated, Miss Haygood received these schools during the last week in December, 1884, but as she had then no knowledge of the language, she and Miss Muse made a temporary exchange of work, Miss Haygood taking English classes at the Anglo-Chinese College, and Miss Muse taking charge of Clopton School.

The beginning of Clopton School dates back thirty years prior to the time of Miss Haygood's arrival in China. It began very modestly. One little Chinese girl with bound feet, the daughter of Mrs. Lambuth's cook, came daily to her sitting room and studied and recited her lessons, after-

wards playing with Mrs. Lambuth's baby boy, Walter, until noon. Lessons and play over, she would return to her own home, and then come again the next day. This little girl was soon joined by her cousin, and the two lived with Mrs. Lambuth in a Chinese house. These two girls proved the magnet by which others were attracted, and soon there were four, then six, girls. These were as many as Mrs. Lambuth could then take care of, for her home was not very large, and her means only what she could spare from her own purse. At this time there was no fund for schools, but a generous offering from Mrs. M. L. Kelley made it possible to make an addition to the house in which Mrs. Lambuth was living. Soon there were sixteen girls in it receiving Christian education. Several of these first pupils became sincere Christians.

For twenty years the school was maintained under very difficult conditions, with inadequate accommodation as to buildings and equipment. In 1875 Mrs. D. H. McGavock made a gift of some of her jewels, and the proceeds were used to help erect a more commodious building. At this time it was named "Clopton School," in honor of Mrs. McGavock's mother. In later years this building was sold, and the school made two more moves with Mrs. Lambuth, until, in January, 1885, it was transferred to Miss Haygood's care and domiciled in the building on Trinity premises.

During the last twenty-five years the changes in China with regard to the education of girls have been so great that it is difficult for one to fully appreciate now the great work which Mrs. Lambuth did in those early years. She had to combat not only the stolid indifference of the Chinese to

everything concerning the betterment of their daughters' condition, but also a strong distrust toward the foreigner. To her courage and patience and tact, under circumstances which would have disheartened many workers, the cause of female education in China owes much. Mrs. Lambuth's voluntary labors made it possible for Miss Haygood to receive on behalf of the Woman's Board of Missions a well-organized girls' school of nineteen pupils.

Miss Haygood's wish with regard to the future development of Clopton School was to make it as far as possible a normal or training school for teachers. With this object in view, she thought it best to limit the number of pupils to about twenty, selecting new pupils as far as could be done from those in the day schools who showed ability and other desirable characteristics. How fully this ideal was afterwards realized may be seen from the following reports of the school.

In her report for 1891, Miss Haygood writes :

It was a notable event and an occasion of thanksgiving that at China New Year four of our pupils were thought ready to be intrusted with the duties and responsibilities of teachers—one in the primary department of Clopton School and three in the day schools. Two of them have done excellently well; a third, fairly well, showing unexpected strength in the management of her school; while the fourth, though one of the most successful pupils, has been less successful as a teacher than we had hoped. They are all, however, intelligent Christian women, and from them we have reason to hope for increasing usefulness as the years go on. They are pleasing fruits of the work of Clopton School as a normal and training school for teachers.

About a year later Miss Haygood wrote:

For almost eight years I have sustained the relation of supernumerary teacher and helper to Clopton School, and have known and loved the work almost as well as the two faithful women, Anna Muse and Elizabeth Hughes, who during most of that time have borne there the heat and burden of the day. I have seen some of the little girls to whom Miss Muse gave so long ago the first hard lessons in order, application, and fidelity to duty—lessons that were earnestly continued and lovingly enforced by Miss Hughes—grow into earnest, faithful women, and take their places in the rank and file of Christian women in China who are helping to bring in the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and for them and for all that Clopton School has made them I thank God. I feel that there is no department of our work in Shanghai that is more important than this training school for teachers and helpers. Other duties now claiming me, I shall probably never again be so closely associated with this work, but I rejoice that one has succeeded to the responsibilities, with all their accompanying joys and sorrows, who is able to bear them so well and so worthily as Miss Richardson.

In 1893, in giving her report of the Shanghai District, Miss Haygood wrote of Clopton School:

Miss Richardson will tell us of her happy year in Clopton School. Some of us a little farther removed from its daily cares may see now perhaps even better than she how good the year has been for the school. I shall speak of only one fact in the annals of the year which has given me very peculiar pleasure, and that is the demand which has grown up in our missionary circle in Shanghai for the services in several departments of Christian work of the girls educated in Clopton School, especially as teachers of day schools and personal teachers of foreign ladies. All whom we have been ready to send out have found employment, and the de-



St. Ignace D.

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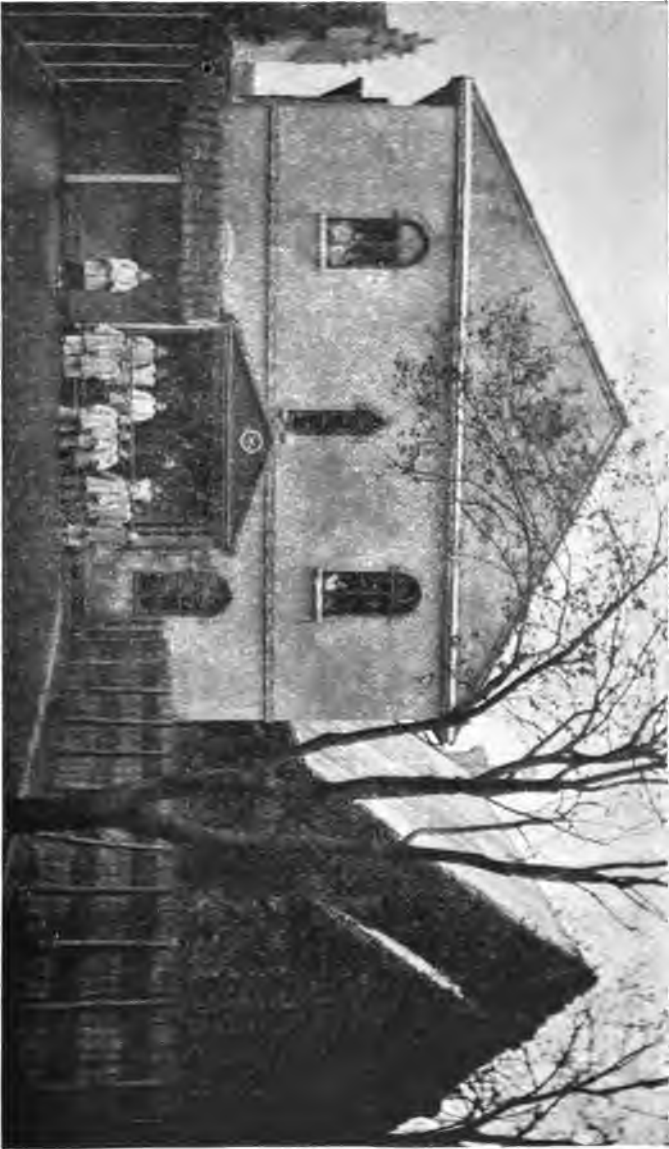
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CLIFTON SCHOOL AND TRINITY CHURCH, SHANGHAI.

mand for such teachers is in excess of our supply. This has been to me a most gratifying tribute to the character and efficiency of the teaching and discipline of Clopton School.

This high standard has been maintained up to the present time, and many teachers and Christian workers have gone out from Clopton School carrying not only into other school-rooms, but into their own homes as well, the lessons of truth, purity, and love which have been rooted in their own lives.

In 1900 a memorial was presented to the Woman's Board of Missions asking that Clopton School be united with the Mary Lambuth School, of Soochow. The reason for wishing this change was based upon the fact that the neighborhood surrounding Clopton School in Shanghai was no longer suitable for a girls' school, so the Board decided to move Clopton School to Soochow, where the Mary Lambuth is located, and combine the name as well as the schools into one. Both names are dear to the Church, and it is peculiarly fitting that the two should be combined, thus uniting in the Clopton-Lambuth School at Soochow the memories and traditions of the two schools which have heretofore been filling separate missions.

CHAPTER IX.

DAY SCHOOLS.

Moreover, in my inmost soul I feel that every Christian school is in *itself* an evangel of light and love.—*Miss Haygood.*

ALTHOUGH the first work that claimed Miss Haygood's attention was the reorganization and development of Clopton School, the day school work held no secondary place in her thoughts and plans. With that clear insight with which she was so richly endowed, Miss Haygood at once saw the value of a system of well-organized day schools as a missionary agency. Her conviction as to the vital importance of these schools is given its clearest and fullest expression in a letter to the Woman's Board, written after a little more than a year's experience in the work. (March 22, 1886.)

. . . To some of you it will seem that we are giving undue prominence to school work, or, as others have thought, that we are magnifying the work of education and neglecting the work of evangelization, and thus secularizing the office of the missionary. Some would sorrowfully remind us that Christ and His apostles did not open schools in Judea for Hebrew children. Very true; but He did commission the disciples to go forth as teachers, and charged Peter to feed His lambs, and gave to the world a gospel for all times and all men and all wants, and it was by Him that St. Paul was made "all things to all men, that he might by all means save some." He would never have excluded the children of the kingdom from the work of missionaries.

There is no conviction to-day more strongly impressed upon the conscience of the Church the world over than the obligation to train up children in the ways of truth and holiness. There can be no need that I should offer to you, who represent the culture of Christian womanhood in our beloved Church, an argument for Christian education. But I may say to you that every reason which exists at home for teaching children Christian truth appeals to my mind here with *tenfold more force*. Experience is teaching us that we can in no other way reach mothers and homes so effectually as through the children. We can reach the children only through the schools, and we can bring them under the Christianizing influences of Church and Sunday school only through the day schools, where every day, with what some are pleased to call "secular instruction," religious truth is taught. In teaching them to read the Word of God, we teach them to read their own language, and we would not do otherwise if we could. Through arithmetic and geography and kindred studies, and music, we may awaken the sleeping mind, deepen interest and quicken thought, and we thank God that we may use these things for Him and to His glory. "But many come to your schools only for these things." Quite true; and many came to Christ only that they might have a share in the loaves and fishes, or that their bodies might be healed of some physical ill, but through all His blessed ministry He fed hungry men and healed sick bodies. And who of us would dare to say that His work was in vain, because at the close of His life among men only a few hundreds of all the multitude were numbered among His followers?

We dare not hope that all of the children who are to-day enrolled in our day schools will become Christians, but may we not remember that when ten lepers were healed only one returned to give thanks? If one child in every ten that we teach shall grow into Christian manhood or womanhood,

will not our reward be a hundredfold for money and time and labor and love given to them?

Moreover, in my inmost soul I feel that every Christian school is in *itself* an evangel of light and love. Look into your own mother hearts and tell me if the messenger of a new gospel would not more surely reach you if she came with rich gifts to your children. Would you not listen more willingly to the story of one who came to you as the friend and teacher of your children? More, would you not have an ear for the new song in which your children found delight, and would you not be enticed to go with them to the Church and Sunday school which they were learning to love?

At few of the mission stations in China are the people so ready and so willing to have their children taught in Christian schools as at Shanghai. Missionaries here and there will tell you of the difficulty of gathering girls into day schools. Look at the records which we send you of the work in Shanghai. Of the one hundred and fifty children enrolled in our schools, more than two-thirds are girls. We have given the preference to them, though the parents are still more anxious to send their boys to school, if we had place for all. Are we not right as your representatives to seek to enter this great and effectual door which is opened unto us?

But the native teachers cannot make these schools true gospels to the people without foreign help and supervision. One lady cannot direct the work of more than four schools, if at the same time she does the work that, because of the schools, becomes possible in the homes and with the mothers of the children. *May we not call for helpers?* Give us within the next five years twenty-five ladies, and by the time they are ready for the work we may have a hundred schools in Shanghai, and access through them to a thousand homes. From these hundred schools and thousand homes within the next twenty-five years missionaries may, God helping us,

go forth to every city and town and village in this province. You nor I, perhaps, may live to see this, but that matters little if to-day we do our part in the glad, good work. . . .

When Miss Haygood took charge of the work in Shanghai three day schools were reported to her by Mrs. Lambuth. Of these, one was discontinued because of the removal of the teacher, and one was located in a village about twenty-five miles away. The remaining school numbered about twenty pupils, and was taught by a young woman who had been educated in Clopton School. It was thus with a nucleus of only one school with twenty little girls that Miss Haygood began the day school work in Shanghai, which has brought to hundreds of children the knowledge of a Saviour's love.

It was her purpose to concentrate the schools as much as possible, taking Trinity Church as the center, so that on Sundays all the pupils could be brought together in Sunday school.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

February 24, 1885.

. . . Our day schools have been widely separated. I have thought, and in this view Dr. Allen has quite agreed with me, that there would be a conservation of strength if the schools could be brought nearer each other, so that closer foreign supervision could be given and the possibilities of bringing the children and their parents under the influence of Church and Sunday school greatly increased. For these reasons, in organizing the school work for the year, we have decided to bring together in Trinity School building several day schools, and to provide for the instruction there of all girls who can be secured as pupils.

This portion of the city is densely populated with Chinese, and if we can, by any means, command the sympathy and interest of the parents, it would be an easy matter to fill the school with pupils. Between thirty and forty girls are announced as ready to come to the school at the opening next week.

We wish to provide for these schools the very best Chinese teachers we can command. The ladies of the Mission will give them instruction in vocal music. We shall seek in every way to make the schools attractive and pleasant, and trust that after a while the parents will come to feel that they are the obliged parties when they send the children to us. We wish to make the schools as nearly equivalent to a good public school at home as is possible in China. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

March 10, 1885.

. . . I am very glad to be able now to tell you that we have more than realized our most sanguine expectations in the opening of the day schools in Trinity School building. Twenty pupils is the ordinary limit for one teacher in a Chinese school. We had provided only two teachers for the opening of the school. Their classes are already more than full, fifty-six pupils having been enrolled. There are others applying, and we hope about the first of April to be able to open another day school in the same building. We have besides opened a day school at the home of the native pastor of Trinity Church, which now numbers eighteen pupils enrolled.

The children from these several schools, with the pupils of Clopton School and Warren School, were brought together in Trinity Church for Sunday school last Sunday. There were eighty-seven children present, about fifty of whom had never been in a Sunday school before, some twenty women and a dozen men, perhaps. You would have been

very much interested if you could have looked in upon us, and very much delighted if you could have heard them singing to their own words some of our familiar tunes. It is quite true that the new children came simply because we told them to come, and with precisely the same spirit that brought them to the day school on Monday, but it is much to have them come at all. In their work in the day school we are giving them the very best Chinese teaching we can now command, and besides are giving them religious truth from day to day as fast, we think, as they are able to receive it. The Trinity Schools are brought together every morning in the church for a very short service of song and prayer. Every afternoon at four and a half o'clock they come together again, when they have more singing, and the native pastor meets them and teaches them a simple Bible lesson. Miss Muse or Miss Atkinson, or both, are always present at these services. I was quite pleased to hear that two of the heathen mothers of these children came in this afternoon to the service. As the months go on we shall be able to reach very many of the mothers and homes through these children. . . .

I shall be glad for our schools in Shanghai—those belonging to the Woman's Board, I mean—all to be known when spoken of collectively, both here and at home, as the "Trinity Schools," since Trinity premises and Trinity Church are to be the center of our Woman's Work in Shanghai. I wish each school, indeed, to be a *part* of a *whole*. I believe that strength for the individual life will be given by this union. . . .

In the following letter, written October 30, 1885, Miss Haygood gives us a vivid picture of the visits she made in an afternoon to the homes of some of the day school children. As we read it may we understand "how golden are the opportunities, how infinite the possibilities," which are still

open for us now, as they were for her on that bright October day!

TO MRS. F. A. BUTLER.

. . . As an illustration of the statement that through the schools we shall have our best access to mothers and homes, I must tell you of one afternoon's work a few days ago. The schools are all closed at noon on Saturday. Mrs. Ting, the teacher of Trinity School No. 2, a Chinese widow about fifty years old, who has been a Christian for many years, and has been very well taught, went with Miss Muse and myself last Saturday afternoon to visit the homes of some of the children of her school. We made eight visits, besides talking with some women at their doors. They were all heathen homes, yet everywhere we were kindly received, and at some places most cordially. All listened respectfully and attentively as Mrs. Ting talked to them of the true doctrine, and received graciously our invitation to come to Church. I ought to add, however, that they were more interested in us than in our message, and much of their pleasure at our coming was perhaps due to the fact that a visit from foreigners brought a little variety into their monotonous lives. There was to me, nevertheless, a bit of pathos in the pleased pride with which they spoke of their children as members of the school.

I wish that I could photograph these homes for you. At the first we were invited into a room about ten feet square with a dirt floor, the living room of the family. Accidentally I took a seat upon one of the benches upon entering, but the mistress of the house insisted with much ceremony that I should take the chair, an honor due to my years. The corners of the room were filled with indescribable household plunder, and upon two sides the walls were almost lined with baskets containing *live crabs*.

There are thousands of such homes in China. Other

homes that we visited were comfortable by contrast with this. Almost everywhere we found the women at work—at some places making shoes, at others washing, at another making “ghost money,” and at two places doing beautiful embroidery, one working for the shops and the other teaching a class of girls. I may mention, in passing, that the traffic in “ghost money” furnishes employment to multitudes of Chinese women.

Such an afternoon could not be passed without some very amusing experiences. Everywhere crowds gathered about the doors, wondering what our business could be, curious to hear foreigners speak Chinese, pleased that they could understand Miss Muse so well, wanting to know how old we were, and why we were not married, etc.

A Chinese woman is nothing if she is not hospitable, so almost everywhere tea was promptly served. Now a taste for Chinese tea must be cultivated before one can enjoy it. It was not only appallingly hot, without sugar and without cream, but there were great questionings in our minds as to the purity of the water from which it was made. We received it with thanks, but avoided drinking if possible. At one place Mrs. Ting, considerately for us, assured the woman—upon hospitable thoughts intent—that we did not care for tea, whereupon she gravely asked: “Will they smoke, then?” When the pipes were declined with thanks, she at once said, “Then I will bring them some sugar tea;” and in a few minutes bowls of almost boiling water, in which a little sugar had been stirred, were presented to us; and, *volens volens*, we felt obliged to sip it.

My story would not be complete if I failed to tell you that several of the women we visited came to church Sunday night. They greeted me with a nod and smile as they came in, and one of them, leaving before the close of the sermon, called “good-by” to me, though half across the church from me.

This leaf from one day may bring our work closer to some hearts, and help some to understand better how golden are the opportunities, how infinite the possibilities now opening to us for work in Shanghai. We must have twenty-five women here. How many of those who read this letter find it in their hearts to say, "Here am I; send me?" How many others are there who cannot come, but are ready to say to the Board, "*With the gold that God has given me I am ready to send a woman to China as a substitute!*"

The following year, in August, Miss Haygood wrote Mrs. McGavock:

. . . I wish that I had time to write you fully of the recent examination of our schools conducted by a committee of Chinese teachers, assisted by Dr. Allen. . . . There were examined from Clopton School nineteen girls, from the day schools one hundred and twenty-eight girls and seventy-three boys. There was much for which to give God thanks. Within the last six months our numbers have doubled in schools and scholars. The *esprit de corps* is incomparably better, the work of the Chinese teachers more intelligent and more enthusiastic. The examinations occupied Monday and Tuesday, July 26, 27, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M., with a little rest at noon. On Wednesday, the 28th, the schools were all assembled at Trinity Church. There were present about two hundred and thirty pupils, their Chinese teachers, a number of their parents, and a few foreign friends. The exercises were very simple—some recitations by the schools of Bible verses and hymns, short talks from Dr. Allen, Mr. Reid, and Mr. Sz (the native pastor), interspersed with Sunday school songs. How I wished for you! I know that your heart would have been moved to its depths if you had looked with us into the bright, happy faces of these children, and heard them singing in clear, ringing tones: "We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love." Despite the Chinese

words, you would have joined with all your heart in the chorus, "Hallelujah! thine the glory."

After the exercises in the church, we took the pupils to the school grounds, gave them a nice little lunch, and sent them home with happy hearts. . . .

In later years, as the number of schools multiplied, and after the building of Central Church (now called Moore Memorial), there were two centers about which the day schools clustered, and where on Sunday mornings the children were brought together for Sunday school. It was a pretty sight to see the wheelbarrows loaded with neatly dressed, happy-looking children stopping at the church door, and it would be difficult to find anywhere a more orderly company of children than was assembled in the church for Sunday school.

The organization of the day schools was thorough and comprehensive, looking not merely to the development of the individual school but also to the thorough occupation of that part of the city which was in the vicinity of each center. Success now depended chiefly upon the efficiency and faithfulness of the native teachers, many of whom were furnished by Clopton School and were found to be most satisfactory. About half of every day was given to the study of Christian books. The remainder of the day was given to the Chinese classics, and some branches of Western learning, such as arithmetic, physiology, geography, etc. These latter studies were particularly valuable in quickening the minds of the children, developing the power to think and to reason, which under the Chinese system of education has so long lain dormant. One day a class of little girls in geography

was going through a map drill when the bell rang for recess. So great was their interest that they begged the teacher—Miss Hughes—to go on, not caring for the possible loss of their lunch. Each school, in addition to its Chinese teacher, was also carefully supervised by one of the missionaries, whose special duty it was to examine the children in the Christian books, supplementing the instruction of the native teacher as much as possible.

Although the work of the day schools was preëminently a time of seed-sowing, still the hearts of Miss Haygood and her co-workers were greatly encouraged from time to time by having one and another of the children come out boldly for Christ, asking for baptism and Church membership. One day two little boys, whose names were on the probationers' list, went to talk with Miss Hughes about joining the Church. They were very much in earnest; but as they were very young, she advised them to wait awhile longer. Not long after one of them got up in the class room and asked very earnestly, "When may I be baptized?" A little girl in the same class also asked at the same time to be taken into the Church.

One great hindrance to the ideal effectiveness of the schools was found in the fact that so few of the children were allowed to remain to complete the course of study, which required about six years. Often the brightest ones were taken from school just when the teacher was hoping for great things from them, and in the case of the boys put to work to learn a trade perhaps, and in the case of the girls kept at home to "mind the door" or nurse the baby or help with the family washing or cooking. In China, as elsewhere, the

children of the poor early begin to bear the burdens of life. Sometimes, however, the hopes of the teacher were realized, and he had the pleasure of promoting pupils to the Anglo-Chinese College, Buffington College, to Clopton School, and McTyeire School. But notwithstanding the discouragements, Miss Haygood's faith and courage were undaunted.

In 1897 she wrote:

The day school work makes heavy demands upon the faith and courage of the teachers engaged in it, because it is largely preparation of ground and seed-sowing. The harvest is not yet. Often, alas! before the seed has even germinated the children are called away from school to go to work, or again, when the budding plant gives fair promise of flower and fruit the young life is removed from the teacher's fostering care. Yet since God has said, "I keep watch over my word to perform it," we know that it cannot be in vain that His Word, with all its light and life-giving power, is finding entrance through our day schools year after year, into hundreds of young hearts.

Miss Haygood's other duties were such that she could not come into as close personal touch with all of the day schools as she would have been glad to do, but by means of a teachers' normal class which she held every Saturday afternoon for many years she was able to influence each school through the teachers.

In 1893 she wrote:

I have come in contact with the schools only through occasional visits and the teachers' meetings, which, except when prevented by sickness, I have held regularly once a week during the year. They are always opened with an hour of Bible study, the current Sunday school lesson, which

the teachers are to give to the children the succeeding week, furnishing the text. An earnest effort is made to help the teachers to be ready to "rightly divide the Word" to the little folks under their more immediate care, and to find as well food for the uplifting of their faith and strengthening of their own lives.

It is pleasing to note, as the years go on, in some of the teachers an increasing interest in Bible study, and some growth in Christian character, though far less of either than we have longed to see. Besides the Bible lesson, this weekly meeting gives frequent opportunity for discussing methods of discipline and teaching.

Thus the foundations of the day school work were laid broad and strong, the true place of Christian education as a missionary agency was firmly established, and the number of schools increased from year to year. Eternity alone can reveal the beneficent influence of these little centers of light shining here and there in the midst of heathen darkness. In Miss Haygood's crown of rejoicing to-day there are, no doubt, "precious jewels" which were found and polished in the day schools.

CHAPTER X.

McTYEIRE HOME AND SCHOOL.

(To be continued in Chapter XIII.)

When I remember all the earnest prayers that have been offered for this "Home and School," that God's will should be perfected about it, . . . I can but feel to-night that it is of Him that the house has been built. More ardently than my words can tell you, I long to-night that it should be truly His home, made beautiful and glorious by His indwelling, a true witness for Him in this land, a great light in the midst of the darkness about us.—*Miss Haygood.*

As we enter upon the study of McTyeire Home and School, which was the masterpiece of Miss Haygood's life work, and great enough to have engrossed the whole attention of a mind less versatile, we must not forget her deep and constant interest in every department of missionary work. So unselfish was her love, so broad her view of the work as a whole, so deep her conviction of its oneness, that she gladly gave her strength and time to whatever most needed her help. She taught elementary English in the Anglo-Chinese College, directed the sewing of the girls in Clopton School, taught primary branches in the day schools, or visited from house to house with a Bible woman, with an enthusiasm that knew neither weariness nor heat nor cold. In later years, as Agent for the Board, she itinerated in a house boat from one station to another, caring for the work

at each place, and bearing upon her heart the burdens and perplexities of each worker. Thus, either through personal service or as counselor and friend, she was in touch with every part of our Woman's Work in China. But the one work which was ever before her, and with which her name and memory will be forever associated, is McTyeire Home and School. Here her name is held in sweetest, most sacred remembrance. Its fragrance will linger always in the Home and School, of which she was not only the founder and head but the big, all-loving heart. Here, in years to come, the new pupils will be told of the wise and good foreign woman who taught their mothers and grandmothers, and her blessed influence will overshadow the school whose walls were built by her faith and courage, and where she lived and taught the Christ-life.

Although Miss Haygood was the founder of McTyeire Home and School, the original thought and plan for such a school was in Dr. Young J. Allen's mind for years before Miss Haygood went, or perhaps even thought of going, to China. When Dr. Allen founded the Anglo-Chinese College for boys in Shanghai he saw the necessity of having a similar school, in which the sisters of these boys—children of the well-to-do classes—could receive a liberal education, including not only the classical learning of their own sages but the language and literature of the West. When Miss Haygood reached China, Dr. Allen felt that in her, as the leader, Providence would meet this great need of China's young women. He wrote to Mrs. McGavock in December, 1884: "Keep your call before the Church for another leader like Miss Haygood. We want one who will know

how to organize and lead woman's work in the Soochow District. The college for high-class girls in Shanghai is a possibility, and by the time your other work is set up here, and your missionaries sufficiently prepared to take hold of it, we shall be ready to establish it."

This thought of Dr. Allen's met with enthusiastic appreciation and support from Miss Haygood. She comprehended at once the bearing and probable development of the situation. At the same time, with that genius for detail which was a part of her strength, she went earnestly to work to make these long-cherished plans a living, helpful reality.

As early as January, 1885, about two months after her arrival in China, Miss Haygood wrote to Mrs. McGavock of the plan for the High School and Missionary Home, about which she and Dr. Allen had already held many long and earnest conferences. She wrote:

Dr. Allen has told you, I believe, of our hope that it may be possible for the Board to respond when we ask some day for money to buy grounds for a High School and a Mission Home. It is almost impossible for you to realize at home how it would comfort the heart and strengthen the hands of a new missionary to come to a comfortable home where she might have all possible facilities for studying the language and the work, and have sympathy and coöperation from those already at home. To come to an unfurnished house, or room even, is not more pleasant for a missionary than for a preacher at home.

A few weeks later Miss Haygood again wrote Mrs. McGavock a long letter, in which she minutely outlined her plan for the Home and School, and the method by which she proposed to raise the necessary funds.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

February 24, 1885.

. . . We have every reason to believe that *just as soon as we are ready* for it there will be a sufficient number of pupils to commence a High School for girls of the better classes who *cannot* be brought into our day schools or charity schools—whose parents are able and willing to pay for having their daughters taught. The buildings on Trinity premises, though meeting perfectly our present wants, and admirably adapted to the extension of woman's work, are not suited for the school we have in mind. It seems to me exceedingly desirable that we should secure, as early as possible, a vacant lot in the vicinity of Trinity premises, and erect thereon a building for the proposed High School. There would be very much gain if a lot could be purchased and suitable buildings erected within the next year, while I and the young ladies with me are learning the language.

I desire very greatly that such buildings as may be erected shall provide a "Mission Home," in connection with this school, for new missionaries sent out by our Board during the first one or two years of their life in China, where they may be furnished a comfortable home, the *very best* opportunities for studying the language, and a normal school training for the work. The conservation of strength and courage to new missionaries secured by such provision for them would in a few years richly repay the Board for the money invested. The preparation of missionaries hitherto—*i. e.*, as far as my observation extends—has been *individual* and for *individual* work, and in many cases, as a very natural consequence, when the individual has been removed by sickness or death the work has stopped. Men and women are usually thrust into responsible positions, because of the pressing needs of the work, long before they are in any sense ready to fill them, and their own powers are dwarfed and



High School for Chinese Girls
 AND
 Home for Single Lady Missionaries
IN SHANGHAI, CHINA.



Leticia Rankin

By the Secretary of the Foreign Missions
 Society of the M. E. Church, South.

This is to Certify that
 Annelia M. Rankin has

contributed Five Dollars

for the above named funding the
 above institution, under the auspices of
 the Women's Board of Missions of the
 Methodist Episcopal Church South

Mrs D. H. McGehee
 Ann Juliana Hayes

A. D. 1886

CERTIFICATE OF STOCK IN McTYEIRE HOME AND SCHOOL.

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Widow School for Chinese Girls
 Home for Single Lady Missionaries



Portrait of Mrs.
 [Name]

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their work injured because growing time was not allowed them.

Now through the Mission Home and Normal or Training School for missionaries, which I propose, a quiet adjusting of life to the new conditions might be secured, and work be given as rapidly as there is strength to do it. Here, too, we might have a *reserve force* that in case of sickness or death could fill up the ranks here or at other stations. There is absolutely no limit to the extension of Woman's Work if we can have the right agents ready when opportunities present themselves.

As you know, ground in Shanghai is very costly. Dr. Allen has, at my request, made inquiries and finds that to purchase sufficient ground and erect suitable buildings for the Home and School will require twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000). This seems very much to ask for, and I do not ask for it as a regular appropriation. But, if the Board approve, I shall be very glad to appeal to the women of our Church to form a joint stock company to pay into the treasury during the next year that amount, outside of all regular dues. Twenty-five hundred shares at \$10 per share would furnish the money we want. There is not an auxiliary in the Society, I dare say, that could not take one share; some auxiliaries could and would, I believe, take twenty or more. Many Sunday schools and many individuals would take one or more shares. I know the heart of the Church at home, and I believe that it would respond to such an appeal. If the Board will grant me permission and their indorsement, I wish to send *from Shanghai* a circular letter—because if mailed in China it would be read, when otherwise, in many cases, it would be thrown aside unread—to every auxiliary, to many Sunday schools, and to many individuals, stating as fully and as strongly as possible our needs and our plans. I think the plan has Dr. Allen's hearty approval, but he will write you himself in regard to it.

Will you please present the matter to the Board for me? . . .

This plan was presented by Mrs. McGavock to the Woman's Board at its seventh annual meeting held in Knoxville, Tenn., June, 1885. It was received with great enthusiasm, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, as a Board, do fully indorse Miss Laura Haygood's grand plan for a Girls' High School and Home and Training School for missionaries at Shanghai, and authorize her to place it before the Church at large in a circular letter as proposed by her, and that we urge the Conference Societies to exert every effort to raise the amount necessary to carry out her plan, always bearing in mind that this must not interfere with regular dues.

MRS. J. B. COBB,
MRS. MORGAN CALLAWAY,
MRS. S. S. PARK.

When it was proposed to open the subscription list at once, eight hundred and twenty shares, nearly one-third of the whole, were immediately pledged. "Much enthusiasm prevailed. Shares were taken by individuals for every missionary of the Woman's Board of Missions, and the missionaries who were present evinced their interest by taking several shares. Pleasant College, at Nantziang, was pledged for one share (to be paid out of the pin money of the heathen children), and Seminole Academy, Collegio Piracicabano, and Laredo Seminary were made stockholders through the liberality of their friends." (Minutes of Seventh Annual Meeting of Woman's Board of Missions.)

Special interest was manifested by the representatives of

the North Georgia Conference Society, and a large number of shares was taken for the Society.

On August 7, 1885, Miss Haygood wrote to Mrs. McGavock:

SHANGHAI, August 7, 1885.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: How can I begin to thank you for your long, delightful letter of June 19th? You will never know how much pleasure it gave me. . . .

I cannot tell you how grateful I am to God and to the Board for all the precious things you wrote me of the Knoxville meeting. I "thank God and take courage." I am stronger to work and stronger to wait, now that I know that so many are working and waiting with me. I was deeply touched by the enthusiasm of the Georgia representatives. It is a great comfort that those who know me best are readiest to trust and most eager to help. God help me to be worthy of such love and confidence.

I feel that very much of the interest aroused in behalf of the High School and Home is due to your skill and wisdom in presenting the subject to the Board. In other hands it might have failed to reach their hearts. Having found lodgment in their hearts, the execution of the plan is only a question of time, God working with us. . . .

As soon as she knew that the plan had received the indorsement of the Board, Miss Haygood set to work to bring the matter to the attention of every auxiliary throughout the Church. In order to do this effectually, she had printed in Shanghai on Chinese paper a circular letter which she sent to every society, and to many individuals as well. At the same time she sent a special letter to the members of Trinity Church, Atlanta, and also presented the matter to the Church at large through the Church papers. In all of these

appeals she constantly emphasized the point that contributions for this work must be made secondary to the regular dues. In the same letter to Mrs. McGavock, from which we have just quoted, she said :

. . . I am sending by this mail a personal letter—Anna and Jennie helping me by copying—to each of the Corresponding Secretaries of Conference Societies, expressing my grateful acknowledgment for the action of the Board, telling them something of the present state of the work, and asking for addresses of Corresponding Secretaries of their auxiliaries, and others of their Conferences to whom it would be advisable to send circulars from Shanghai. I want to secure the personal interest of every one of them. . . . I shall emphasize everywhere that I do not wish a dime given for this specific work until the obligations belonging to regular dues and regular collections are met. I cannot be a party to “robbing Peter to pay Paul.” I do not want a brick to be put in our walls that will leave some other wall the weaker. . . .

I have quite faith enough to believe that you will receive within the year the \$51,327, and pledges for the \$25,000. I am inclined to think that we would better arrange for the payment of the \$10 in two installments where so desired, and might even suggest to the Treasurers of Auxiliaries that they receive it in still smaller amounts, if thereby they can make it possible for some to help that could not otherwise do so. I do not want the Home built by a few people. I want thousands to help. I want every share to represent love and sympathy and prayer for the years that are to come. I wish that every member of the Woman's Board of Missions might feel that she had a *real sister's interest* in this home—the home of *her sisters*. How much that would mean of strong, helpful love!

I want to tell you that the reasons for the School and

Home, especially the Home, seem far stronger to me now than when I wrote you last spring. We must have twenty-five ladies here in Shanghai if we do the work that God is giving us. Through the Home and its helps we can give to them the unity and strength, the sympathy and coöperation, that will bring from the work of each the richest gifts to the whole. . . .

The addresses of the Corresponding Secretaries were received the last of October, 1885, by which time the circular letter to the Society was ready for mailing.

October 30 Miss Haygood wrote to Mrs. McGavock :

. . . I send you by this mail one hundred copies of our circular letter. I am sorry that it could not be sent earlier—two or three months ago—but I felt that its chief value would be found in its going directly from China to individuals, and I received only last night from the Conference Corresponding Secretaries the addresses of local secretaries. I can hardly forgive myself for not looking ahead and asking for these addresses when I wrote to you last spring. I shall try to get off two or three thousand this mail, and the rest next mail. . . .

Both the special letter to Trinity Church and the general circular to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society were printed and sent out at Miss Haygood's own expense. She was always most careful never to divert any money from the purpose for which it was appropriated by the Board. At this time there was no appropriation for printing, and so, rather than take the risk of misapplying any of the funds of the Board, she met the expense out of her own income.

To Mrs. McGavock she said :

December 7, 1885.

. . . That you may be able to answer, if question arises, I wish to say to you that I have printed and sent out at my own expense the circulars—both the special circular to Trinity Church and the general circular to the Woman's Missionary Society. Besides, I am publishing at my own expense a Romanized Gospel of Mark. I mention these things lest some one should fancy that I am violating Rule 7 in the instructions to missionaries in the field. . . . Incidentally, I may say to you that it would not be possible for me to do it if I did not have a small income outside of my salary. Pardon, please, all these personal statements. I should not have made them if I did not know how closely a missionary's use of money is questioned at home. . . .

Perhaps next to Miss Haygood's letter to the Board (February 24, 1885), the general circular to the auxiliaries was of most vital influence in arousing a widespread interest in the Home and School and in securing the money necessary for its erection and equipment. It is important not only as regards the educational work of the Woman's Board of Missions in China but also with reference to the whole wider movement for the higher education of Chinese girls. It is, thus, of such decided historical value that it is here given in full.

*TO THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH,
SOUTH.*

My Dear Sisters: With a heart full of memories of the October days of last year, when with the good-byes there came to me from scores and hundreds of you pledges of love and remembrance, I come to you to-day with greeting from across the seas. Never can I forget how all along the way from Georgia to California you stretched out to us sisterly

hands and comforted us with sisterly words. We thanked God then for your care for us and its sweet expression, and we thank Him now for all the comfort and blessing that come to us in remembering it. Because we do remember it, we feel that wherever there is an auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society there will be hearts glowing with sympathy and love that will welcome this personal letter from us.

Think of us, while you read, as your sisters who have found a home in a "far country;" and, because we are your sisters, make still broader room in your hearts for our home and our work, our hopes and our plans. That you may know how to think of us, I will tell you first of our surroundings.

The headquarters of our work in Shanghai are located at Trinity premises, in the French Concession of the Foreign Settlement. Though in the Foreign Settlement, our nearest foreign neighbor is about a quarter of a mile away, while within the same radius there are thirty or forty thousand Chinese. We could scarcely have a better location for work among women and children.

Trinity premises include about two-thirds of an acre. The buildings are a residence, a church, and a schoolhouse. We have streets on two sides of us, and Chinese neighbors, living in crowded tenements, on the other two.

The residence is in the rear of the premises, and is a large, two-storied brick building. It has, as most other houses in Shanghai, a tiled roof, and is plastered within and without. There is a long, broad veranda in front. It was built about twenty-four years ago by the Parent Board of Missions and occupied by its representatives until 1884. It was then purchased by the Woman's Board of Missions, and last November became the home of its representatives in Shanghai, Misses Muse, Hamilton, Atkinson, and myself. We have room here for two or three other ladies whom we hope to welcome before another October.

The church is used for the general services of the native Church, for the Sunday school, and as a chapel for the schools located here, which are assembled there daily for morning and afternoon prayers.

It is a simple Gothic building, partially covered with ivy and the Virginia creeper. It is separated from the home by a tiny lawn, across which my study windows look. The fair, sweet picture is one of our abiding pleasures, and has given us rest and comfort in many a weary hour.

The schoolhouse furnishes in its second story dormitories, clothes room, and schoolroom for Clopton Boarding School, and a reception room for Chinese visitors. On the first floor there is room for three day schools—one for boys and two for girls. Two are now in session, and the third will be opened at an early day.

We have elsewhere in Shanghai two day schools under our care. The schools collectively are called "Trinity Schools," and individually by the name given by the home patron. There are now in Clopton School eighteen pupils, and in the several day schools about one hundred, seventy-five of whom are girls. We wish to make Clopton School a good normal school, in which Chinese girls may be trained as teachers and helpers. For this reason we propose to limit the number of pupils for the present to twenty, and to select as far as possible new pupils from those who have shown ability and other desirable characteristics in the day schools. We hope to double the number of our day schools next year.

Chinese parents at Shanghai are more willing, perhaps, than those of any other city in China to have their children taught in foreign schools, because from frequent contact with foreigners their prejudices have been to some extent overcome, and, dimly suspecting that schools have something to do with the power that foreigners possess, they are beginning to wish for their children that which they them-

selves have not. Twenty-five years ago children here had to be paid for attendance at school, as is still the case in some parts of China. Now they come so willingly upon invitation that we have every reason to believe that, if we had the ladies to supervise the schools and guide the work, the number might be increased to thousands.

Through the schools we shall have the best access to homes and mothers. Moreover, many of the children taught from day to day Christian truth in Christian schools will become, we must believe, missionaries to their own homes.

We cannot hope that foreign missionaries will ever be able to reach the millions of China. At best we can only set up the cross here and there, and tell its sweet story to the few hundreds or thousands who will listen to us. From children trained in Christian schools must come in the next generation the teachers and leaders who will guide the mighty hosts of our Christ and King. As a Church and as a Society we are, in God's providence, now in position to lay broader foundations for our schools. Through these providences God is calling you, my sisters, to a special ministry to these children. Oh! that you may hear and obey His voice, and with a faith and love that will count nothing impossible that God gives as a duty, come or send to their help. It will be to the help of the Lord.

To meet the measure of our opportunity and responsibility in Shanghai, in school work, and in evangelistic work among women, we need here, for Woman's Work alone, twenty-five women. But for these women when they come—and coming we think they surely are, the fields are so white, and so many earnest hearts are crying to the Lord of the Harvest to send forth laborers—we must have a Home. We wish it to be a simple, comfortable home; but a home in a sweet, true sense, that will make transition from life in a Christian land, inconceivably hard at best, less exhausting to heart and mind than it would otherwise be.

Furthermore, we wish this Home to be a training school for the new missionary, where she may have the very best opportunities for studying the language and a normal school training for work, and where work may be given her as rapidly as there is strength to do it, without burdening her with responsibilities before she is able to bear them.

In connection with this Home, we wish a high school for Chinese girls of the better class, whose parents will not send them to a charity school. There are some fathers who now desire such schools for their daughters, and from many tokens we think that the number will be constantly increasing. Every Chinaman that is educated abroad will care more or less that his sisters, his wife, his daughters, should be educated. There are no schools now for Chinese girls save those connected with the various Missions, and none of these, I think, are so organized as to invite the girls of the higher classes to become pupils. A few of these girls are taught at home by their brothers' tutors, or in rare cases by their fathers or brothers. But the thousands and tens of thousands of them are quite untaught, and before them there is an aimless life, with nothing in it to develop a strong, true womanhood. They are now almost quite cut off from Christian influences. We long to open to some of these girls the doors, now closed to them, that lead to the beautiful world of light and truth. Very few at first may enter, but every one who does will make the way easier for those who come after her.

At the Annual Meeting of our Board of Missions in June we told them of our thought about a Home and School and the hopes that were gathering about it. Upon their authority and with their cordial indorsement we are now asking you to help us.

To purchase land and erect suitable buildings we must have twenty-five thousand dollars. The Board cannot give us this as a regular appropriation. All the money at

their command is required to support existing work. With their approval we are inviting the Church to form a Joint Stock Company, with twenty-five hundred shares at ten dollars per share, to raise the money that we need.

We are sure that there are scores and hundreds of you, my dear sisters, who will be glad to have a real money interest in mission property in Shanghai, and can and will take one or more shares in this good company. We think there must be scores and hundreds of fathers and husbands and brothers who, if you will only tell them of our work and its needs, will be ready to attest their sympathy with us, and their approval of our methods by taking one or more shares. But we want you every one to help in building our Home and School, and we think it may be so. There is surely not an auxiliary in the whole Church that will not be able, after paying all regular dues, to take at least one share. If there is in each society one woman who is willing to take the time and trouble to tell others about her of the opportunity and the possibility of helping in this work for the Master—without begging, without urging—giving to those that are not able to take a whole share the privilege of taking one-half, one-fourth, one-tenth, one-twentieth interest in a share, the work will be accomplished. There are many Sunday schools here and there in which there are a hundred children that will gladly bring ten cents each to take for their school one share of our stock, if you will tell them how they may help by so doing. In some homes father and mother and children, bringing their dollars together, will be able to take a share in the name of the family.

We believe that we are inviting you to a good investment, and we think that you will find some day your money, with accumulated premiums, in that treasury "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

It is for the Master we ask it. As a thank offering for

the sweet communion of the Church at home, for the privilege of hearing the gospel in our dear mother tongue and joining in prayer and praise about the home altars, we ask you to do this, and to do it above all regular dues and collections ordered by the Church. We care too much for all the precious interests which these collections support to be willing to lessen by one dime their revenues. But we are willing that you should sacrifice some pleasure, some comfort if need be, to take stock in our Home and School. The Saviour would bless such a giving as that. There would linger about it something of the fragrance of the alabaster box of precious ointment.

In responding promptly you will help doubly, for every share announced will strengthen faith and awaken zeal. You can pay your subscription in installments, if you wish, at any time before April 1st, 1886.

The treasurer of the Woman's Missionary Society of your Church will receive your names and your money, which will be duly forwarded, through the proper officers, to the Treasurer at Nashville, and from her you will receive a certificate of stock. This certificate will have as a vignette a portrait of that heroic woman, Miss Lochie Rankin, the first missionary sent out by our Woman's Missionary Society, and a pledge of an Annual Report of the work of the Home and School.

If you cannot act as our agent, will you please hand this letter to some one who can? Let us work together, each in her place doing her part, and the twenty-five thousand dollars will be in the hands of the Treasurer before April, 1886. Remember Nehemiah's plan in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem. Let every one of the thirty thousand women who are members of our Woman's Missionary Society build some part of the walls of our Home for Missionaries and School for Chinese Girls. I shall await prayerfully and hopefully your response.

For myself and for my coloborers I ask an abiding place in your prayers. We can do nothing unless help be given us from on high, and now, as in the days of the apostles, God opens closed doors in answer to the prayers of His people.

In the bonds of Christ, most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

Shanghai, China, October 19th, 1885.

Hardly had the circular letter reached its destination, when Providence gave into Miss Haygood's hands the most choice site in Shanghai for the Home and School. In response to Mrs. McGavock's request, Dr. Allen had been for some time looking out for a suitable location, and had also spoken to a broker on the subject. Suddenly one day the broker went early in the morning to Dr. Allen and told him he had found a lot which he thought would be adapted to his purpose. It proved to be the very piece of land which Dr. Allen had been wishing for, and through the financial embarrassment of the owner it had been thrown on the market at a greatly reduced price. But we will let Dr. Allen tell the story of the purchase in his own graphic way. He wrote to Mrs. McGavock:

Dear Mrs. McGavock: May I not call it a providence that has thrown into our hands, even into our possession, a magnificent lot for the location of a "Missionary Home and High School?" You wrote me to keep a good lookout for such a lot and location. This I did, and, seeing some lots of real estate advertised in our daily papers, began inquiries, and went so far as to inspect some of them in company with Miss Haygood. While prosecuting these investigations, suddenly one day—on the 18th inst.—the broker, whom I had on the *qui vive* for me, rushed into my study early and

said he had accidentally heard of a lot that might suit us. I immediately went with him in his brougham to see it, and lo! it was indeed the very place my heart had long been set on for our purpose; but for three years I had known the price of it to far exceed our limits. Judge of my surprise when, on further inquiry, I found the price reduced to just one-half what the owner paid for it only two years before, and fully one-half lower than any vacant lot anywhere near it. But how could that be? Why, thus: the owner was a rich Chinaman who had all his money locked up in houses and land, and, being pressed for immediate funds, chose to sell this vacant lot for just half he had paid for it, as above stated, or, rather, I should say, redeem a mortgage by transferring it to us.

Here then was our chance, and finding that the deeds were all right, and that the foreigner—an Englishman—was only too glad to recognize us and hold the mortgage of the land against payment, *at our convenience*, without so much as one cent paid down, beyond the broker's fees and the necessary transfer and mortgage fees, I at once said I would take the lot at the price named—10,500 taels, equivalent to about fourteen thousand dollars, including therein broker's fees. So the transaction was begun and ended in one day, putting us into immediate possession of a lot far larger and better located than any I had ever dreamed of obtaining in this behalf.

But to go back a little. In my haste I omitted to state that after inspecting the lot with the broker I at once went and informed Miss Haygood, who, accompanied by Miss Muse, went with me to see it. They were delighted beyond measure at the prospect of such a lot in such a location, but not yet knowing the exact terms on which it might be had—that is, fearing the purchase would involve the use of more money than we could conveniently command—they hesitated what

to say, but on telling them I thought that could be arranged, they agreed heartily to take it.

On leaving them I went at once to the broker's office, and told him to get all the details and report that afternoon. He did so, and the contract was signed that night. However, in arranging it, I shall have to draw on the funds of your Society here, but that will not inconvenience anything, as it is only anticipating for a few months the arrival of funds on this account, and there must be already something in the treasury for this purpose, so there need not be any uneasiness, but rather a rejoicing over this exceeding good fortune.

Now a word about the lot, its location, etc. It is fully a third larger than we had hoped to obtain—one and one-fourth acres—for land in that vicinity is held at 2,000 to 2,500 taels per *mow*, equal to \$2,700 to \$3,300, while this, by good providence, came into our possession at about \$1,650 per *mow*, thus enabling us to buy more, besides being *one of the choicest locations in the English settlement for woman's work*. This part of the description I must leave for Miss Haygood to write, only saying it is convenient to Trinity premises, and divides with that command of the two settlements—the one being in the French Concession and the other being in the English settlement. That you may have a better general view of the whole field, I send herewith a map or plan of Shanghai, with locations of all marked thereon.

Now, a word as to the funds. We shall probably not need to pay out any on the mortgage till after the Annual Meeting of your Board; but I will arrange to make payments at any time the money may be sent, and I should be delighted if we could report the lot paid for by that time, even if the money came so late that I should have to telegraph the news to your Board.

You need not be anxious for a moment about the transaction. Had I failed to take it that day the land would have been snapped up and lost to us, and great indeed would have

been our chagrin, and our loss grievous, with those high prices staring us in the face on every other lot in the vicinity of our purchase. For the rest I must refer you to Miss Haygood, with congratulations on the transaction. . . .

YOUNG J. ALLEN.

Miss Haygood was also greatly pleased with the piece of land, appreciating fully its many good points and perfect adaptation to the purpose for which it was intended. On December 18, 1885, the lot for the Home and School was purchased. Ten days later Miss Haygood wrote to Mrs. McGavock:

SHANGHAI, December 28, 1885.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: I hope that you have read Dr. Allen's letter by this mail before coming to mine. If not, please stop and do so now.

I write now chiefly to tell you that I share his enthusiasm in regard to the lot purchased for the Home and School. I regret the necessity of anticipating in the purchase the action of the Board and definite instructions from you, but Dr. Allen has written you fully of the circumstances that compelled us to settle the question at once. He has told you, also, that the land will at any time bring all that we have agreed to pay for it. I hope that neither yourself nor the other ladies of the Board will feel that we have involved the Board in debt by this purchase. If the money is not raised in the ways hoped for, the land itself is abundant security against any possible loss to the Board, or embarrassment even, so far as human judgment can foresee. The land itself and in its location, both relative and absolute, is almost all that we could desire as a center from which our work may be prosecuted.

In the first place, it is in easy distance, about seven minutes' walk, of Trinity premises, and yet brings us into a new

Chinese community. In the immediate neighborhood are living the wealthiest and most influential Chinese families in Shanghai, while in five minutes' walk there are thousands of the humbler and more accessible classes.

In the next place, the form of the lot, with streets upon three sides, is such as to secure us quiet, protect us from the intrusion of undesirable neighbors, and allow the most satisfactory adjustment of the several buildings necessary for the different departments of the work. . . . The price paid for the land will doubtless seem to you exorbitant, as it does to me, except when I compare it with the prices at which contiguous land is held. It is not possible to get cheaper land without going outside the city, and thus separating ourselves, to a large extent, from the very people we hope to influence, besides losing the protection of the municipal government of the Foreign Concessions, the advantages of water, gas, etc.

May I say once more that there is no limit, absolutely none, to the work which your representatives may do in Shanghai, except the limit which is found in their strength and in the faith of the Church at home? . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, January 11, 1886.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: Your very kind and very interesting letter came to me on the last day of the old year. Thank you very much for writing "the evil as well as the good," for telling me of the fears as well as the hopes. It does help to know the whole story. If I had known of the financial embarrassment before writing my last two letters, I would not have troubled you about the use of the surplus of appropriations in 1885 and 1886. I should be very sorry for any plans or wishes of mine to bring embarrassment to the Board. If I have not said so before, I wish to say

now that I trust your judgment implicitly as to what it may be wise to bring before the Board. We cannot possibly know here. The wants of the work so press upon us, the possibilities seem so great which a little money promises to bring within our reach, that we hasten to tell you and to ask your help. How your brave heart must sometimes be burdened with all our wants and wishes!

I do not wish the Board ever to appropriate one dollar to the work in which I am engaged, however urgent I may be in my call, if the appropriation would involve the Board in debt. There is nothing I would so deprecate, for I remember well that there is nothing which the Church so little enjoys doing as paying a Church debt.

Do not for a moment think that I have a thought of reproach for the progressive members of the Parent Board, whose faith and courage expected great things from the Church and undertook great things in her name. I know how heavy the burden is to some of them—but I know, too, that the debt rests like an incubus upon the faith and hope of the Church. Reduce our estimates for another year if there is not reasonable hope of being able to meet them without doing a wrong to some other part of the work.

It will be a real grief to me if the general work suffer in any way through the Home and School. As you may have noticed, in almost all public communications upon the subject, I have urged that regular dues be paid, and the contributions to the regular work be first made, before help was given to the new work. I shall not be at all surprised if you find that the Churches that have responded most generously to appeals for the "Home and School" are those that have contributed most liberally to the general collections. Indeed, I think it must be so. . . .

I hope that our recent letters about the purchase of land have not thrown you into dismay. I am still very sorry that it was necessary to act without definite instructions from

you, yet I must rejoice that land so admirably adapted in every way to the extension of our work is within our control. . . .

As the plans for the Home and School were now slowly but surely assuming definite shape, objections to it—especially to the Home—began to arise in the minds of some of the missionaries. Although Miss Haygood's confidence in the wisdom of the plan grew stronger with the passing months, her heart was deeply pained by the opposition of some of her fellow-workers. At times she also feared lest the workers at home, in their enthusiasm for the Home and School, should neglect existing work. But she will tell us of these months of alternating hopes and fears, the encouragement which came through the hearty support of the Board, of Bishop McTyeire's kind words and full appreciation and indorsement of the work, and, at length in August, 1886, of the full payment for the land.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, March 9, 1886.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: Your kind letter of January 23d reached me by our last mail, March 4th. I thank you and the Local Board most sincerely for your kind consideration of my requests, and the permission to purchase an organ for Clopton School, and to use for printing a part of the contingent fund. I am altogether satisfied with the decision in regard to the day school fund. As I have said to you before, I shall never, under any circumstances, wish the Board to grant money at my request when there is a possibility of bringing thereby financial embarrassment to the Board. I greatly prefer suffering inconvenience and delay here, for want of money, to having the work and workers at home

embarrassed by debt. If the estimates sent forward for 1886 and 1887 are not granted, I shall feel that it is only because the Board know that it cannot be safely done.

Your letter caused me grave concern, first, in regard to the possible effect upon the general work of my appeals for the Home and School. If they are responsible for the deficit of \$12,771.22 in general collections mentioned in your letter, I shall fear that I was in undue haste in presenting to the Board this want and proposing this extension of our work. My judgment still indorses all that I wrote to you a year ago upon the subject. Of that more hereafter. I have tried in all public appeals to impress the friends that this new work must be secondary to existing work. I did not believe that any one not sufficiently interested to pay regular dues would care to have a part in this new work. But it will not be profitable to fill my letter or take your time with such reflections.

Another matter of anxious thought, intensified by your letter, is a fear that our action here in December in contracting for a lot of land for the Home and School was premature and may give you trouble. If such is the case, I shall be more sorry than I can ever tell you.

Again, while our own work, that of the Woman's Board of Missions in Shanghai, and at the other stations so far as I know, is full of promise now, the outlook for the work of our Mission as a whole has never seemed so dark. Our work, as you know, is closely allied to that of the Parent Board, and the disasters that threaten the general work must sooner or later reach us. Nothing but the interposition of God can avert, it seems to me, the disintegration of the work. . . . I know that the work is always upon your heart, but I know that you cannot possibly feel the weight as it rests upon some of our hearts here. . . .

If I could not turn from this to the Word of God and plant my feet firmly upon the foundations of our work—

that missions are of God's appointment; that He wills that those who know and love Him should testify of Him to those who know Him not; that His promises are sure and steadfast; and more, if I could not feel in my own heart that I am in China in obedience to His call—I could not stay. But believing these things, and feeling quite sure that He *can* make the "wrath of man to praise Him," and that He can restrain the "remainder of wrath," I can still hope and pray and work and wait. Then He—our Strength and our Deliverer—is helping us marvelously by opening the doors before us, removing difficulties as we approach them, and revealing to us even now something of the privileges and possibilities that will be open to us when we know better the language and the people.

My fears and hopes must seem paradoxical to you. I will not try to reconcile them. I think you will understand how the sorrow and the anxiety and the hope and the joy may all at one time have place in my heart. To most friends I only write of the hope and joy. You will know how I trust your strength that I dare to tell you of the cares. . . .

Pardon me for all in my letter that may give you the heartache. I am afraid that I ought not to so add to your cares—and yet I am sure that you wish to know things as they are. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, March 22, 1886.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: . . . I am glad that I can say to you to-day that the need for the Home and School seems greater to me now than when one year ago I put the plan before you, scarcely hoping that you would do more than begin to think about it. Some, both in China and at home, have questioned the desirability of having a "Home for Missionaries," such as we propose. They have thought that it would be better to scatter the workers here and there

in other homes—they have even questioned whether a dozen or more ladies could live together in peace in one home. Surely I need not answer the last, though, if there is a lingering fear on that point, I may quiet it by an assurance that women as busy as these missionaries will be will have little time for disputations among themselves.

As to the first, experience has shown that unmarried ladies in mission fields can work under far more favorable conditions if living alone or in "Ladies' Homes" than if members of other households. Most of the ladies whom you will send to China will be young and will need the protection of a home which they could not at once make for themselves. Moreover, they will be helped inconceivably by being brought into immediate connection with organized work without having to assume at once the responsibility of directing it. When there may be sufficient work to engage every heart and hand, the greater the number of workers that may share the same home the better, not only or chiefly because it will be less expensive but because where there are many workers there will be to each the greater possibility of finding congenial companionship and close sisterly sympathy. Can you imagine even how much these may have to do in this heathen land toward making one strong for work?

Again, the work connected with such a center may be so classified that every one may be given that part of the work for which she is best prepared, and the whole thereby strengthened through the greater efficiency of each.

But pardon so long a letter. Your words and deeds are alike pledges to me that you do not need these arguments, but I send them that you may help me reassure those who are troubled by the objections, from within and without, that have arisen during the past year to our methods of work. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, March 23, 1886.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: I wrote a long letter yesterday, addressed to you, all or parts of which you may use at your discretion at the Annual Meeting. I am not sure how many of the questions I discuss will be live issues at the Annual Meeting, and I would not raise any question by my letter that does not exist in the mind of the ladies. I wish you to feel quite as free as if you had yourself written the letter to omit any portions of it or to leave it altogether unread. Some of our brethren in our own and in another mission are *here* and *now* decrying school work, and even calling those who are engaged in it "secular," or at best "semi-missionary." Some of these write home. I do not know to what extent their letters have influence at home; but I thought that possibly the minds of some of our ladies, especially those of Virginia and Maryland, may be somewhat disturbed by them, and I have thought that it might be well to let them hear something from the other side.

I wish to mention one or two other reasons for a central Home for new missionaries. It will only be in very rare cases that the Board will be able to decide wisely the specific work for which any new missionary is specially adapted until she has been tried in the field. Her health, her peculiarities of mind and temper, her previous training, all must be considered and tested in ways that are not possible to the Board. Coming to the Home, and being brought into direct contact with work and workers, she will naturally find her true place, and the specific work can be assigned. Then, if there is a central Home for representatives of the W. B. M., workers and work may be interchanged when desirable, in ways that would not be possible if all homes were individual. For instance, if a lady's health failed at Soochow or Nantziang, she might come to Shanghai for change, have some light duties given her, and a stronger take

her place for the time at the other station. Very often the change of scene and occupation and diet, which might be secured by coming from an interior station to Shanghai, might arrest nervous prostration, etc. For these reasons, and in the ways indicated, my thought and wish have been that the new Home might be a sort of headquarters for your workers in China. Because of this thought some have, I fear, misunderstood, and supposed that I wished to absorb all other work in the work in Shanghai. I have only wished that every worker at every station might be ready, as there was need, to help every other worker at every other station, and it has seemed to me that through this central Home this might be brought about more effectually than in any other way. It would have been vastly easier, if I might have chosen for myself, to have made a little home with Anna Muse, from which we might quietly have done the work allotted to us, without a care for those beyond. But I am constantly having illustrations of the fact that the best results for the whole cannot be secured by each limiting herself to individual work. The work must be *ours*, not *mine*. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, March 30, 1886.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: I only send a note this mail to thank you for my part of your long and most interesting letter to Dr. Allen concerning the action of the W. B. M. in regard to the purchase of the land for the Home and School.

It seemed so certainly a providential opening the day the contract was made, the perfect adaptation of the lot to our wants, and the very favorable conditions under which it could be bought strengthening the conviction, that I am greatly gratified by the action of the Board in regard to it.

I was greatly pleased, too, with your *tact*, dear friend, in managing the whole affair. Had you been less wise, the

Local Board might have been thrown into perplexity and confusion. Besides we certainly owe thanks to Bishop McTyeire for his appreciation of the circumstances and his sympathy with our plans for the extension of the work. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, May 24, 1886.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: We have had the rare good fortune to receive two mails within two weeks, and the last, May 20th, brought me your long, delightful letter of April 15th. Thank you very, very much for writing me so fully of affairs and for all your words of cheer.

I do indeed join you in praising God, "from whom all blessings flow," for the good tidings about the Home and School fund.

I have not worried over it, and yet I know now that it lifts a great burden from my heart to know that the lot may be paid for at once. I am not in the least discouraged that it is only the lot. I know how to wait. I do not at all wish to begin any building until there is money in hand to pay for it. I am sure that it is only a question of time. Moreover, we shall not need the new home until we have more workers here, and we cannot begin the new school until there are others ready to help with the work we have in hand. We have reached the limit of possibility with present forces and their present strength. I feel, however, that the women will be ready when the Board is ready for them. I know how to *hope* as well as wait. . . .

I am very grateful to you for telling me that you do not feel that my presentation of the plan for the Home and School to the Board, and through the Board to the Church, was premature. I should be more sorry than I can tell you if it were to harm existing work or bring embarrassment to the Board.

It gave me very much pleasure, and comfort as well, to know that Bishops McTyeire and Wilson and many members of the Parent Board were beginning to understand the situation here. . . .

I need not tell you that there is no man in the Church that we would more gladly welcome to China than Bishop Wilson, though we are certainly going to keep a welcome in our heart for any Bishop the College may send us. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, June 21, 1886.

. . . We shall welcome most gladly Bishop McTyeire or Bishop Wilson, but if Bishop Wilson in coming will bring his wife with him he will be doubly welcome, I assure you. A strong, sensible woman coming and spending some months with us here—living in our houses, visiting our schools, going with us to Chinese houses—would gain such an insight into our work—"Woman's Work," I mean—its difficulties and its possibilities—as would give new inspiration to the work at home. It is not at all possible that a man should see these things as a woman could and would see them. By all means send Mrs. Wilson, if it is possible. But I think it would be better still if you will send Mrs. Wightman to spend a year with us. Can she not come? I know that there would be difficulty about the Board sending her, but would it not be possible for her to come at her own charge? I do not at all know that it would be right for her to do this, but I am sure that it would be a glorious contribution for her to make to the cause of missions. If she will come and see for herself, and then go home and go from Church to Church with her story, the results will be wonderful, I am sure. If you were physically able to bear the fatigue of the long journey, my dear friend, I should not be content, I think, until Mr. McGavock's worst fears had been realized in your actually coming to China. Ah me!

what it would mean to the work here and at home to have you come! . . .

You were very kind to send me the notes from Bishop McTyeire. God help me to be worthy of the trust he gives. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, August 10, 1886.

. . . Our hearts are all full of welcome for Bishop Wilson, and we pray that his coming may be full of blessing to us, to the work, and to him. Nothing that loving care can devise will be left undone for him. I will see that your message about the "coffee" reaches all housekeepers before he comes. I am still hoping that it may be possible for his wife to come with him. Untold good to woman's work might result, I think, from her visit. . . .

Your good words concerning Georgia and Georgia workers gave me very much pleasure. There are no better people on the earth, I think, than are to be found in the dear old State. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, August 30, 1886.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: Dr. Allen has written, I am sure, to tell you of our pleasure at receiving the remittance for the Home and School last week. He has told you, too, of the very favorable terms upon which he sold the exchange, and that the land is paid for, titles received, etc., etc. We thank God and all who have helped in bringing about this glad consummation. We will patiently wait for the home we hope for. . . .

In August, 1886, less than two years after Miss Haygood's arrival in China, the lot for the Home and School was paid for, but the building was not begun until August,

1889. During these three years of waiting Miss Haygood's patience and faith were tested very severely. The already small company of workers was still further reduced by illness and death. The needs of existing work pressed so heavily that the opening of new schools had to be deferred until reinforcements should come from home. Miss Haygood was called to bear not only the burdens of the work but many months of weakness and suffering. The unfriendly climate of Shanghai had, as is its wont, discovered the latent weakness of her naturally robust constitution, and for more than two years she battled with insomnia and the great physical exhaustion consequent upon a disordered condition of the digestive system. She longed to be actively at work; but she learned to "take pleasure in infirmities," and to rest quietly and even gladly in her Father's will for her.

CHAPTER XI.

"PLEASURE IN INFIRMITIES."

1886-1888.

My heart is full of thanksgiving to-day for all that He has given me in China—for the sickness and the waiting as well as for strength and work. I would not change one thing that He has ordered for me. The way by which He has led me has all been good.—*Miss Haygood.*

WHILE the years from 1886 to 1888 were a period of great physical weakness, the enforced rest gave Miss Haygood the opportunity for writing more letters of a personal type. The correspondence of this time very fully reveals her inner life. Through the kindness of friends it has been placed at our disposal, and it thus becomes our privilege to go with Miss Haygood during these weary months of illness, which were indeed to her a furnace of affliction. "One like unto the Son of Man" stood always with her, and, though sorely pressed by pain and weakness, she never complained, but always kept her same sweet, serene cheerfulness. Her ready sympathy never turned from another's sorrow, and often when too ill to work, or even to hold a pen that she might write to some absent loved one, she would help by words of wise counsel those who so loved to come to her.

In these letters the breadth of Miss Haygood's sympathy is beautifully brought out. She cared not only for those of her own mission, but the success of others was dear to her heart.

Among her warmest personal friends were those of other Churches. Her creed of Christian fellowship included all who were Christ's.

It is a privilege to be permitted to read these letters, some of them tear-stained, which show the inner life of this strong, true nature. As we read, may we learn from her example the same lessons of Christlike submission.

With the September days of 1886, the strength which had been overtaxed by a long, hot summer and extra work was exhausted. Weeks of headache and sleeplessness followed. In October Miss Haygood was forced to take the advice of her physician and friends and go away for a time. She went to Chefoo, which is several hundred miles north of Shanghai, hoping that the bracing sea air of that place would restore her usual vigor. In a few weeks she returned to Shanghai, better but still far from well. The renewed strength was given just in time that she might spend it for one whose need was greater than her own. When, in November, Miss Dora Rankin came to Shanghai ill, Miss Haygood, with loving insistence, gave up her room to her. For three weeks she helped to nurse her both night and day, and there seemed to be a special dispensation of strength given her, as she again verified the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." While she thus ministered to another, her own need of rest was completely put aside, and she gave no thought to the probable effect upon her health. Her greatest happiness was found in being a comfort to others; and when Miss Dora had quietly "fallen asleep," Miss Haygood's was the pen to write home to the Church and to all the sorrowing family of the brave young life so quickly ended.

TO MISS NUNNALLY.

SHANGHAI, January 2, 1887.

. . . When I wrote you last I was just recovering from weary weeks of headache and weakness—weeks though in which there was much of rest and peace, and which even now I remember gladly and gratefully.

By the middle of November I was feeling quite well and ready for work, but the annual meeting of our mission was at hand, and my first strength was given to the preparation of reports, etc. You have doubtless heard through Myra or Mamie something of the meeting and of the shadow that fell upon it and upon our hearts because of Miss Dora Rankin's illness and death. From the 19th of November, when she became critically ill, until God gave her sweet release, in the early morning of December 10, I left all other duties that I might watch and wait with her sister about her bed. It was indeed a very precious privilege. I have known few people who were so strong and brave and patient under suffering as Miss Dora, and I felt that I was learning from her day by day new lessons of God's power and willingness to help His children in every time of need. She was kept in great peace, and seemed during all the illness to *rest* in the *goodness of God*. With almost her latest breath she whispered to us, "God is very good to me," and then "fell on sleep." Her own strong faith left little room in the hearts of those that loved her for questioning God's love and wisdom in calling her in her strong young womanhood from labor to rest. We had hoped for long, full years of service for her, fitted as she was by God's gifts and her own faithful preparation for the work to which she had given her life. She had just come back to us after a short visit home, comforted and strengthened by communion with the home Church, to give herself with a new consecration to God and this people. She was looking forward eagerly to new and broader work, and to us

indeed seemed ready for the reaping in the fields that are "white even to the harvest." But God had other thoughts for her, and may have given her higher work in the heavenly land. . . .

I commenced regular work to-day (January 3), and am very glad and grateful to get back to it after the interruptions of the past three months. I shall try to be careful and not undertake more than I can safely do. There are few things, however, so difficult as the taking care of one's self when there is so much work to be done and so few to do it. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, February 23, 1887.

. . . You will not mind my sending a pencil note, when I tell you that I am writing in bed. If the lines are crooked and the letters are scraggy, you will not "view them with a critic's eye," I am sure. But I must not write of other things until I assure you that I am not very sick. I have not been quite well since the first week in January—sometimes better, sometimes worse, but never really well. . . . I am trying to wait patiently, and am always hoping to be strong and well again. I hope to be up to-morrow. When the weather is good, I often get out for a walk. Almost the only prescription which my doctor gives is to "stop work." There is nothing you know quite so difficult as this to do, though I have not attempted regular work for weeks past. I think you almost know how hard it is. The doctor advised me to go away for a while; not for a change of climate—that is not needed at this season—but simply to get me away from a possibility of work. But that has not seemed right to me at this time, because there have been many cares, and my presence is some help to dear Anna in meeting them, and there are often some little things that I can do, besides sharing responsibilities. But I do try to be very careful, and I think I shall be

stronger after a while. I am very sure that I shall if it is best that I should be. I still cling to the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love Him." I do try "to wait patiently for Him." I think that He must understand the great longing to be up and about His work. But *this* I ask only if it shall seem good in His sight.

How many things have crowded in between us and our letters this winter! We have told each other so little of even the outer lives, it seems to me, for months past. How much there would be to say if we could only talk face to face! . . .

Mrs. McGavock wrote that Mrs. Campbell and one other lady would leave in March for China, and that there were eight other candidates before the Board. I can never tell you how glad and grateful we are because of this new proof that God does hear and answer prayer. Anna and Jennie came to my room for evening prayers, and we made it a thanksgiving service. Anna read Psalm ciii., and our prayers were turned into praise for God's goodness in sending help. Since September we have been able to do little more than hold the work. Though it almost broke my heart to think about it, I felt that we should be obliged, with the next vacation, to close some of our schools, and to turn our backs upon many of the opened doors about us. Thank God with me that this need not now be done. Anna said this morning: "I begin work with new courage to-day." Pray that the Board may be very wise in choosing those who are to come, and that they may have money to send all who ought to come. . . .

I stopped writing a few minutes ago to read two very kind letters from Soochow—one from Mrs. Parker and one from Mrs. Anderson—each urging me to come to Soochow for a change. If it seems best, I may go next week for a little while, though I am very reluctant to leave home now. . . .

TO MISS NUNNALLY.

SHANGHAI, March 8, 1887.

My Very Dear Mattie: Your dear December letter, with its bright pictures of the country home of your friend, M. S., and its tender memories of the Christmastide, and its cheery greeting for the New Year, came February 7. I was sorry not to write to you by the last mail and thank you for all, but I was less well than usual, and could send only a few short letters. I have had to spend a great many days, and sometimes weeks together, indoors this winter, with the constant admonition from Anna, or my doctor, or some kind friend, "do not study Chinese," "do not read anything that will require thinking," "do not write many letters," etc. They wished me to settle down contentedly into the *dolce far niente* of a perfect holiday. But I think you will know that they could have asked nothing harder of me than this. There was such a longing upon my part to use the little physical strength as far as it would go, and such a determination upon their part that I should not in this way exhaust my very small physical capital. Well—I have tried to be patient and obedient, and day after day I have left undone those things that I desired most earnestly to do, and have waited and waited. There has been time for lessons that I would never have learned any other way—this among others—a tenderer sympathy and greater readiness to help those about me who falter or fall by the wayside with tired bodies and aching heads. We are always meeting such people in missionary circles, and I understand far better now than I did six months ago how sore their trial is. You remember 2 Corinthians i. 4. I think that I shall be better ready for that ministry hereafter.

There have been some dark days this winter, but never one in which I have not felt in my very heart that my prayers must be mingled with praises for all the goodness and mercy

of God to me. The darkest days have had rifts of glorious sunshine.

I have been better for the past ten days than at any time since the first week in January. This week I have taken up some of my school duties—not all. I have so arranged my hours as to leave "interludes" of rest, which once I would not have thought necessary. With care I hope now to be able to go on until the summer vacation, and *then*, if possible, Anna and I will go to Japan for a month, and try to lay in a great store of strength for next winter. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, March 25, 1887.

. . . By the last mail I wrote that I had gladly and hopefully taken up a part of my regular work. For a week perhaps all went well and I was very happy, and then I found day after day the strength slipping away little by little, and the headache and sleeplessness returning, until now I am again on the verge of nervous exhaustion. . . . In consequence of all this, the doctor peremptorily advises that I leave Shanghai for a while, partly for a change, and partly that I may get away from the possibility of work, which I *cannot* quite put aside if I am in Shanghai. Anna entreats me to go, and other friends insist upon it, and, more, it seems duty, so I have no alternative. Mrs. Allen very kindly offers to go with me, though I feel that she does it just now with some real inconvenience to herself. As the best thing probably at this season for me, we have arranged a long boat trip which will take us to Hangchow, among hills and lakes, where missionary friends will give us a cordial welcome, and we can stop as long as we wish. Thence we will go to Soochow. We shall use our mission boat, which is comfortably fitted up, and shall take a Chinese cook and plenty of provisions. Alice Allen will go with us, but no other foreigners.

Alice is a bright, affectionate child, and will add to my pleasure. . . . I do not know how long I shall be away, but I shall try to send messages for the home mails, though perhaps no long letters. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

KOBE, JAPAN, April 13, 1887.

. . . I think that I wrote you by the last mail that I was arranging for a long boat trip with Mrs. Allen. Before the day appointed for starting, there was a change in the weather which made the journey in the small boat inexpedient, and then the friends all agreed in deciding for me that I must come to Japan on the next steamer. So Friday, April 1, I left Shanghai, and arrived at Kobe Wednesday, April 6. Some ladies of the American Board, who have a home and school here, were kind enough to agree to board me for a few weeks, so I am comfortably settled with them. I have an upstairs room in the southeast corner of the house, with lovely views from each of my three windows, which open upon a veranda running all around the house. The sea, with all its changeful faces, is on the south, and the mountains, with their wonderful lights and shadows, on the east and north. To-day the sky is blue and the sunshine golden, and all the earth is glad and bright. I think that I shall surely grow strong here. I am as free here as I shall ever be on earth. No one expects me to do anything, no one asks for or gives advice, no one needs me anywhere or for anything. My conscience is not quite adjusted to the new order of things. I have a sort of uncomfortable half consciousness that I am neglecting duty. It would be a great pleasure to write many letters, only that would certainly increase the headache, and my conscience is very clear that I have not the right to do that. I spend a good deal of time out of doors, do some light reading, and a little fancywork, and rest and

rest. It seems a very good-for-nothing sort of life, dear. I know that you are sorry for me. But there have been some days when I quite knew what Solomon meant when he said "and the grasshopper shall be a burden." I am stronger than that to-day.

I hope to go back to Shanghai about the 1st of May. It was a great trial to me to come away when we were expecting our new missionaries, but I had a little compensation in the fact that I met them here. They arrived from Yokohama a few hours after I landed, and as their steamer was in port twenty-four hours, I had much delightful converse with them. Mrs. Campbell was good enough to share with me your dear letter of March 3 to her—which I think she had brought in her hand satchel all the way—and she told me how "Comfort and Consolation" had helped her. It was good to talk with her of the dear Trinity friends. It is good to have her here. She has walked through the darkness with our blessed Lord, and He has led her into the light beyond. Heaven's own sunshine was on her face and in her heart. She and Miss Roberts were both full of faith and hope and courage. God grant them long years of happy service. I am most favorably impressed with Miss Roberts. I think that she will prove a strong, good worker. They will share our home for the present, and permanently unless there is greater need elsewhere. Anna and Jennie had a warm welcome waiting for them. They must have reached Shanghai Monday, April 11, I think, though I have not yet heard.

. . . If I could only talk to you a little while, it would be an inexpressible comfort. . . . I think I may tell you that I find it very hard sometimes to be real glad in my heart in all this weakness. If I could suffer alone, it would be very easy, it seems to me, to bear it. But when I am sick or away there are extra cares and burdens for others, and the anxiety for Anna and for you all at home, and the work that I long to be about. I am afraid that you will not understand me.

It is not that I question the love or wisdom that orders it, not for one moment. I *know* that it is all right, and yet I am not always able to rejoice in it. I do want with St. Paul to "take pleasure in infirmities for Christ's sake." Above all else, pray for me that I may rejoice for evermore. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

KOBE, JAPAN, May 1, 1887.

. . . It is my Sunday night, but the dawning of your Sunday morning. All my heart goes out to you in tenderest love, as I beg our dear Lord to make this May morning radiant for you with His presence, and the day all glorious with new revelations of His love. Oh! if I might kneel with you this day at the dear old altar in Trinity Church, and take there the precious emblems of His death and love! But as I wrote the sentence my heart asked, "Do you really wish that?" And you will understand when I answer "No." Blessed as would be the privilege, I do not wish it. *That* is not *His appointment* for me. I thanked Him this afternoon that I could be present at a service in the little chapel in Dr. Lambuth's (W. R.) house, at which four Japanese young men were baptized and received into the Church, and where afterwards a little band of us had the communion together. I wish that I dared write a long letter and tell you about the work of our mission here, which is opening beautifully. But I must not, for a long letter would probably be followed by a sleepless night, and that by a day of headache, and I know that you would not have me write it. . . . I must not forget to tell you that I am really better than when I wrote last. For the last ten days I have been steadily gaining in strength. I am sleeping better, and the headaches are intermittent. I hope to start back to China next Thursday, May 5, but am not yet sure. I shall stay another week if for any

reason it seems better to do so. I greatly desire to have two or three months in Shanghai, even if I come away again in midsummer. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, May 25, 1887.

. . . I reached home on Monday, 23d inst. I wonder if you will be glad or sorry when I tell you that it seemed more like a *home-coming* than I could ever have believed possible to any place on this side the world. There was such a genuine, loving welcome from friends—both foreign and Chinese. . . . I must tell you that I have been greatly benefited by the stay in Japan. I am certainly stronger, I think, than at any time for a year past. I long to take up the accustomed duties, but I find that I must practice a good bit of self-denial about it, or else do violence to the will and judgment of my good doctor and the friends here. Besides, I realize as never before that my body is not my own, and that, for the work's sake, I must be careful. I do want, above all else, that the work and my body, as well as my heart, should be entirely God's.

I wish that I might talk the day away with you. There is so much, so much to say. But there are a number of letters that must be acknowledged—I can do little more than that for any one just now—and the mail goes on Friday. I know that you will understand, and that you will write when you can, even if I send you only little notes through the summer. . . .

The improvement in health made while in Japan proved to be only temporary, and a few weeks of the Shanghai climate in midsummer caused a return of Miss Haygood's illness. By the first of August it was very plain that she must again leave home, and seek health in a more favorable place. She

went to Chefoo, accompanied by Miss Muse and her faithful and devoted Chinese Ahma. For weeks she was unable to write more than a few brief letters to her sister and brothers. But as she grew stronger in September, she again began writing to the friends whose letters had so greatly cheered her during the weeks of pain and weakness.

TO MISS NUNNALLY.

CHEFOO, September 20, 1887.

. . . I came to Chefoo with Anna about the first of August, but for the first month here was worse than in Shanghai, though probably better than I would have been if I had remained there. . . .

I must tell you how "the tender mercies and loving-kindnesses" have *abounded*. In the first place, because Mrs. Campbell was with us, and she and Miss Atkinson could take charge of the home and the work, it seemed right (for the first time, except one little visit to Soochow) for Anna and me both to leave home at one time. I need not tell you of all the loving care she has given me. I could not, if I tried, tell you what a comfort she has been to me.

Next, my doctor here, Dr. Douthwaite, of the China Inland Mission, has been a very messenger from God to me. I have known few people who seemed so to live in the spirit of the Master. By what he is, more than by his words, he has helped me and strengthened me, and taught me new lessons of love and hope and faith. He has not only administered the medicines that have brought health to my body, but he has shared with me "the comfort wherewith he himself hath been comforted of God." He has kept me supplied with books and papers, and has been full of all brotherly kindness. He is an Englishman and a Baptist (after Mr. Spurgeon's school), but he could not have been better to me if he had been a Georgia Methodist preacher. I understand better, be-

cause I have known him, how truly all God's children are "*one in Him* of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." It was one of God's ways of "supplying all my need," to send me this help at this time.

Again, Dr. and Mrs. Yates are, as usual, spending the summer here, and dear Mrs. Yates has been as kind to me as it has been possible to be. She has been like some of the dear old friends at home in her gentle coming and going, and in her loving ministry.

Other friends have been kind, especially Dr. (Miss) Reifsnyder and Miss McKechnie, two missionaries from Shanghai, who have been spending some weeks here.

Now, best of all, God Himself has been Teacher and Comforter and Friend, and the days that without Him would have been full of the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," have been full of "peace and pleasantness." I have come *so to rest* in His promise that "all things work together for good." I see now, and feel in my very heart, that August, with all its weakness and waiting, was full of His best gifts. I do not think that He could have given me through health and strength such comfort, such perfect rest of heart and mind, as came to me in that sick room—such willingness to be weak or strong, sick or well, as He wills. You know how often during the past year I have been turned aside from my work. While I have not questioned God's love or God's wisdom—I have never dared consciously to do that—I have been very sorry, and there has been a great longing to get back to my work. I thought it needed me—forgetting that God's work and my part of His work are, in one sense, not the same—that He could have no real need of me—however great my need of some part of His work may be. I spoke of this longing about the work to Dr. D. one day soon after I came, and he said: "God cares, you know, very much more for what we *are* than for what we *do*." I saw at once that I was anxious and troubled because I was thinking just then,

and had before, more about the doing than the being. Isn't it a precious thought, that when He takes the outside work all out of our hands we still may *be* for Him? . . .

P. S.—Dr. Douthwaite is far from being the first Baptist who has been brotherly, or sisterly, and kind and helpful, and I might have said as kind as a “Georgia Baptist friend could have been,” instead of “Georgia Methodist preacher,” and it would have meant as much of sympathy and help if it had meant any one of a number of dear Baptists I can name. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

CHEFOO, September 24, 1887.

. . . Your letters are always of the greatest comfort to me, and bring me so much of Christian communion with all its helpful inspiration. I do so rejoice in the testimony of this last letter of God's power to help in time of trial. If I could only tell you this morning how precious He has been to me of late, how wonderfully He has led me through the teachings of the last two months to “take pleasure in infirmities” for “Christ's sake.” I have only thanksgiving for all the weakness and waiting of the past year, especially for His quite putting me apart from the world for the whole month of August. I am afraid that He could not have given me—because I could not have received it—in health and strength, the rest of mind and heart that came to me during those quiet weeks. Even the longing about the work, which has sometimes made rest so impossible, was quieted; and He has taught me to be quite willing to work or to wait, to be sick or well, just as He wills. I so rest and rejoice in the “all things for good.” I do not think that He ever meant for me to take such “anxious thought for the morrow” of His work, as if I cared more for His work than He, or knew better what was truly good for it. I feel quite sure now that this waiting was *appointed* by Him for that part of His

work which He had intrusted to me, as well as for me. There may have been no other way of keeping me from mistakes. In His own good time, though not through me, perhaps, He will surely bring to pass that which is best for the work which is so dear to my heart. I trust Him for it all. It will be unspeakable joy to go on with it when He allows, but now it is sweet content to wait His will. And even now He is "renewing my strength." Dr. Douthwaite thinks that I may safely return to Shanghai next week. I shall go with a new consciousness that my body is not my own, and while I want to be used only for Him, I shall try to take care of it for Him.

Through Dr. Douthwaite I have learned to know several members of the China Inland Mission, and my heart has been greatly drawn to them. On Thursday afternoon I attended a ladies' prayer meeting at one of their homes. All present, except one lady, were missionaries. It was a precious hour, quite like some of the best of the dear old meetings at Trinity, when we "were made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus"—a speaking "one to another of them that fear the Lord and think upon His name."

I could write you a volume, if there were time and strength, of the Inland Mission, but I shall do better to send you some of their own reports when I get back to Shanghai, which will help you to know and bring you into sympathy with the apostolic work they are doing in China. I have been attracted from time to time by individual members of the Mission that I have met, but have never before been brought into such close sympathy with them as a body. I realize more fully than ever before through them *the oneness* in *Him* of God's children. I am to spend to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon and night with them, and shall have the privilege of joining them in the evening in the communion. . . .

Anna left me a week ago yesterday. We were both very sorry that we could not go together, but, though the friends

in Shanghai kindly urged her to stay until I came, we both felt that it was duty for her to go, and duty for me to stay. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, November 10, 1887.

. . . I wonder if I have told you of our joy in the coming of our new ladies. I have been—I am—so thankful for them all. They are now settled at their several homes, and are hard at work upon the language, though several of them have their hands already partly filled with other work. . . .

I scarcely know what to tell you of my body, except that it does not grow stronger, as we thought and hoped it would, with the cooler weather. I do not at all know what the end will be, but I am not at all afraid. I am trying to wait patiently for the unfolding of God's will, and when I see what He wants me to do I think that I shall know and feel that it is right and truly good. Above all else, ask Him *to lead me day by day*. I don't think I can ever go home until He shows me as clearly that He wants me to do that, as He showed me that last Sunday in February, 1884, that He wanted me to come to China. I shall be glad and grateful to spend the rest of my life here if He wills, and I am trying to be ready to go home—to heaven or to Atlanta—if He appoints that. I can't help feeling that He is going to let me stay a while longer in China. I sometimes feel that I am almost good for nothing here now, but until I become a burden to the workers, or a hindrance to the work, I am glad to stay. That never means that it would not be inexpressibly sweet and precious to be with you all at home, but I am sure that God does not yet appoint that for me.

I want you always to know that the friends here are tender and loving and faithful. I was thinking only to-day how wonderfully God was giving back to me here at the ends of the earth, multiplied a hundredfold, all that I have ever tried

to do for other people. "His faithfulness is exceeding great." . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, November 20, 1887.

. . . I was not well enough to go with the other ladies to the six o'clock English service. . . . For three Sundays I have not been to any service, but I have had the "Little Sanctuary" at home, and both last Sunday and to-day real God-given opportunities to help a little some others who were tired or sick. . . . There are so many people in China who need comfort and consolation. But I must tell you of help and comfort I have had to-day through a sermon by William M. Taylor, of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on "The Wind Was Contrary." (Matt. xiv. 24.) Dr. Philips gave it to me last Monday, and told me that she had found help for the winter in it. I read it on Tuesday, and felt that it had been written for me at just this time, it brought such real uplifting to my heart. But this afternoon I was on the lounge and Anna read it again to me, and I found in it new help for new needs. You must read it some day for yourself, and then you will understand all that it means to me now. Take this sentence from it: "Here were men doing what had been clearly commanded by the Lord; doing it, too, because they felt that they could not refuse without wounding His heart; doing it, as there is reason to believe, with all their might; and yet hindered by influences external to themselves and altogether beyond their control." You know how the help came after the "toiling in rowing." I can wait for the Master. He was watching them closely all the while, you know, though they knew it not. . . .

November 23, 1887.

Miss Safford is coming this afternoon to spend several days with us. It will be a great pleasure to have her. She too is

not well, and is turned aside for a while from her regular work. She will spend the winter in Shanghai, and hopes to be able to do some good literary work here. She has written some valuable books for Chinese women, and has some others, I think, in heart and mind; though I think her first work is to be revising the old ones for a new edition. She is very brave and very lovely. It is a great comfort to know such people. . . .

When the dear friends ask you how I am now, tell them "not very well, and not very strong, but full of faith and hope." I do hope in God, and I am waiting patiently for Him. I am trying now not to plan for myself and the work. I leave—I try to leave—*my* part all to Him. It is getting easier to think of the work without me. I am sure that He is going to do the very best things for it and for me.

There are so many people to whom I should like to send special love. Will you tell some of them, when you can, how grateful I am that they pray for me, and that God does hear them and blesses me; and tell them how tenderly and how faithfully I hold in my heart all who love me. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, December 31, 1887.

. . . There is so much that I want to say to you, that I can scarcely choose for the few sentences that I may write. It would be so sweet if I might retrace with you, upon this closing day of the year, all the way by which the Lord has led us through these twelve months. I want to tell you once more that the *tender mercies* and the *loving-kindnesses* have abounded all the way. Such a record of the goodness of God as I could give you if there were time!

The winter is wearing away without bringing me the health and strength that we had hoped—but I still "hope in God" and "wait patiently for Him." My heart is filled with *perfect peace* this morning. . . .

TO MISS ABBIE CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, January, 1888.

. . . I must tell you of the very great pleasure I have had recently in reading Wayland's "Memoir of Dr. Judson." It has been a real inspiration to me. If you have not read it, be sure to get a copy at once and take it for your Sunday afternoon reading. It cannot mean all to you in Georgia that it means to me in China, but I am sure that this faithful chronicle of heroic lives must help any one who reads it to a stronger life. I have been surprised to find how similar the problems about mission work and workers with which Dr. Judson had to contend fifty years ago in Burmah are to the problems we are trying to solve, under different conditions, to-day in China.

I have been out very little this winter, except for exercise and fresh air, rarely getting to an English service, attending, when able to be out at all, some of the Chinese services on Sunday. I have missed the outside helps, but there have been some very sweet and precious compensations within.

We are having this winter every Saturday evening a prayer meeting for the members of our Mission in Shanghai, which itinerates from one to another of our four homes. It comes to us once every month. I have been able thus far to attend only one meeting elsewhere, but am hoping soon to be able to go to them every week. They have been "a means of grace" to us all. We all take part in them—the ladies as well as the gentlemen leading them. Miss Safford, whom you must have met, I think in Atlanta, is spending the winter in Shanghai, having book work done here which she could not so well look after at her home in Soochow. It has so happened that I have seen a great deal of her, and she has been a very special comfort to me. She is one of the ripest and loveliest Christians I have ever known. Besides, she is a cultivated woman in the best sense of the word.

You must not think that I have in any way lost interest in my work because I write so little about it. It is in my heart all the time, but I am only allowed to do a little here and a little there. It would be joy inexpressible to have the days full to the brim with work, and have strength to do it. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, January 28, 1888.

. . . There is a little time in this Saturday twilight in which I may begin my letter to you. It seems a long, long time since the Saturday twilight when I walked sometimes with you after our Sunday school lesson and we lingered on the sidewalk for some last word before we said good-by.

Wednesday, February 1.

There was an interruption Saturday evening, and I only send the fragment written then to tell you that my heart was full at that hour of tender memories of the Saturday evenings we have had together.

Your dear letter of December 6 reached me January 20; and the dearer letter of December 19 ten days later, or rather yesterday.

Your words of love and sympathy and hope and trust were and *are* inexpressibly precious to me. I have read them again and again. I too feel that God is going to let me stay in China. I am deeply touched by all the tender pleadings to come home that recent mails have brought me, and by Mrs. McGavock's careful provision for my immediate coming if my doctor advises it. There need be no delay if at any time it is clear that I ought to go. *Now* it is quite clear to me that I ought to stay. Dr. Macleod talked the whole matter over with me very fully and frankly before he left last week for Europe. He thinks I can quite safely spend the next three months in China, and that it is quite possible that I shall grow enough stronger during that time to make it right for me to

remain. Otherwise he says that he would send me home at once. He appreciates the reasons for staying, but I am sure that he is not unduly influenced by them. Under certain conditions he thinks that in the spring I ought to leave China, though even then a summer in Japan might make it possible for me to return in the autumn and resume my work here. I am sure that you will not wish me to go now or then, *if I may, stay*. Three years—even such broken years as mine have been—mean so much in the way of preparation for work, that it would be a great sorrow to leave it all—sweet as it would be to be at home once more. I understand better, from all I have thought and felt about it, how some good people are sorry to die—though death means heaven afterwards.

But I have not told you yet that I am certainly better than when I wrote last. There has been a very real gain in strength and some gain in other ways. I do not know what a month, or even a week, may bring forth; but I am very grateful for the strength of to-day and the hope that has come with it. . . .

TO MISS ABBIE CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, March 6, 1888.

. . . I am so glad and grateful to tell you that I am really very much better than when I wrote you last. For three or four weeks past I have been steadily, though rather slowly, improving. It has scarcely been possible to note any change from day to day, but looking back one month I *know* that I am stronger. I really think that I am on the whole better than at any time for a year past. I hope now, more confidently than for a long while past, that God is going to let me stay in China. I have been adding little by little to my duties, until now I am doing about half work. It is a great joy to feel that I am helping a little once more. I shall probably have to leave Shanghai during August and September,

but I hope that with that precaution the autumn will find me strong and well. What a joy it would be if I might spend these two months in Atlanta! Dear, dear friend, I do not think you can ever know how longingly my heart turns at times to the dear old home. And yet, paradoxical as it must seem to you, I am very happy now in hoping that I may stay in China. The reasons for staying are infinitely stronger to me than the reasons for coming were—and yet, you know, the reasons for coming were strong enough to make me turn away from a life that was for me full to overflowing with things that I counted inexpressibly precious—from friends and work that were dearer to me than life. And my heart has lost nothing of its old ardent fashion of loving. I do not forget. I cannot forget. . . .

TO MISS ABBIE CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, March 30, 1888.

. . . You will have heard long before this reaches you of Dr. Yates' death. On the morning of March 17 there was another stroke of paralysis. . . . He sank rapidly, and at 5:30 of the same afternoon he entered into rest. So closed the long and useful life. There are few men who will be so missed when they are called away from Shanghai. The grief of the native Church of which he was the founder, and which had enjoyed his fatherly care for so many years, was most pathetic. But upon dear Mrs. Yates, bereft of the tender care and sweet companionship of more than forty years, the weight of sorrow rests most heavily. To me there is both beauty and pathos in the *patience* of her grief. She does not for one moment question the love divine that has taken from earth the life so precious to her. She was greatly comforted by the cablegram from Dr. Tupper—Rev. xiv. 13—which reached her on Monday a few hours before the funeral. I told her and Mrs. Seaman that day that I thought I knew

better even than they how they were even then enveloped in the love and sympathy and prayers of the Church at home. Mrs. Yates spoke of his earnest pleading for years past for reinforcements for China, and said with tearful eyes: "It may be that his death will speak more strongly to them than his words have done." God grant that it may be so!

Beautifully rounded as Dr. Yates' life work seemed to us, he was looking forward hopefully to years of service, and yet, with this hope, there was the most beautiful resting in God's will. One of the sweet things to remember of his last illness was a talk a few days before his death, when the issue was yet uncertain, with his old friend, Miss Safford, in which he told her that to God he said, "'Lord, behold thy servant. Do with me as thou wilt,' and then fell back into the Everlasting Arms." *There* the once strong man rested as a tired child until he was hushed to sleep. . . .

TO MISS ABBIE CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, April 28, 1888.

. . . It seems quite clear now that God means for me to stay and work awhile longer in China. In January my doctor made these last days of April a limit of waiting. He said if they did not find me very much better I ought to leave China, and my Board said that I must obey my doctor. In February I began to improve, and since that time have almost steadily gained in health and strength. I am now stronger, I think, than at any time for the past eighteen months. Sweet beyond all telling as it would be to see you all at home, I am deeply grateful that I may stay, and you will be glad and grateful, too, dear friend—I am sure you will—for the work's sake.

Little by little I have added to my duties until now the days are quite full again. I know, better than I once did, however, when I have reached the limit of strength, and then I stop.

I am often in bed now at ten o'clock, and sometimes even earlier. . . .

TO MISS ABBIE CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, May 31, 1888.

. . . Thank you for telling me of the revival at your church. I do rejoice with you and Dr. McDonald, and all the dear people who have shared in the "rich showers of blessing." You don't know how my heart longs to see once more an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon a Church, and to feel my own soul thrilled as it has been in the dear past by the visible tokens of God's presence and power among His people. Shall we ever see it in China? God grant it! God grant it!

You cannot know now—you can never know unless in God's providence you shall at some time be separated from it—how precious and beautiful a thing is "the communion of saints" in our churches at home. I would not have you for a moment to think that there is no Christian fellowship here. There is much that is sweet and helpful. There are the talks by the way, and the prayer meetings of which I have written you; but most of our Sabbath is spent with the native Church, and most of the native Christians are but "babes in Christ." Much of our work as Christians, our outside, active work, I mean, is with children, or women who know little of God's truth in any form. Can you realize what it all means? The Church at home can scarcely realize what need all their missionaries have of their constant prayers. Above all else ask for me that my faith and love may grow stronger and stronger with the passing days. . . .

TO MISS ABBIE CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, August 9, 1888.

. . . We had the great pleasure in June of having Miss Lottie Moon with us for two or three days. I wish that you

could know her. She is very lovely—strong in body, mind, and soul—a sort of blended saint and hero. You must know something of her work through your Church papers, or else I would feel that I must write you a chapter about it. I am afraid that she would be greatly shocked if she knew that I had used such words as "saint" and "hero" in speaking of her, but her brave living and devoted service are nothing less, I think. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, August 9, 1888.

. . . Isn't it beautiful that I am so well that it seems right and best for me to stay here this summer? Even Dr. Henderson does not now care for me to go away. I have promised him that I will if at any time he says I must. I was away so much last year that there are many reasons for staying now. Anna, Miss Hughes, and I are having a quiet, restful time. We usually read Chinese with our teacher two or three hours every morning, and about an hour together in the afternoons without the teacher. With some lighter and more entertaining reading, light work, letters, some social duties to our fellow-missionaries, etc., our days are full. This morning I felt that I might deviate from my usual programme and spend the day with home friends, instead of Chinese characters and teachers, especially as I have given myself for months past so little time or liberty in letter-writing. You will see how much I have left undone when I tell you that going through my desk yesterday and carefully putting out such letters as I thought need not be answered, I found fifty-one unanswered letters, all of which were more or less upon my conscience, some of which it is a duty and others of which it will be a great pleasure to answer. I hope to get through with most of them during vacation. I think you understand better than most friends how often during the past two years it has been duty not to write.

Seven of our ladies are in Japan for the month. . . . Some of them needed the change very much, and it will be good for all of them. I am very glad for the new missionaries to have this break in their first year. It will help, I am sure, to save them from the physical ills that some of the rest of us have suffered. To many people here the first summer is the most trying. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, September 8, 1888.

. . . You will have heard before this reaches you of the death, August 22, of dear little Mary Anderson. I was more than ever glad that I had not left Shanghai this summer when I found that I could be of some help and comfort to her father and mother during her illness and after. The baby was a lovely little creature, and in the ten months of her little life had made a large place for herself in the home hearts, that are very desolate now without her. But her father and mother give her back to God, as to their own loving Father, and trust Him in the shadows more even, I think, than they had done in the light. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, October 25, 1888.

. . . Our Conference and Annual Meeting are over. God's hand was upon us for good. I cannot tell you all about it—but our brethren found their differences far less serious than they had thought them, and they have buried them out of sight and heart and mind forever, I trust. I hope that you will never again hear of them at home, and even more, that we shall never again hear of them in China. I am sure that God gave Bishop Wilson a special dispensation of wisdom. Without it he could not have so safely guided our little craft through the rapids which he found us entering. It is a great joy to find ourselves in the quiet waters beyond.

If there were time, there are many things I should like to tell you about the Conference and our ladies' meetings. There will be some reports of them in the papers now, I suppose, and full minutes by and by. It was a great blessing to us everywhere to have the Bishop with us, and Mrs. Wilson, too, has been a help and a comfort. I am sure that her visit to China will help in many ways at home, and here her kindness, her interest, and her sympathy have endeared her greatly to us. They are now visiting the other stations, but will return to Shanghai for a week or two before sailing.

Dr. Philips was to open to-day her Woman's Hospital in Soochow. She is very much better, but far from strong, and her imperative need of a strong assistant made it necessary to transfer Mrs. Campbell to Soochow. We miss her greatly, and were very, very sorry to have her go, but at the same time glad for Dr. Philips to have the help that Mrs. Campbell can give better than any one among us. She went with Dr. Philips immediately after Conference. . . .

Miss McClellan is giving her strength to study. Experience teaches us that this must be a missionary's first work. Dividing time between study and work the first year, while at the time pleasant, is a sad hindrance to freedom in later work. The necessity has been upon most of us in the field, whatever might have been our wish in the matter, to commence work at once, but as far as it is possible for me to prevent it, I shall not allow any other lady who comes to us to make that mistake. By the way, I like Miss McClellan very much indeed. Her whole beginning of the life here is full of promise. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, November 17, 1888.

. . . I have been in China just four years to-day. If they were measured by all that I have thought and felt, they

have been long enough for a lifetime. If measured by what I have done, the days, alas! have been "few and evil." But the goodness of God has crowned them all with "tender mercies and loving-kindnesses." My heart is full of thanksgiving to-day for all that He has given me in China—for the sickness and the waiting as well as for strength and work. I would not change one thing that He has ordered for me. The way by which He has led me has all been good. . . .

TO MISS ABBIE CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, November, 1888.

. . . I scarcely know whether it is worth while to begin telling you about myself and my work to-night. I am sure, however, that you will be glad to know that I am very well this autumn—none the worse, I think, for having spent the summer in Shanghai.

I am now giving my mornings to study—trying earnestly to keep the hours from 8:30 to 12 for that. My relations to the work and to the home make interruptions inevitable, but study is *the work* of the morning. You may wonder that after four years I think this necessary. During the first two years my study time was very limited because of the pressure of the work, and during the last two years I have been obliged again and again to lay it quite aside. Despite these hindrances, I have a fair working knowledge of Chinese, and could keep busy the rest of my life with what I have. But there is so much that I do not know, that I find myself sadly restricted by my ignorance, and it is both pleasure and duty to use a part of the strength God has restored in getting a better knowledge of the language of the people among whom I live and work.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday afternoons I spend about two hours in the day schools in which I have classes.

The work in the day schools is increasingly interesting. It would seem, however, very odd and very far from ideal, if you were to spend one afternoon with me there.

Thursday afternoon I am now giving to Christian women, attending a prayer meeting for them at one of their homes, and visiting among them as there is opportunity.

Friday afternoon I give to the heathen women, visiting at their homes, talking to them about the Christian religion, etc. How I wish that you could make a round of visits with me!

Saturday afternoon we have a normal class with our native teachers. The first half hour is spent in studying the Sunday school lesson, beginning at 2 P.M. From 2:30 until 3:30 I am now teaching them arithmetic. The arithmetic is to be followed by other lessons, by and by, in geography, physiology, etc.

On Sunday I attend Chinese Sunday school at 10 A.M., Chinese preaching at 11, Chinese service again at 3 P.M., English service at 6, and at 8 I have the Chinese lesson with the little girls, of which I wrote you. On Monday at 5 P.M. I try always to go to the general missionary prayer meeting. Usually twice a month on Tuesday I attend a ladies' meeting. On Thursday at 8 P.M. I attend Chinese service in our church. On Saturday at 8 P.M. we have our mission prayer meeting—a delightful close to the busy week.

Now you have an outline of what I am trying to do. Of course there are interruptions, though I try to make them as few as possible, and there are a number of duties, belonging to the work and growing out of it, that cannot be put in the programme. I forgot to mention that from 1:30 to 2:30 P.M. I usually read Chinese with Anna and our teacher (except on Saturday and Sunday). You will not wonder that there is little time for letters. . . .

CHAPTER XII.

THREE YEARS OF TOIL AND BURDEN.

1889-1891.

I am willing—nay, glad—for the pruning, if only
“The thinned-out bunches may ripen into fruit,
More full and precious, to the purple prime.”

—*Miss Haygood, from Ugo Bassi.*

AFTER more than two years of severe struggling with the climate, Miss Haygood began to regain her health. As rapidly as returning strength allowed, she again took up her accustomed duties, until once more her time was filled to overflowing. Owing to the great scarcity of workers, the plans for the Home and School were temporarily held in abeyance.

In the autumn of 1888 Miss Haygood wrote to Mrs. McGavock:

. . . There have been many providential tokens that the time has not yet come for entering upon the new work in Shanghai to which we have so long looked forward. When God opens the way, we shall gladly go forward. Now we wait with patience, knowing that His time is best. . . .

Of my personal work I have little to report. During the first five months of the year, as many of you know, I sat with folded hands and tired body, waiting to know what God would have me do, at times almost feeling that He had other plans for me than work in China. Then, with returning strength in the springtime, there was a glad and grateful taking up of broken threads of work, and since such helping here

and there as has been possible to me—an earnest trying to give back to God through this work, in one form and another, the strength He has given, a simple trusting Him for future work, and an abiding confidence that He will appoint that which is best. . . .

On January 18, 1889, Miss Haygood wrote to Miss Callaway:

. . . You are always in my heart, and often in my thoughts, and there has not been a day during all these weeks when I would not have counted it a great pleasure to have had a long, long talk with you, even *on paper*. But the hurrying duties have pressed close one upon another, and conscience has impelled me to give most of the writing time—it has been little, all counted—to friends long neglected, and so I have only talked to you in my heart. . . .

We are in the midst of a semiannual examination of our schools, and examinations that run through almost two weeks are almost as monotonous in China as they are wont to be in America; though in China, as in America, whatever the weariness to the flesh, teachers find much in examinations to interest them. I am sure that you would willingly have spent the day with me in listening to the children, even though you had not understood the words. There was the usual blending of things to gladden and things to discourage. The unexpected failures and the unexpected successes. With me these examinations are rather a measuring of teachers than children. Ah! me, how curious their methods would seem to you! I am amazed that I have so soon grown accustomed to them. Not that I am resting in them. I am trying to bring about some reformations, and am succeeding in some measure; but they are the most conservative of people, and have taught me that with them at least I must be content to "make haste slowly." They are "slow of heart to believe" that there can be anything better than the way of their

fathers for a hundred generations back. And yet the examinations this week are giving pleasant fruit that teachers as well as pupils have learned something during the past six months.

As the winter passed the burden of the work fell even more heavily upon Miss Haygood. Miss Muse's return home on leave of absence in March left a vacant place to be supplied. Vacant places on the mission field, more perhaps than elsewhere, mean added care and work to those who are left.

On March 27th Miss Haygood wrote to Miss Callaway:

. . . My hands and heart have been so full of work and care that it has not seemed possible until to-night to write to you. "Possible" is too strong a word, perhaps, but it certainly has not been possible to send you the letter that has been in my heart for you. . . .

You will probably see Anna before you read this letter. Her going last Friday left a great blank in my life. She has been to me as a tender, loving, watchful daughter during these four and a half years in which we have shared so closely life and work. . . . You must see her photographs. They will help to make *this* "Old World" very real to you. You must make her tell you about our schools, and the Chinese with whom we have most to do. But neither her words nor her pictures can give you a real idea of the "multitudinous life" that surges around us. Sometimes I have felt almost as if it were pressing out my very life.

I shall miss Anna inexpressibly, yet I am glad to have her go, and I think that her going will bring you all nearer to me. Besides all the comfort and joy of being again at home, I am sure that she will get at home new strength and courage for the work here. The life at home seems to me very rich and full as I look at it from China. I do not forget that there are cares and heavy burdens there, but there are so many rich

and sweet compensations. But I would not seem ungrateful for the tender mercies and loving-kindnesses with which God crowns our lives even here. His goodness is past all finding out. . . .

In the next letter, written on May 15, 1889, to the same friend, there is a touch of sadness and homesickness as Miss Haygood recalled with tender memories the blossoming trees and familiar flowers of a spring at home. In striking contrast to these fair memory-pictures were her actual surroundings of noisy, ill-smelling, crowded streets, and the dingy little homes into which her labors of love carried her. It is not strange that though happy and contented in the life and work which God had given her in this distant land, at times her heart turned homeward with a great longing and she would cry out:

“Home! thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I, can I say 'farewell?'
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?”

TO MISS CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, May 15, 1889.

. . . Your letter brought a real bit of the beauty and brightness of a spring at home. I could almost see the peach trees with their wealth of bloom, and the crocuses and the tulips, and the broad, fair streets. You cannot know how fair and beautiful they seem to me as I recall them with their lovely homes and refreshing shade, unless you knew, as I have learned to know them, Chinese streets. There is one pretty road leading out from Shanghai, a drive that foreign-

ers have made, and there are some pretty homes on it. There are two or three other roads that have some attractions—one a charming drive along the river—but the street on which we live, and the streets where our schools are and where the Chinese homes are that I visit, are far otherwise. . . .

I am getting out more among the women this spring than ever before, and am greatly encouraged by tokens of God's help and presence that have come to me in visiting some of their homes. I have had the great joy recently of seeing two or three of them turn eagerly to the Light. It is but the dawn for them yet, but their faces are to the east, and I feel that for some of them the Sun of Righteousness will soon rise with healing in His wings. . . . My heart has been strangely called out for the women of late, and when there are others ready for the school work, I shall be glad to give all my time to the women. . . .

You can scarcely imagine the conditions under which these people live—the crowded courts, the small rooms, which often serve for workshop and cookroom, and it may be bedroom as well. At one place to-day there was a blacksmith shop at one side of the room, which was the living room of the family; the bedroom, however, in a loft above. In another, the front of the room was a carpenter's shop and the back part a sort of sitting room, with no partition. But there were other homes that were more comfortable in every way. Two of them had comfortable little reception rooms, and in one I found a young girl working on a foreign sewing machine. Everywhere they received me kindly, and listened patiently, and promised me to come to Church. . . .

At the meeting of the Woman's Board in May, 1889, Dr. Allen tendered his resignation as superintendent of the work of the Woman's Board in China. At this time Bishop Wilson recommended that Miss Haygood should be appointed

Agent of the Board for the Shanghai District, "to communicate the purposes and orders of the Board, and to provide for the execution of its plans."

Miss Haygood shrank from this increase of responsibility, and the delicate and difficult duties which it would often involve. She accepted it, however, as God's appointment for her, trusting Him to be to her "wisdom and strength."

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, June 15, 1889.

. . . I have been very tremulous since the letters came from the Board. They reached me Thursday night, the 13th. I have grown almost cowardly about responsibility and official relations to the work during the last year. You must ask God to give me strength and wisdom, and to "work in me to will and to do of His good pleasure." Yesterday it all seemed very hard. I should be ungrateful if I did not tell you that this morning, though there is no change in outward conditions, there is greater "quietness and assurance" within. I am braver and more hopeful, above all more trustful. My fears reproach me. I would not dishonor Him by my fears. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, July 22, 1889.

. . . I did not want you to know of some of the heaviest burdens that have come to my heart in China—not because I did not trust *perfectly* and *entirely* your love, not that I would have been unwilling to share my life with you, but because these things were so interwoven with the work here and with other lives that I could not possibly tell you of things that it sometimes seemed would break my heart, without involving other people. I dared not speak, lest I should

wrong some one of them in some way. . . . In God's good time I am sure that *these* crooked paths will be made straight, and these rough places smooth. Already they are better. I can hardly tell you in what ways better, but I feel that they are better. Some of my co-workers are beginning to understand. . . . They have all along meant to do right. They have not wilfully or consciously wronged me. They have not known, they have not understood. Some of them have thought that personal ambition—so little have they known my heart—brought me to China, and they have fancied that in all my work and in my plans for work I have sought my own glory—so I have been told. Thinking thus, they have, I believe, thought it to the glory of God and for the good of my soul to thwart my plans. So far as the plans were mine it may be well—so far as they were God's plans, we know that they cannot harm them. . . . Some of the estranged hearts have already come back to me, and others will. When they know the right they will gladly do it. They are earnest and devoted, all of them. . . . I do not think there is a trace of unkindly feeling in my heart toward any one of them to-night. I love them all, and rejoice in every opportunity that God gives me to help or to comfort them in any way. You must not think or feel that I have been without blame. God would never have allowed all this pain to come to me, if I had not needed the lessons He would teach me by it. I would humbly sit at His feet and learn how to be more gentle, more patient, more faithful, more loving, more like Him, my Lord and Christ, in all my relations to my fellow-men. Pray for this for me. . . .

I have only told you a little part of the story. It has gradually unfolded itself to me during the past few months, but I am trying to forget it, except so far as remembering will help me to be a better and a wiser woman. I can't tell you more about it—the reasons I mean for the turning away from me—without being personal, and *that* I must not, cannot be

even to you. For a while God even seemed to turn away from me. I felt that "all His waves and His billows had gone over me." It was then that my heart had almost broken. Yet by and by I was able to say "The Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." There I am resting. He is the God of my life, and I *hope* in Him. I knew all the time that He was faithful, but darkness that could be felt gathered around me and I could not see Him. He came back to me as the dawning of the morning, and clouds and darkness fled before His rising. In the Light, hope and courage came back and heart for the work. It was dreadful to be kept at it by my will when my heart had fainted within me. Better, ten thousand times better, to have worked by will only than to have stopped. I only mean that the days were hard then. I think that He knew all the time that I was trying to be faithful—and so "He led me on," even when it seemed to me almost that He had quite forgotten. Now you will pray for me that hereafter I may *live* so close to Him that even thick darkness cannot separate me from Him. . . .

The summer with its long, hot, enervating days brought little rest to the faithful missionary. In August the work on the Home and School was begun, and this involved not only much careful planning, and many interviews with the architect and contractor, but unremitting attention in order to secure the faithful carrying out of the plans. To Miss Haygood's cares about the work were added those of house-keeper. Every year during the hot weather many of the missionaries from the interior go to Shanghai for much-needed rest and change, and it was ever a joy to her to open wide the doors of Trinity Home, and later McTyeire Home, to all

who came. While her first thought was to care for those of her own mission, her hospitality was by no means limited to them, and often members of sister missions were welcome guests.

TO MISS CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, July 31, 1889.

. . . My vacation begins with to-day, July 31, but it will not by any means be a perfect holiday. It seems quite impossible to have that in Shanghai among the people with whom I am daily working. There are so many things that must go on. Yet for many reasons I know that it is best, and I am very glad to spend my summer in Shanghai. I am so grateful that I am well and strong, and that it is right for me to stay.

I am housekeeper now, you know, as well as teacher and Bible woman, and several other things. Twice during the month for several days at a time we have had ten ladies in our household, and now we have seven. If we did not have good, thoroughly trained servants, the housekeeping would be a great care, but with such servants, I do not find it a burden. It is a great pleasure to me to have the ladies from the interior come to us for their holidays. We are going to make special provision for their comfort in the new Home which is to be built this summer and autumn. Mrs. Campbell and Miss Safford are both with us now. They are both lovely women, and it gives us a bright, pleasant change to have them with us.

Now don't for a moment be sorry that my summer is thus spent; rather be grateful that I am so well and strong as to make it right for me to spend it thus. It is just what I would choose for this summer. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, August 10, 1889.

. . . Your sweet letter of June 20th came August 5th. I could have cried with you over the sad story of the Home Mission friends. If it is so hard, so hard for us to see men "choose darkness rather than Light," what must it have been to Jesus when as a man among men He gave *all* His time and thought and love, His very life to them! What must it be to Him now! I can never tell you what it is to me here simply to remember the patience of Christ. I sometimes simply repeat the words over and over to my heart—the patience of Christ, the patience of Christ. It comforts and strengthens me just to remember how He went from village to village and city to city—aye, more, from home to home, from man to man—revealing everywhere in His dear face "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God;" never thinking the work in vain, though men came only for "loaves and fishes;" never turning, with all the possibilities of heaven and earth open to Him, to what all men, save the God-man, would have counted higher duties; content to be spent day after day in lowly places; witnessing to the multitude or to the man or, most precious perhaps of all the manifestations of Himself, to the weak and sinful woman, "testifying of the Father," offering to all "the water of life." Only think of it all. I am sure there were Lizzie Earles and Ashleys and Cothrans and Nichols among the people who listened to Him, and to whose bodily wants He ministered, and who went away without even offering their poor thanks. And yet the blessed ministry went on until He died for them and for us. We will remember Him, and we will be patient for His dear sake.

Don't for a moment fancy that I thought you growing tired. No, not that. I only wanted to tell you how my heart is stayed and comforted here when I and my message are rejected, simply by remembering Him among men. If He had

not gone before us, if He had not lived and loved as a man, if He had not shown the Father's heart and love to us, we could not, we could not bear it all. For His sweet sake we may, we will. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, August 22, 1889.

. . . It must be of God's goodness, but since the first week after the appointment as Agent for the Shanghai District came to me there has either been such help in bearing the burden, or such a lightening of the burden, that it has not pressed as I thought it would. . . . The added work will be chiefly in the way of correspondence, not a very easy place at which to add anything, but "as thy days so shall thy strength be," the promise reads, and I am not afraid. . . .

In September scarlet fever invaded one of the mission homes where there were a number of children. Unhesitatingly Miss Haygood went to them, nursed the little ones, and comforted the anxious and bereft parents.

TO MISS CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, October 7, 1889.

. . . Perhaps Anna has told you something of the cares that the past few weeks have brought to me. We have had more sickness than usual in our mission circle, and I have been well and strong, and have counted it a sweet and precious privilege to use a part of this God-given strength in ministering to others. But this has left little time for letter-writing. Our sick are now, thank God, convalescing, except one little one, Willie Bonnell, aged six, who has passed into the heavens, and will never be sick any more. He was the baby when we left home five years ago. He is the first to be taken from the little flock, and his father and mother are

very sorrowful, though very grateful in their sorrow that the lives of the other children who have been very ill have been spared to them. Five of the children have had scarlet fever—Lilian in a very light form, but the others have been seriously ill. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, October 8, 1889.

. . . Two weeks ago last Saturday little Willie Bonnell was taken home to God. Mr. and Mrs. Bonnell have both been brave and patient in their sorrow, and I think that their faith and love have grown stronger through it. I had such a precious lesson as to God's ways with us the morning I sat with Mr. Bonnell watching little Willie die. For an hour perhaps before the spirit was set free, Willie's ears were deaf to human voices calling ever so tenderly, and a veil had fallen over his eyes. He did not know that his father held his hand. He did not see the face that was bent above him all quivering with love and grief. He did not hear the voice that called him again and again with unutterable tenderness. The father love which met no response, for the first time it may be, from the child, was never before so tender, so strong as in that hour. Nor did it question for one moment the heart of the child, nor feel that there was no love for him because no answering words came back, and then I think I understood as never before all the depth and wealth of meaning in "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Does He not thus hold our hands in the darkness when they are all numb with pain, and cannot even feel His touch? Does He not thus tenderly and lovingly call us, even when our ears are deaf to His voice? Aye, more, does He not know us better than Mr. Bonnell knew little Willie? Does He not better understand why we are blind and deaf and dumb? Does he not love us the more, it may be, and draw us the more tenderly and closely to His great heart be-

cause of this blindness and deafness and numbness? And all the time He upholds us "with the right hand of His righteousness." Is it not a precious truth that God is our Father? . . .

With the coming of October, memories of home again flooded Miss Haygood's heart, and she lived over again, almost against her will, those last, never-to-be-forgotten days at home.

TO MISS CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, October 7, 1889.

. . . I am trying to break myself in some measure of my old habit of keeping anniversaries. My heart and life were getting too full of them. It is not good always to be calling to mind "the days that are no more." Not that I am *forgetting*. Oh! no. I think you will understand, and you will understand, too, that no October can come and go without sweet, sad memories of that October five years ago which separated me from so much that my heart held dear. Then with this anniversary there comes a painful consciousness of the failures and weaknesses of these five years—the imperfect service, the meager fruits. Ah! me, what a comfort it is to know that *our God* is our loving, pitiful Father as well. "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." All that I am, and all that I try to do, seem so far short of our "high calling" that my heart is filled with deep contrition in thinking of it, and I do long to be a better woman, "to apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, November 12, 1889.

. . . Your letters and my heart have precious little class meetings all to themselves, and my faith is stronger and my love is deeper and my zeal more fervent because of them. Now, in this little class meeting I want to tell you that my heart has not been quite at rest of late. I am "troubled about much serving," and have so little time "to sit with Mary at the Master's feet," that I sometimes feel that I am slowly starving while I am trying to feed others. Anna has perhaps told you how hard it is to keep the cares of this world from intruding upon the Chinese services. One's very brain grows tired sometimes at the sound of Chinese words, and when on Sunday one service follows another in quick succession there comes a time when heart and mind refuse to act, and only my body is there. Then I will find that thoughts of the busy week with its crowding cares will come, and the details that I perhaps would not have time to linger over on Monday will claim attention. You will say that I ought not to attempt so many services on Sunday, but if you were here I think you would take them all. It seems an absolute necessity that I go to Sunday school. Our foreign force is now very small—only Miss Hughes at Trinity, and Mrs. Reid and I at the new church. My conscience absolutely refuses to allow me to set the Chinese Christians the example of coming away after Sunday school and leaving the preaching. The two-o'clock Bible reading with the women I took up at their request, gratefully and gladly, and it is one of the special comforts of the day to me. The interest rather increases. The little study in which we meet is nearly always full. Then the three-o'clock service is the only general Christian service that we have on Sunday, the time at which we have the communion. You will see why I feel that I must go to that. Then the night service for other reasons seemed to need me. But when I find that only my body has been there I find myself saying

to my heart, "Wood, hay, and stubble." Now, I have told you this long story that you may pray specially for me on your Saturday night that I may be "in the Spirit on the Lord's day." I do want all that I do for Him to be whole-hearted—"the love of Christ constraining me." I think that I shall feel stronger on Sunday morning when I know that you are asking this for me.

I want to tell you how eagerly some of the Chinese Christians received copies of the precious "Words of Comfort and Consolation." I gave all who could read a copy at the first Bible reading after it was out. I told them how you, my "e-la-kuh bang-yeu" [dear friend] in America, had sent a copy to be given to me as I was coming to China, and how it comforted and strengthened me all the way across the sea and after, and how you sent me others that had comforted and strengthened many sorrowful people, and how I had long wanted them to have them—these precious words of our Heavenly Father. They seemed so interested, and when the story was ended one of them, Kwe Niang-niang, I think it was, exclaimed, "Thank God for sending us this little book through He Sien-sang's friend." At this service every Sunday all who can, either read or repeat a promise or a teaching. I am sure that you would weep if you could see some of them who know only a few characters half reading, half repeating a promise from the dear little book. They would not know where to begin to study if they had the whole Testament before them. I feel that God is making these "Words of Comfort" a real means of grace to them. . . .

The next year, 1890, was filled to an unusual degree with events which brought to Miss Haygood deep concern and sorrow. In May she received tidings of the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. Charles E. Boynton, of Atlanta. It was a great trial to Miss Haygood that she was unable to be with

her dearly loved sister in this time of affliction, and her heart went out in grateful appreciation to those friends who, in her absence, gathered about Mrs. Boynton with such tender love and sympathy.

TO MISS CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, May 9, 1890.

My Beloved Friend: The mail came a few hours ago and brought me the sorrowful letters that told me of the deep shadows that had fallen upon my precious sister's home and heart. The mail leaves in the morning, and I cannot let it go without a message to thank you for your tender, loving letter, and to tell you how my heart blesses you for the love and sympathy you gave so freely and so promptly to my darling sister. God bless you and reward you a thousandfold for it!

I do trust God for my precious sister, but my heart is very sore for her to-night. I have never in all these years so longed to be with her—and yet I know that it is right for me to be here. I am deeply grateful for the loving friends who gathered about her, and for the peaceful going home that God granted to my dear brother. God is good, supremely good.

I cannot write more now, but I do thank you with all my heart. I shall write again soon. Go to Myra when you can, and love her always. With ever faithful love, my beloved friend, I am,

Always yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

Miss Haygood's joy in the completion of McTyeire Home and School was dimmed by the heavy losses sustained by the already small band of workers through illness, death, and marriage. In the early summer Miss Hamilton became very ill, and this was followed by the illness, more or less serious, of Misses Philips, Hughes, and McClellan. In August Miss Hamilton died, and in October Miss Philips returned to

the United States. Of those who were left, three married, thus still further reducing the corps of representatives of the Woman's Board of Missions.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, June 13, 1890.

. . . I am deeply sorry to add to your concern about the China Mission by the tidings that this letter will bring you. I think that I mentioned in my last letter that Miss Hamilton was visiting friends at the China Inland Mission. While there she became alarmingly ill, and for almost a week her life seemed to be a question of a few days, and at times even of hours. I am very glad to say that she is now better, though still seriously ill and unable to be brought home. The friends at the China Inland Mission have given her all possible care during her illness, and I have seen her every day during the past week, and have been with her just as much as the distance from Trinity Home—two miles—and imperative duties claiming me here at times have made possible. Yet, it has been a sorrow to me that this illness should have come upon her away from home. . . . I can but feel that the duty and the privilege of caring for her during what we have every reason to believe must be her last weeks belong to us, and I hope that she will, in a few days, be able to be brought home. . . . She is looking forward with great peace to death, feeling at times, I think, that it would be far better to depart and be with Christ, while at others there is a longing to live to work for Him in China, and at others a great desire to go to her mother—but with all the varying feelings, a willingness to leave the issue in God's hands.

I think that I have mentioned in some of my recent letters that Miss Hughes was not well. . . . For several weeks past she has not been able to undertake regular work; but she was extremely reluctant to leave home, and we both hoped

that rest here would answer. After faithfully trying it, and finding that she was growing worse, rather than better, I most heartily agreed with Dr. Macleod last week that an immediate change was imperative. . . . She left June 10th for Kiukiang, some five hundred miles up the Yangtse River, where some friends, Rev. and Mrs. Banbury, of the M. E. Mission, who were with us during the Conference, and to whom we have become quite attached, had most kindly and urgently invited her, and where she will have all kindly care. . . . I know that you will join our earnest prayers for her restoration to health.

Just as Miss McClellan was taking up her study and looking forward to work, there came a light illness which put her in bed for a week, but she is now happily better and up again. Of course it will not be possible for her to do much in the way of work before autumn, but I hope that she will be ready then for excellent things. . . . I am deeply grateful to tell you that I am very well, and am doing all that is possible to me for the work in Shanghai in the face of such odds. I can hold it until autumn, but you will know that with the day schools and Clopton School all in hand I can do little more.

I cannot close without telling you that I have had most precious tokens of God's faithfulness and of His marvelous power to help in our extremities during the past week. *He hath delivered, He doth deliver, and I trust Him that He will yet deliver.*

I have not yet told you of another trial of our faith which comes to us this week in the failing health of Mr. Reid. There are such complications in his case that the doctor thinks it imperative that he should go home at once. He will probably leave by the next mail. Our sympathies are greatly drawn out for him and for his wife, and for the work which he is called to leave. *Still we hope in God.* Don't let your courage fail for us and for the work in China. I feel that

God means to lead us, in thus taking away human helps, to more perfect trust in Him. *He is faithful*, and will not suffer anything to come upon us that He is not ready to help us in bearing.

In love sincere and tender, most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

A second letter to Mrs. McGavock, also written on June 13, 1890, is full of the love and sorrow which were then filling Miss Haygood's heart. It is given to few to love as she loved. She loved her kindred, her friends, with a passionate intensity that is possible only to the strongest natures.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, June 13, 1890.

My Beloved Friend: Your precious letter of May 5th came to-day, and gives me inexpressible comfort. My heart is still too sore about Anna's new plans to say much about them.

. . . I cannot yet be glad about it. I have been trying to think for the past two weeks that my sorrow was all for the sake of "the work." I still think that it is chiefly so, for I love her so well—this child of my heart's best affections—that I could but be glad for anything that brought such joy to her, whatever personal loss it might involve for me. To-day I have been conscious that there is more of the personal—hence the selfish—in my grief than I knew before. But with this consciousness there has come a strong feeling that, so far as it pertains to me, God is calling me by it more perfectly apart from human ties, that I may give myself more entirely to Him and to His work, and I am trying with my whole heart to *rejoice in His will*, and I feel quite sure that He is going to enable me to do this. She and I have been praying for a long time that He would make both our appointments for us upon her return to China, and we have both been willing to work together or apart just as He should

appoint. . . . I reproach myself that I have not been able at once to cheerfully—nay, gladly—accept this too as His appointment—a part of His answer to our prayers—and *by His help I will*. May He forgive the tears with which I write it! . . . But my heart has run away with my pen. I had no thought of saying so much about this. Forgive me, dear friend! The consciousness of your love and sympathy has tempted me into talking about myself. . . . With tender love,

Most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, June 27, 1890.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: Your most kind and deeply interesting letter of May 27th reached me to-day. I can do little more than acknowledge it, as the mail leaves at daylight, and it is now 9 P.M. We have just returned from saying a sorrowful good-by to Mr. Reid and family on the steamer.

I thank you so very much for taking time amidst all the pressing cares that followed the Annual Meeting to write me so fully.

First of all, let me tell you how grateful and happy I am to know that you are still Secretary of the W. B. M. I could not imagine it otherwise, and yet there is comfort in knowing now, beyond a doubt, that, God willing, you will be at the helm for another four years. May God add grace to grace and strength to strength, and grant unto you to be "filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding" for the difficult and arduous duties that are before you!

I am deeply grateful for the "pleasant and harmonious session," and to know that you feel that the W. B. M. is strengthened by the action of the General Conference. I am

more than satisfied that the "Memorials to the Board from China" were "laid on the table." I am quite willing to leave all those questions in the hands of the bishop. And that brings me to say that it is a great comfort to know that Bishop Wilson is coming out this autumn. No other bishop could help us so wisely and efficiently this autumn. He will be most cordially welcomed here.

I am most grateful that three ladies are under appointment for China. I shall welcome them in hope and love. . . .

The Home and School will be finished in the course of another month, I think, and my thought has been to occupy it in August, that much-needed repairs may be made upon Trinity Home. . . . I am very glad that you are to have clerical help, and am very glad that Miss Mary is Secretary of Home Affairs.

With deep gratitude for all your love and confidence, I am, my dear Mrs. McGavock, in ever faithful love,

Always yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

The burdens and anxieties of her life and work so increased that at times Miss Haygood's "heart cried out in its pain," and she "felt that it would be good to put down the cross."

TO MISS CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, July 23, 1890.

My Beloved Friend: When I sent you that sorrowful little note in May I little thought that so many weeks would pass before it would be followed by a long letter. I feel almost as if years had passed since that sorrowful evening—so many, many things have happened. Really a volume of my life has been closed, and I am well on into another. It is wonderful how these lives of ours go on and on, every day writing its record. Only God reads, and He understands. Others see only the pictures, and interpret for themselves. Ah me! they

often miss the meaning—but He never. It may all be an unknown language to them, but He knows every shade of thought. It seems so wonderful that it should be so, and to-day—just now—it is to me a most precious truth. I have been indulging in a selfish sorrow. He sent me reproof and uplifting both this afternoon through a wonderful little book that came to me in the last mail. I wish I could share it all with you. Take this:

If He should call thee from thy cross to-day,

Thinkest thou not some passion of regret
 Would overcome thee? Thou wouldst say, "So soon?
 Let me go back, and suffer yet awhile
 More patiently. I have not yet praised God."
 And He might answer to thee, "Nevermore.
 All pain is done with." . . .
 Let us take heed in time
 That God may now be glorified in us;
 And while we suffer, let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly; since this alone,
 The suffering, which is this world's special grace,
 May here be perfected and left behind.

And this—after a vivid picture of the pruning which the vine suffers at the wise husbandman's hand:

And in its loss and pain it wasteth not;
 But yields itself with unabated life,
 More perfect under the despoiling hand.
 The bleeding limbs are hardened into wood;
 The thinned-out bunches ripen into fruit
 More full and precious, to the purple prime.

—"*Ugo Bassi's Sermon in the Hospital*,"

By *Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King*.

O, my beloved, shall we be less ready than the vine to respond to the wise care of our Husbandman?

July 30.

I have been wondering whether it is best to send you this fragment written a week ago. I was interrupted by some

passing call, and there has been no time since in which I could come back to the letter. It was a bit of my heart that afternoon, and so I think you may care to have it. Yet it is a bit enigmatical, and I think that I can't explain it. Only this, the past three months have brought me many sorrows and burdens, and though "as thy day, so shall thy strength be," has been made true to me in a most sweet and precious way, there have been hours when, as a week ago, my heart has cried out in its pain, and I have felt that it would be good to put down the cross. But the lesson of that afternoon abides with me, and I am willing—nay, glad—for the pruning, if only

The thinned-out bunches may ripen into fruit,
More full and precious, to the purple prime.

When I think to-day of all the tender mercies and the loving-kindnesses of God to me, I feel as if it were almost ungrateful even to say to you that there had been care or sorrow. But He knows how I thank Him, and He knows how I trust Him, and He knows that I hope only in Him. So, this morning I feel most sure that He is going to bring to pass the very best things for me and for the *work* about which my heart has been so sore.

I have scarcely ever been so busy in my life as during the past six months. By sickness and resignations our working force has been greatly reduced. For about two months I have had entire care of all our work in Shanghai, and even keeping it all in hand has filled every moment. Besides we have had much sickness in the Mission, and the consequent care and anxiety. It is of God's goodness that I have kept well and strong—and have had no physical troubles for a long time, except a series of colds, not of much consequence, I think.

Our new Home and School, of which we have been talking for three or four years, is approaching completion. I

suppose that I shall move there in about a month, perhaps. Of course I am very much interested in it and the new work that will gather around it. But you will remember, maybe, what a fashion my heart has of throwing out tendrils and attaching itself to places and things nearest to it. So, I find now that my heart is bound by a thousand ties to this old home, and especially to my study, with which are associated all the joys and sorrows of my life in China. I can't measure it by six years. "We live in *feelings*, not in figures on a dial." So counted, it has been long enough for an ordinary lifetime. But you must not forget that it has been crowned with mercies. To-day I thank God with all my heart for bringing me to China, and I thank Him for keeping me here, and I count it a great privilege to have part in this work for Him. You must never for one moment think that I regret coming. If I had twenty lives to give, I would be glad to give them all to God through China. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, August 12, 1890.

. . . My beloved friend, Miss Safford, not counting Anna, the most congenial, the most sympathetic friend I have found in China, the one who has been most truly my elder sister, after months, even years, of suffering from cancer, is slowly fading out of life. In a few weeks at most she will be beyond the stars, and her going will make another great blank in my life. She has been in Shanghai this summer—that is, for some six weeks past. I had hoped much to have her with me, but when she knew of other cares her thoughtful love would not let her come to me. I know now that it has been best for her, for she has found a lovely home with the ladies of the Woman's Union Mission, where she is surrounded with every comfort and care that love and skilful nursing can give. To me one of the sweetest privileges of this sorrowful summertime has been the resting times of two

or three hours each week which I managed to have by her bed. I have never seen a more wonderful triumph of love and faith and grace. Sometimes I feel as if I have been waiting in the ante-chamber of heaven when I come away from her. It is almost impossible to have a sense of sorrow when with her. She has already grasped so much of Hope's sweet fruition, and Faith has already caught sight of so many of "the things that are not seen." . . .

TO MRS. BOYNTON.

SHANGHAI, August 21, 1890.

. . . On Sunday, August 17th, dear Miss Safford passed into the heavens. I was with her much of the time for two or three days before her death. It was a precious, precious privilege. Heaven was so real to her, and so near, the thought of going home was so sweet to her, that we could but share her feeling. She looked forward to the going more joyfully than most people do to going to their homes in America or England, and looked forward as gladly to reunion in heaven as we would with friends at home. "Only think," she said to me Friday night, "I shall soon be with my mother! You don't know what that means to me after thirty years away from her." For some hours before her death she was unconscious, but that was little matter. "Her house" was in the most beautiful order for going, and everything had been said to assure and comfort the hearts of those who loved her, and she only waited to hear the Master's call. Her going leaves a great blank for me, for she has been the most faithful of friends to me during these years in China, unfailing in love and sympathy, ready to share with me the garnered experience of these long years of work, and life in China, showing her care for me in a thousand sweet ways. Yet, I am thankful for her that she is at rest, that the weary nights and days of pain are ended, that she is safe at home—forever with the Lord—most blessed for evermore.

From Miss Safford's deathbed I went to Miss Hamilton, and except Monday night, when I slept at home, was with her most of the time until she fell on sleep Wednesday morning. This morning we laid her body away, thanking God for her, too, that rest and heaven were gained. She too looked forward most joyfully to the transition, exclaiming yesterday morning: "O, Miss Laura, I am so glad to go!" She was conscious almost to the last and went to sleep in her Father's arms as a tired child might have done. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, August 23, 1890.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: . . . The mail which came August 3d brought me a copy of "Instructions to Missionaries," your deeply interesting letter of June 23d, the note of June 30th, inquiring about scholarships in Clopton School, and the mail coming August 21st, your precious letters of July 15th. I cannot thank you as I would for the tender sympathy of "No. 2," which I read with a deep consciousness of my unworthiness, and a great longing to be all that you believe me. O, my friend, I have not yet "attained"—I only "follow after." I do long to be like Christ, and yet I know that His image is so marred in me that I am lost in wondering gratitude at the grace which makes Him let me feel that He claims me as His own. . . .

There are so many things of which to write you that I scarcely know where to begin.

The weeks since I last wrote have been full of anxieties and cares—but "as thy day, so shall thy strength be," has still been sweetly true to me.

Dona Hamilton "fell on sleep" Wednesday morning, August 20th. Death came as sweet release after weeks of weariness and waiting. "O, Miss Laura, I am so glad to go," she exclaimed when she knew that it was near at hand. She hoped until very recently, I think, for restoration to health

and for years of service in China. But there came at last rest of heart about it and perfect willingness to leave it all with God, and then a glad looking forward to the rest of heaven.

As you know, I think, I was very anxious during the earlier part of her illness to have her brought back to Trinity Home, because I thought it was ours to care for her during this last illness. There were days when she might have been brought with perfect safety, I think, but she never seemed quite ready to come. I took care to make her know that there were welcome and love and care waiting for her here if she would claim them. The friends at the C. I. M. quite understood this. They were most cordial in their invitations to her to stay, and, finding that she preferred this, I ceased to speak of her removal. We have, however, constantly during her illness sought to share as far as possible the care of her, and have tried in every way open to us to minister to her comfort. They did not in any sense consider her as a member of their mission, but ministered to her as they would to any other Christian who had fallen ill in their midst. They were most kind—one of their ladies, Miss Whitchurch, being appointed by Mr. Taylor, Director of the C. I. M., to nurse her, giving her entire time for more than two months to Miss Hamilton. . . . There are many other things of which to write you. Indeed, I have scarcely begun to answer your letters, but immediate duties call me out. I hope to send another letter by the same mail.

With deepest gratitude for all your love and trust, and faithful love for you, my beloved sister, I am,

As ever and always, most truly yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

The end of the summer, with its record of sickness and death among the missionaries, the supervision of the building of McTyeire Home and School, the entire care of all the work

of the Woman's Board of Missions in Shanghai during two or three months of the hottest weather, most naturally found Miss Haygood very much exhausted. At Dr. Macleod's urgent advice she consented to take a brief rest, and went for a few days to the mountains beyond Ningpo with her friend Miss Inveen.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

NINGPO, September 5, 1890.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: You will be surprised, I am sure, to receive a letter from me written at Ningpo. I came away on rather short notice, and did not have time to leave a letter in Shanghai to be mailed to you.

I had not really thought of leaving Shanghai at all this summer until about ten days ago Dr. Macleod, who in seeing various sick friends has seen me often during the summer, and has taken a most kindly interest in my physical well-being, began to urge so persistently that I should have a little complete change before entering upon the autumn work, that I felt obliged to consider it. About the same time my good friend, Miss Inveen, of the American Baptist Mission, Northern, Ningpo, wrote and asked me if I would not hold myself ready to come on a day or two's notice and join her in a short trip to the mountains back of Ningpo. I left it an open question until her notice came, September 3d. Miss Hughes having returned August 30th, greatly improved in health, it seemed possible for me to come. Just at this time the only serious interruption is that it delays a little my getting into the new home, but as I shall be away only ten or twelve days, and as most of the preparations are already made for the moving, I shall still have time to get settled there before the arrival of the new missionaries.

I am not sick, dear friend, there is nothing to occasion you anxiety. It is simply almost impossible for me to have even

a day's real holiday in Shanghai. It has been a long time since there had been a real break for me, and I am a little tired. When the doctor found that I was not sleeping well he insisted upon this little change as a precautionary measure that might save lots of trouble later. I am always urging other people to obey him, so I had no alternative but to practice what I preach. I hope to get back by September 13th—certainly not later than September 17th.

I arrived in Ningpo—one hundred and thirty-four miles from Shanghai—this morning. We leave in a house boat this afternoon, upon which we shall spend the night going up the river. To-morrow we have four or five hours in an open boat, going up the rapids, then four or five hours in sedan chairs going up the mountain, and the evening will find us, we hope, on the top at the Sanitarium of the Baptist Mission. I am sure that it will be a great refreshment to me after the dead levels of Shanghai, to have a few days so near the skies. The change will be all the greater for me because I am with friends of another Mission, and shall not be tempted to talk about the work. Not to *think* about it is something that I shall scarcely be able to attain to. However, I have tried not to bring any worries down with me. . . .

The pure, sweet air of the mountains, the extended view stretching from one green hill to another, the music of the wind in the pines, the deep silence of the country, were as a healing balm to Miss Haygood's tired body and spirit. The ten days which she allowed herself for rest passed only too soon, and by the middle of September she was again at her post in Shanghai. She moved immediately to McTyeire Home, and at the close of her first day there, September 16, 1890, she wrote the following note to Mrs. McGavock:

SHANGHAI, September 16, 1890.

Dear Mrs. McGavock: I am getting to the close of my first evening in the new Home, and want to write this little note before I go to sleep to tell you that I am here. How wonderful are the ways by which God has led us through the past six years to this good hour! When I remember all the earnest prayers that have been offered for this "Home and School"—that God's will should be perfected about it, that the plan which had found a place in some of our hearts should be carried out or brought to naught, as seemed good in His sight—when I remember all these, I can but feel to-night that it is of Him that the house has been built. More ardently than my words can tell you, I long to-night that it should be truly His home, made beautiful and glorious by His indwelling, a true witness for Him in this land, a great light in the midst of the darkness about us. For this I know you will earnestly pray. Ask this above all else for our new "Home and School." . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, September 25, 1890.

. . . I am not ready yet to try to tell you about the new Home. Indeed, I believe that I will leave that for others. I think, after having tried it for some days, that it is going to prove nicely adapted to the work for which it was designed. I long so to have it a *happy home*. But you know my heart in this. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, October 23, 1890.

. . . You will see how small our force is both at Shanghai and Soochow. I am deeply grieved to tell you that Miss Hughes has apparently lost all that she gained during the summer holiday, and is doing now modified work only. . . .

Miss McClellan is well and has entered most heartily upon her work, but because of the long interruption of her study she is obliged now to give half the day to the study of the language. So you see that for the next year you have scarcely the equivalent of two full workers in Shanghai.

Miss Richardson gives promise of most excellent things, and I am exceedingly glad and grateful to have her here, but of course her strength this first year must be given to the language. We will all try to do whatever is possible for the work, but we cannot even do all that ought to be done for existing work, and I feel now that I shall not dare to open the new school until we have further reinforcements. . . . I shall hold myself ready to do in the matter whatever God makes possible. Pray that I may be guided rightly. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, December 10, 1890.

. . . Miss Hughes continues far from well. I feel anxious about her, and am sorely perplexed as to whether I may open the new school here at China New Year, as I had planned. If Miss Hughes is obliged to give up work, I shall have to take Clopton School, and you will see that it will be rather difficult for one woman to manage two boarding schools a quarter of a mile apart. I feel that it would not be right to sacrifice existing work to new work. Yet there are very many reasons that make me exceedingly anxious to open the new school soon after China New Year. I am earnestly looking to God for some clear indication of His will in the matter. I do want Him to choose for me. My life is full of such perplexities—not always so grave as this—when I am obliged to choose between apparently conflicting obligations. It is very wonderful how often before the decision must be made God gives me some clear token of what He would have me do. So I think He will now. I am sure that I have taken too much "*anxious thought*" about "the morrow" of our

work during the past few weeks. If "man's extremities" are "God's opportunities," He surely must be preparing some help for us now. Ask Him not to let courage and hope and faith fail me. . . .

Thursday, December 11.

I may have a little further talk with you in the twilight. I do not feel quite sure whether I ought to send you the last sheet of the letter written last night, with all its burden of perplexity and anxiety. But it was very real then, and it still is to-night. I am afraid I am under "the juniper tree" with Elijah, and it is not a good place to be. *I will remember* the deliverances of the past—"from the land of Jordan, and the Hermonites and the hill Mizar"—and "the Lord *will* command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night *His song shall* be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

It seems almost quite settled to-day that there must be further waiting before I can open the new school. I do want to feel with *all my heart* that it is "God's appointment," and to be very quiet and patient before Him. . . .

As 1890 drew near its close, and Miss Haygood locked back over its cares and disappointments, she wrote:

TO MISS CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, December 18, 1890.

. . . Sometimes I have been ready to cry out with David, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me," but even then I have felt with David, "Yet the Lord *will* command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." And, dear friend, though my soul is "cast down"—"disquieted within me"—I do *hope in* God—even now I praise Him who, and who alone, is "the health of my countenance, and my God." He has led me "by paths that I

knew not," and sometimes it has been so dark that I have not seen His guiding hand—though I knew *even then* that it was stretched out to save. Now and then, when heart and flesh would else have failed me, it has been laid in love and tenderness upon my bowed head, and hope and courage have revived under its thrilling touch. He has been good to me. *Even when I believe not He abideth faithful.* . . .

TO MISS RUTHERFORD.

SHANGHAI, December 19, 1890.

. . . The year which will have closed before you read this letter has been the busiest and the most care-full of my life. If we were face to face, dear old friend, I might tell you much about it—but I must not enter upon its story now. There has been sorrow upon sorrow. "All the music of my life has been set to minor tones." There have been times when "neither sun nor stars in many days appeared," but I have known all through the darkness that God was living and ruling and loving, and upon *that* my heart has been stayed. Truly "He is the God of my life," and *I hope in Him.* . . .

During Christmas week Miss Haygood took a brief holiday, spending nearly a week with friends at Nantziang. She was greatly refreshed by the sweet Christian fellowship.

January 29, 1891, she wrote to Miss Mollie Stevens:

. . . How I wish that I could tell you all the story of my last five weeks. They have been a wonderful five weeks. God has been so near and has so marvelously helped and strengthened me. I think that I wrote you of my thought to take Miss Richardson for a short visit to the other stations during Christmas week. Wind and weather—upon which we are so dependent in traveling in China—were unfavorable, and we got only to Nantziang and Kading. But it so came about that I had almost a week at Nantziang. Anna

and Mr. Brown were very lovely to me, and I learned to know him better than before. . . . I know that you will be glad, both for me and for Anna, that I have found so much in him to love. They are making a lovely home for each other, and are as happy, I think, as it often falls to the lot of mortals to be. You will know that it was a pleasure to have had this little time with them. I wish that you could have been with us at a precious "watch night service"—we three and Miss Richardson—in which the dear Lord Himself was one in our midst.

I came home on New Year's Day with a new gift of hope and faith and love, and new strength for whatever awaited me. I can't thank God enough that it was so. It was His gracious preparation for what He was preparing for me. I found Miss Hughes much worse than when I went away. . . . The doctor says that she must not, for months to come, take up her work in Clopton School. . . . Her heart is almost broken in being thus turned aside from her work. She is always faithful and devoted, and to the very limit of her physical strength is a most efficient worker. Besides my care for her as a fellow-worker, I have a strong affection for her, which has made the care of the past month all the greater. She would rather have worked to the death than have stopped if she might have done it. Hard as it is for her, she is trying bravely and patiently to accept this as God's appointment for her. . . .

This change for Miss Hughes involves, of course, other changes. I shall be obliged to take Clopton School, and have daily class work there. Miss Richardson will live at Trinity and help in whatever ways may be possible to her with Clopton School, getting ready to take it over as rapidly as she may. In the meantime I am obliged again to postpone opening the new school. If it were not so clearly providential, it would be a sore disappointment to me. For many reasons it seems best for me to continue to live at the new Home. It is

a real sorrow to me to lose Miss Richardson from my home. We were fitting into each other comfortably and beautifully. She has been a great comfort to me this winter, and I am very grateful that I have had her, even for a time. I am alone just now, but am expecting Miss Rankin and Miss Kerr on Monday of next week, and Anna and Mr. Brown on Tuesday. Our schools close on Monday for the usual winter vacation. . . .

The winter vacation, the time of which was always regulated by the date of the Chinese New Year, fell this year in February. Several friends came down from the interior, and spent ten days or a fortnight with Miss Haygood at McTyeire Home. This time of comparative leisure was used by a number of the missionaries in seeking fresh supplies of knowledge and wisdom by a daily united study of the Bible.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, February 12, 1891.

. . . We are now in the midst of our winter vacation. Mine began February 2d, and will end February 18th. Anna and Mr. Brown, and Miss Rankin and Miss Kerr are spending ten or twelve days with us at McTyeire Home. Miss Hughes has gone to Sung-kiang to spend several weeks with Mrs. Burke. Miss Richardson has moved to Trinity Home. I miss her very much. She has gotten very close to my heart, and has been a real blessing to me. I have been able to share with her many things that some people would not have understood, and her sympathy has been a great comfort. I suppose that it is scarcely probable that we shall ever live together again, but I am very glad to have had this opportunity to know her.

We are giving an hour or more every morning now to close Bible study, in which almost every member of our Mission

now in Shanghai joins us. We meet in our dining room, which is a large, light, pleasant room. Mr. Brown is our leader or teacher, and is both suggestive and helpful. We are studying Ephesians, and are finding depths of meaning in the wonderful letter which we have not reached before. We have so few opportunities for this sort of work that we count it a very great privilege. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, March 6, 1891.

. . . I opened Clopton School February 18th. The same day Anna and Mr. Brown and Miss Rankin left for their homes and work. A few days before Miss Hughes came home, and a few days after Miss Kerr went home, since which time Miss Hughes and I have been alone here. . . .

Of course I am obliged to give a large part of my time now to Clopton School. Miss Richardson is ready and willing, but there is not much yet that she can do. I am trying to accept it all as God's appointment. It is—it surely is—and I *will* wait patiently upon Him. He knows—He cares—I will rest there. It has been very hard sometimes this winter, but He has known, and He has cared for that, too. *His compassions* have not failed—and they will not. We read at morning prayers to-day 2 Corinthians ii. A new and wonderful thought of His power to usward came to me with "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of His knowledge by us in every place." I wish I could talk it over with you. Oh! that I might so live *in Christ* that He could make the last clause of the verse true in me! I have been very tried with myself for the last two or three days because of a consciousness that my mind is often occupied with trifling things, with unworthy thoughts, with the cares of this world, with anxious thoughts about the morrow. *In Christ* this would

not be—need not be. O that I might be delivered “from the body of this death!”

The last mail before that of to-day brought me news of Mrs. McGavock's severe illness. A letter from Mrs. Wilson, received to-day, says that the doctor said that she might be able to be up again, but never to work any more. I have nothing more definite by this mail. I can't tell you how grieved I am about it. There is deep personal sorrow, as well as sorrow for the work. She has been such a comfort, such a strength to me through all these trying years—so loyal, so loving, so faithful. . . .

The relationship between Miss Haygood and Mrs. McGavock was ever that of perfect trust and deep affection. Miss Haygood's letters to her were long and very clear, giving full details of the work. There was also in them a strong personal element of loving sympathy for the faithful Secretary to whom her letters so often gave deep anxiety.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, January 29, 1891.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: Your long and deeply interesting letter of December 5th reached me January 20th, and your note of December 22d, January 27th. I scarcely know how to tell you of my grateful appreciation of the letter of December 5th. It must have taxed sorely, I fear, your meager strength, but it was a great comfort to me. I am deeply grieved that you continue so feeble, yet I can but hope that as the winter advances you are growing stronger. When I remember how much your China letters have added to your cares and perplexities this winter, and remember, too, that there may have been burdens in connection with other mission fields, my whole heart goes out to you in tender sympathy, and I wish that I might send you brighter letters from

our field. But January has been full of anxieties, and some of them I must share with you. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, February 26, 1891.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: You can never know how grieved we were when our last mail, February 17th, brought us news of your serious illness in January. I hope most ardently that healing and strength have come with the passing weeks, and that this letter will find you restored to wonted health. I think that if I had been with you in those days of waiting, when heaven seemed so near, I would have told you—and it is in my heart to write it to you to-night—how your love and trust have comforted and strengthened me during all these trying years in China. Your sisterly sympathy, which has never failed me, has again and again in times of sorest need sent the message which has revived courage and rekindled hope in my heart. You have been truly God's messenger for good to me, and with all my heart I thank Him for the help and comfort He has given me through you. And I thank Him, too, for all the grace He has ministered unto you in that you have been able through these twelve toilsome years to go bravely on with the great work to which He called you, and "have borne and had patience, and for His name's sake have labored and have not fainted." I thank Him for it all, while I pray that He may yet give you many long years of happy service. I can quite understand how it seemed almost a sorrow to you to turn back from the very gate of heaven to the burdens and cares which belong to work and life on earth. Yet I know that for His sake, and at His appointment, you are willing again to take them up. For the sake of the work you love, and of your fellow-workers who need you, you will be glad to do it. I will not trouble you with business matters in this letter. There is nothing that cannot wait. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, April 3, 1891.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: It was a great joy to receive March 20th from Miss Mary Helm a letter telling us of the beginning of your convalescence, and to have the good news confirmed by the letters of February 21st from Miss Kennedy, which were received this afternoon. I cannot tell you, my precious friend, how inexpressibly grateful I am to our loving Father for having spared your dear life to the prayers of those who love you, and to the work, which to us seems so to need you. Yet still more do I thank Him for the wonderful grace which He ministered to you during your illness, and for the triumph of love and faith that enables you to walk and talk with our dear Lord, and learn new lessons of the love that passeth knowledge, even in moments of greatest physical weakness. I can hardly tell you how it has comforted my heart for you, and how it strengthens and uplifts me to know that He has thus come to one who loved and trusted Him. I am sure that you will be stronger for the days that remain—whether they be days of working or days of waiting—because of the blessed memories of this winter. With all my heart I thank Him for you.

What a privilege it would be if I could only talk to you face to face and heart to heart to-night of the many precious interests of which we are both thinking. I have not felt for weeks until to-night that I could write you of business matters pertaining to the work here, or of perplexities and anxieties. I am afraid that even now they will sadly burden you. . . .

The usual perplexities and anxieties incident to the work were greatly increased during the summer. In June severe riots occurred, causing a serious interruption to the work in the more exposed stations, and bringing a great influx of missionaries to Shanghai. On July 20th came the peculiarly sad

death of Mrs. Hearn. A week later Miss Hughes had to give up the hard-fought battle for health and return home. Irreparable as these losses to the work appeared to be, Miss Haygood was enabled to meet them with serene and courageous faith.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, June, 1891.

. . . As you doubtless know from the papers, we have fallen upon troublous times in China of late. A little more than a month ago the first riot occurred at Wuhu, a port on the Yang-tse River. Later there was trouble at other ports, and later it extended farther inland.

About June 8th the threatening aspect of affairs in Soochow became so serious that under urgent advice from the United States Consul General in Shanghai, all the ladies and children of the several missions in Soochow were sent to Shanghai. They arrived from that city June 11th. We were able to make all of our own Mission comfortable at our several homes here—Mrs. Campbell, Dr. Philips, Miss Atkinson, Miss Smithey, and Mrs. Parker coming to us at McTyeire Home. Later Mr. and Mrs. Brown came in from Nantziang, and Mrs. Burke from Sung-kiang. Mr. Brown returned to Nantziang to see what he could do toward protecting the property there. After a day or two he was requested, by the local magistrate, to leave Nantziang, as he feared that the presence of a foreigner would still further excite the people. The magistrate put a military guard about the homes and the church, and promised to do all that was possible to protect the property.

We have been urging Miss Rankin and Miss Kerr for two or three weeks to come to Shanghai, not chiefly because of the riots—for, living in a Chinese house, we felt that they were in comparatively little danger—but because of their health. We knew that neither of them was quite well, and

that they were inevitably under great nervous pressure because of the disturbed state of the country. We expected them daily last week ; but as they did not come, I sent up, on Monday night, the Shanghai Mission boat for them, and urgent letters, and had the pleasure this morning of welcoming them both to our homes.

In the meantime everything had become so quiet that the brethren at Soochow have thought it safe for some of the ladies to return ; so Mrs. Parker and Dr. Philips left us to-day returning, and some of the families have gone back. The gentlemen advised, however, that all should not go at present.

We are disposed to take a hopeful view of matters, but even the wisest and most experienced among us cannot judge whether the present comparative quiet means peace, or is only a lull before a more serious outbreak.

As to the animus of the riots there are many theories. The most commonly accepted is that the movement is directed against the Chinese Government rather than against foreigners, and that the object of the demonstrations against foreigners is to embroil the government in foreign wars, and thus facilitate insurrectionary and revolutionary movements here. It is quite impossible to judge at this stage what the end will be ; but many earnest hearts are praying that, notwithstanding the temporary interruption of Christian work in many places, it will at last result in the furtherance of the gospel in China, and we believe that it will be so.

From a human standpoint Shanghai seems the safest place in the empire, from the fact that we have here a well-organized police force, partly foreign and altogether under foreign command ; a large volunteer corps, in good working order ; and, besides, a hundred thousand or more Chinamen whose business interests are all intertangled with foreign interests, and who will from purely financial considerations, if no higher motive moves them, exert themselves to keep the peace.

We are able to receive and care for in our several homes

here all the members of our Mission in the interior, who will come at once if there seems need.

The unrest among the people has been greatly increased by long-continued drouth and threatening famine.

The hospitals and boarding schools in Soochow were necessarily closed for a time. We are able yet to go on with our work in Shanghai without interruption, and shall probably be able to do so until the usual vacation. I shall send you some papers by this mail which will give you some other aspects of the question. I shall only add that the Chinese officials generally are exerting themselves to the utmost to protect the lives and property of foreigners. There have been only one or two unworthy exceptions, and an imperial edict has been sent forth, urging upon all officials vigilance and fidelity at this time in protecting religious teachers, etc.

These are unquestionably anxious days, but none of us are in despair, and we hope the friends at home will not be anxious about us. Rather let them pray with us that God will "restrain the wrath of man," and "make the remainder to praise Him." . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, July 28, 1891.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: . . . So many things have happened since I last wrote you that I scarcely know where to begin.

You will perhaps have heard, before this letter reaches you, the sorrowful news of the death of Kate Roberts Hearn in the morning of July 20th, leaving a baby boy nine days old. I have rarely ever known death come under circumstances more pathetic. She had been so happy over the coming of her baby. For a few days she seemed to be doing fairly well, when fever appeared, and with it one of the heated terms which we often have in Shanghai in July. For several days we were very anxious about her, but to her and to her husband it seemed

almost impossible that she should die—they were so happy, and there seemed so much need for her. On Sunday afternoon there came a chill, followed by a quick rising of the fever, her temperature reaching 109, and life was quickly burned out. Everything that skill could suggest or love and tenderness execute was done in vain. Just before she lost consciousness she said to me, “I think I am going. It is all right; but I don’t want to go—I don’t want to leave the baby and Tom.” We know, too, that it is “all right,” but our hearts have been very sad. The baby is very well and promises to be a strong, healthy child. Mr. Hearn hopes to be able to keep it with him. She died at Mr. Hill’s, in Shanghai. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

DA-LAN-SAN, NEAR NINGPO, September 1, 1891.

. . . Just after my last letter, I think it was, there came a few hours of intense anxiety about Kate Roberts Hearn, then the sorrowful closing of her eyes in death, and the laying to rest of the dear body in our Mission lot in the Shanghai cemetery. We knew that it was “all right”—we felt that she was ready for the Master’s summons, though it came so unexpectedly—but how our human hearts felt the pity of it all. I am sure that God felt it too. She was so happy, and her husband was so happy for a few short days in the possession of their baby boy—life seemed so fair and sweet to them—and then the separation. She passed into the light—he was left in the darkness—yet God was with him as with her—and he knew it. The baby is a strong, healthy child, and promises to do well. He has taken it back to Soochow, and with the help of the ladies there is caring for it himself. . . .

Miss Haygood conducted the usual semiannual examination of Clopton School and the day schools in July, and the

last of the month her vacation began. So incessant, however, were the demands upon her that rest in Shanghai was impossible. Again her ever-watchful doctor, Dr. Macleod, came to the rescue and said she must go away for a while. In August, in company with several friends, she went for a second time to the Great Mist Mountains, beyond Ningpo. The picturesque journey, the quiet rest of this mountain retreat, the respite from care, were most grateful to her. She took them as God's good gift, and was refreshed in spirit as well as body.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

DA-LAN-SAN, NEAR NINGPO, September 1, 1891.

. . . During July, running along as an accompaniment to other things, were the semiannual examinations of the schools. At last they were ended, and July 30 my holiday nominally began. But the odds and ends of things that had been waiting for leisure crowded to overflowing the next four or five days, and then came Mr. Hill's Bible Institute for the native preachers in which I had promised to take two or three lessons, and which I felt under obligation to attend regularly. It was a bit of tax to the body, but it was good to have part in these meetings twice daily for earnest Bible study, with a dozen of the Chinese preachers and four or five missionaries. This meeting lasted a week. . . . So my vacation was slipping away and it became evident that I was not going to find rest in Shanghai. My good doctor became almost imperative in his insistence that I should leave Shanghai for a while. Anna was not quite well, and Mr. Brown, who had been working very hard with Chinese study, and was not quite well, also needed change. So it came about that, leaving Shanghai August 19th, we found our way to this mountain top. Mr. Hill and Mr. Gray came up with us, but they left this morning, returning to Shanghai and work.

We shall remain one week longer, when I must go back in time for the opening of Clopton School September 11th, and Anna and Mr. Brown will return to Nantziang.

We were so fortunate as to find pleasant quarters in the Sanitarium of the Mission of the United "Free Methodist Church," English, where we rent rooms and are keeping house. I wonder if I told you of a little holiday I had here last summer? If so, I doubtless told you of the varied and picturesque journey, and of the charms of Da-lan-san.

We take a steamer at Shanghai in the afternoon and run down the coast, not getting out of sight of land, one hundred and thirty-four miles to Ningpo, where we arrive in the early morning, and where it is necessary to spend the day. Our party was met at the steamer and most kindly entertained by one of the veteran missionaries, Mr. Goddard, of the Northern Baptist Mission. In the evening we took house boats, Anna and I in one, and the gentlemen in another, and were carried during the night twelve miles toward the mountains, arriving at our next station, Ning-kong-jau, in the early morning, where we and our belongings were transferred, after breakfasting from our lunch baskets, to small open boats in which the next stage of our journey—thirteen miles up the rapids of a river that has cut its way to the sea through mountain passes—was made. The scenery is varied—always beautiful, at times sublime. Short as is the distance, we were six hours making it. There was sufficient semblance of danger to make us thoroughly appreciate the skill of our native boatmen who found the safe, narrow channel, threading its way now on this side now on that of the broad river, among threatening rocks and whirling eddies. About 2 P.M. we arrived at Da-tsiu, a little village at the foot of Da-lan-san. We had hoped to make the ascent that afternoon, but a heavy rain coming on we were obliged to spend the night in the village. We were kindly received and made as comfortable as their circumstances allowed at

the home of the native pastor of the Baptist Mission. How grateful we were for shelter in a Christian home that night!

Early next morning we began our ascent of the mountain by a winding path that through eight beautiful miles led us to higher and higher levels until we found ourselves on Dalan-san, some two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Those who did not feel equal to the long walk had to be brought up in chairs, as there is no other mode of conveyance among these mountains. That you may not suspect me of cruelty to animals, I must tell you that I had four chair bearers. All our baggage had to be brought up on men's shoulders. They were most eager to secure the burdens. To many of them the coming of foreign visitors stands for a harvest.

The mountains about us are the foothills of the Himalayas, and stretch away, range after range, quite across China, ever growing higher and higher until they lose themselves in earth's highest peaks in India. Here they are very beautiful, with bits of real grandeur that raise our hearts and thoughts heavenward. It is not in any sense a popular summer resort. Few people, except missionaries, ever come here. Three of the Missions—the Northern Presbyterian, the Northern Baptist, and the English Free Methodists—with whom we have found a resting place—have built sanitariums here, and whenever they have room most kindly receive other missionaries. There are a score or more of Chinese villages nestling in the valleys and on the slopes of the mountains around us, but only one other foreign house besides the sanitariums. That belongs to the customs officers at Ningpo, but is occupied this year by Church of England missionaries.

You can hardly imagine what a veritable delight it is to us who live in the lowlands—Shanghai is only three feet above the sea level—simply to breathe this delicious mountain air, and to open our eyes upon this mountain beauty and mountain glory. There is such a deep sense of thankfulness that it

is here and that we are here and may enjoy it all. There are lovely places, mountain valleys, and mountain heights, rushing waters and quiet glens, tempting us to excursions, and richly rewarding us for toilsome ways. But most of the last week I have chosen to be quiet. It is enough to be here. I was so tired. It is so good to have a little respite from daily care. I know that it is all waiting for me in Shanghai—but I am taking this *turning aside*, this *resting time* as God's present gift. I would not have chosen it. But He saw the need and thus supplies it.

Anna and Mr. Brown are very good to me. They could scarcely be better to me if I were their mother. It is good to have them with me on this little holiday. I wish that you could know Mr. Brown as I have come to know him during this summer time. . . . I shall miss them *both* when they go back to Nantziang, and I am left alone in McTyeire Home. It is ten thousand times better that I should be lonely than that Anna should have missed the happiness that marriage has brought into her life.

I need not tell you that I was sorely disappointed that there was no one ready at the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions to be sent to our help. I scarcely dare think what the next year and the next year will be to us and the work here. I do hope in God, else I would not dare to enter upon it. Of course, the opening of the new school must be postponed indefinitely. I shall be obliged to give a large part of my time to Clopton School for another year, though Miss Richardson is doing all that could be expected of her. She is still a great comfort to me—giving me loyal love in a sweet, helpful way. . . .

After returning to Shanghai, Miss Haygood was at once immersed in the endless details of the schools, work among the women, study of the language, her heavy correspondence, and many matters of business growing out of her position as

Agent of the Board. After Miss Hughes' return to the United States, there were only three ladies left for the work in Shanghai. Miss McClellan and Miss Richardson were together at Trinity Home, and Miss Haygood alone in Mc-Tyeire Home. This solitary home life was far from what she would have chosen. Her temperament was preëminently social, and the varied interests of a large household, though they interrupted her often, never annoyed her. She loved a merry group at the table, and the homelike family prayers—with often a familiar hymn—both morning and evening. When the exigencies of the work made it necessary for her to live alone for a while, she accepted it as a part of the discipline of life, though she fully realized its dangers.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, October 27, 1891.

. . . My life goes on its usual busy round, and yet so many things are undone that I long to do that I sometimes feel that I am getting sadly behind with the work. I give two hours every morning now—from ten to twelve—to class work in Clopton School. I try to give one or two hours every afternoon to work with my Chinese teacher—and the other hours are filled with all the other things pertaining to life and work that claim me. No two days are quite alike. Sometimes it is day schools, sometimes—this every Saturday afternoon—a teachers' meeting, sometimes a round of visits with our W. M. S. Bible woman, sometimes it is looking after the temporal interests of Clopton School, sometimes it is turning aside to give a little help and comfort to a fellow-missionary or to a Chinese friend. Sometimes it is difficult to be quite sure that I am choosing quite wisely among the many things that seem to claim me, and sometimes at the eventide, with humiliation and sorrow, I feel that I have been

building that day with "wood, hay, and stubble." Then I can find rest only in the love "that knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust," and try to yield myself more entirely to His guidance for the next day.

Later in the Day.

I commenced your letter this morning, and in the meantime a home mail has arrived, bringing me your dear letter of October 28th. I am glad to find a few minutes for it before the mail closes. I hardly know how to choose among all the things that I want to talk to you about, though first I must tell you how glad I am to know that the rheumatism is better.

And next, I must tell you not to mind that I am living alone. I would never choose it for myself—I do not think that it is wholesome for anybody—but I have come to think that it was a bit of experience that I needed, in order to enable me to understand more thoroughly and to sympathize more tenderly with my fellow-workers who have become one-sided, or eccentric, or narrow, from living long in isolated places, apart from companionship that could help and strengthen. Such an experience comes sooner or later to many a missionary. I see now that, given the same conditions, I might become as peculiar as any of them—I almost surely would. I already have a new tenderness in my feeling for them. I guess that when I have learned all that God is trying to teach me by this new life—new phase of life, I mean—He will send me a home mate. For the *work's sake* I long for the coming of helpers. . . .

TO MISS CALLAWAY.

SHANGHAI, November 9, 1891.

. . . It is almost impossible to find congenial companionship with the Chinese. We may have Christian fellowship with them, and we often do; we may feel a warm affec-

tion for them, and for many we do; we may enter in some measure into their lives, because we make it the business of our lives to do that, and study them and their language and their literature to that end—but, save that part of our lives which has been given to work for and with them, our lives are closed to them. All our past, our language, our literature—all are blank to them. Can you imagine what it means to live in a Chinese city with not one of your own race near you? Yet many a missionary has done that for the dear Lord's sake. Living alone in Shanghai is, of course, a very different matter. My work is constantly bringing me in contact with other people. And though there are burdens and perplexities and heartaches, there are thousands of blessings, and my days are crowned with tender mercies and loving-kindnesses. Every day brings opportunities for service, and now and then some precious gift of fruit comes to me—some sweet answer to prayer that makes me stronger for bearing and doing and waiting. . . .

This solitary home life lasted only a few months. In December three English ladies, missionaries, who were temporarily without a home, came to McTyeire Home as boarders. They were in the Home for several months, and Miss Haygood found much pleasure in their companionship.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, January 1, 1892.

. . . Perhaps Myra has told you of the English ladies, missionaries, whose homes were not ready for them—who are staying with me for a time. One of them, Mrs. Dalziel, came to China with her husband some fourteen years ago. They had no children, and when he died, in the summer of 1890, their home was broken up. He had been for some years working in the American Bible Society. She is now return-

ing from a visit to England to work among Chinese women. She is to share, by and by, the home of some old missionary friends, who are now in England, but is boarding with me until they come. She is between fifty and sixty years old—a woman of great faith and deep consecration. Last night we kept “watch night” together in my study. It was an experience meeting, a Bible reading, a prayer meeting—quiet and restful. Our lesson was from Revelation, the precious promises “to him that overcometh,” and the last two chapters.

The other two ladies are Miss Stanley and Miss Onyon. They have come out to work in the Church of England Mission, and their friends asked me to take them in until a suitable home could be found for them. They are earnest, intelligent, devoted, and have been engaged in active Christian work in London. It is a real pleasure to have them in the house. I am not able, of course, to give them much personal attention, but that they do not expect. They all three furnish their own rooms. I have good servants, and their presence in the house does not materially increase my care, and for me I am sure that it is good to have some one to share my meals and to join me in morning and evening prayers.

Miss Stanley plays exceedingly well, and I enjoy having music in the house again. Anna gave her organ to McTyeire Home, and it is still in good tune, notwithstanding the seven years of service.

I wish you would tell the “Trinity girls”—women they all now must be—what a help to me in making many a tired missionary comfortable has been the guest room furnished by their loving care. I have told the story of the furniture to many a guest, and it has given a new charm to this “prophet’s chamber.” Though kept primarily for our ladies, it has given rest and shelter to many others. It is on the whole the best bedroom in the house. . . .

CHAPTER XIII.

McTYEIRE HOME AND SCHOOL.

(Concluded.)

To-morrow is McTyeire School's birthday. I want to put on paper for you a few notes from the hymn of thanksgiving that is filling my heart to-night for all that God hath wrought for us during this first year. . . . Truly, "in blessing He has blessed us."—*Miss Haygood.*

WE have now reached the time to which Miss Haygood had been looking forward for seven years—the occasion for which she had prayed and worked and waited, refusing to be discouraged in her great undertaking for the education of Chinese girls of the higher class. From the initial conference with Dr. Allen to the day of the actual opening of the school, it had been a long and sometimes weary way. Well might she say, "I am sure that I had a new appreciation, on the evening of the 16th of March, of all that the children of Israel must have felt when the Jordan was actually crossed, and the memorial stones set up on the other side."

"Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come,"

was the hymn of thanksgiving that spontaneously burst from her heart.

March 16, 1892, was not only one of the crowning days of Miss Haygood's life, but a day of momentous import for the

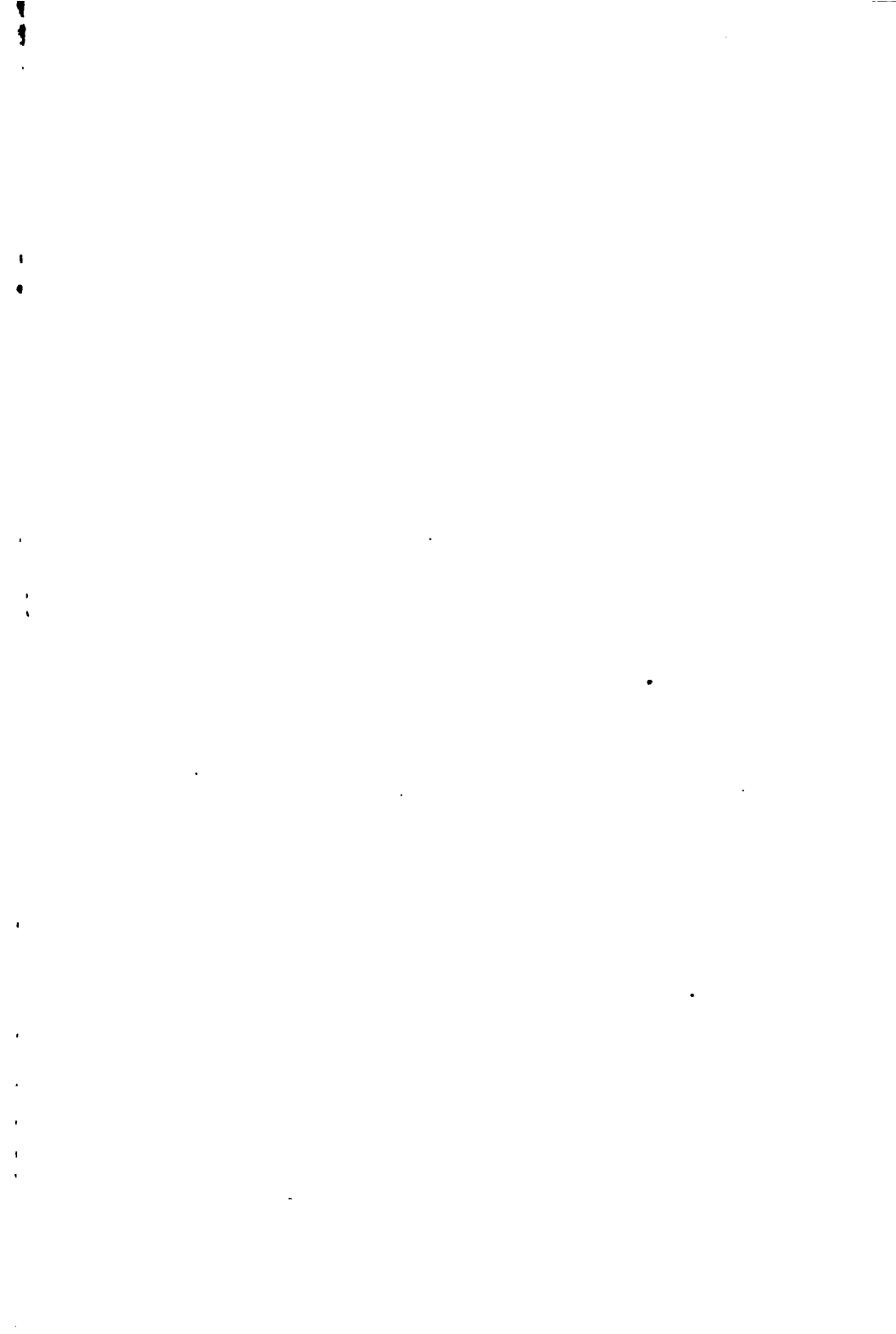
life of hundreds of Chinese girls and for the history of female education in China. The great significance of the opening of a school in which Chinese young ladies could receive a broad education, first in the classics of their own land, and then in Western literature and science, under the most direct and positive Christian influences, can be fully appreciated only by those who know the facts as to the education of women in the Orient. The occasion was one that might well have called forth the hearty congratulations of every one who felt concerned for the well-being of Chinese women, and who longed for their liberation from the bondage of degrading ignorance and superstition.

It had been more than a year since the completion of the school building, but owing to the pitiful scarcity of workers Miss Haygood had been obliged to delay the opening of the school. In the early winter God's providence began to open the way for her, and she felt that she must not longer delay. She found herself "bound in the spirit" to do this," and she accordingly began to make the necessary preparations in fitting up the school building and in engaging Chinese assistants.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, February 18, 1892.

. . . I am very busy just now in getting the school part of the building ready for the opening. All the details of furnishing and fitting up have to be thought of, and scores of little things to be provided for, and in all, it so happens that I can have very little help, except from my Chinese teacher, Hoeh Sien-sang, who is fidelity itself when my interests are involved. I am sure that you will ask God to give me special wisdom and special strength—physical, mental, spiritual—

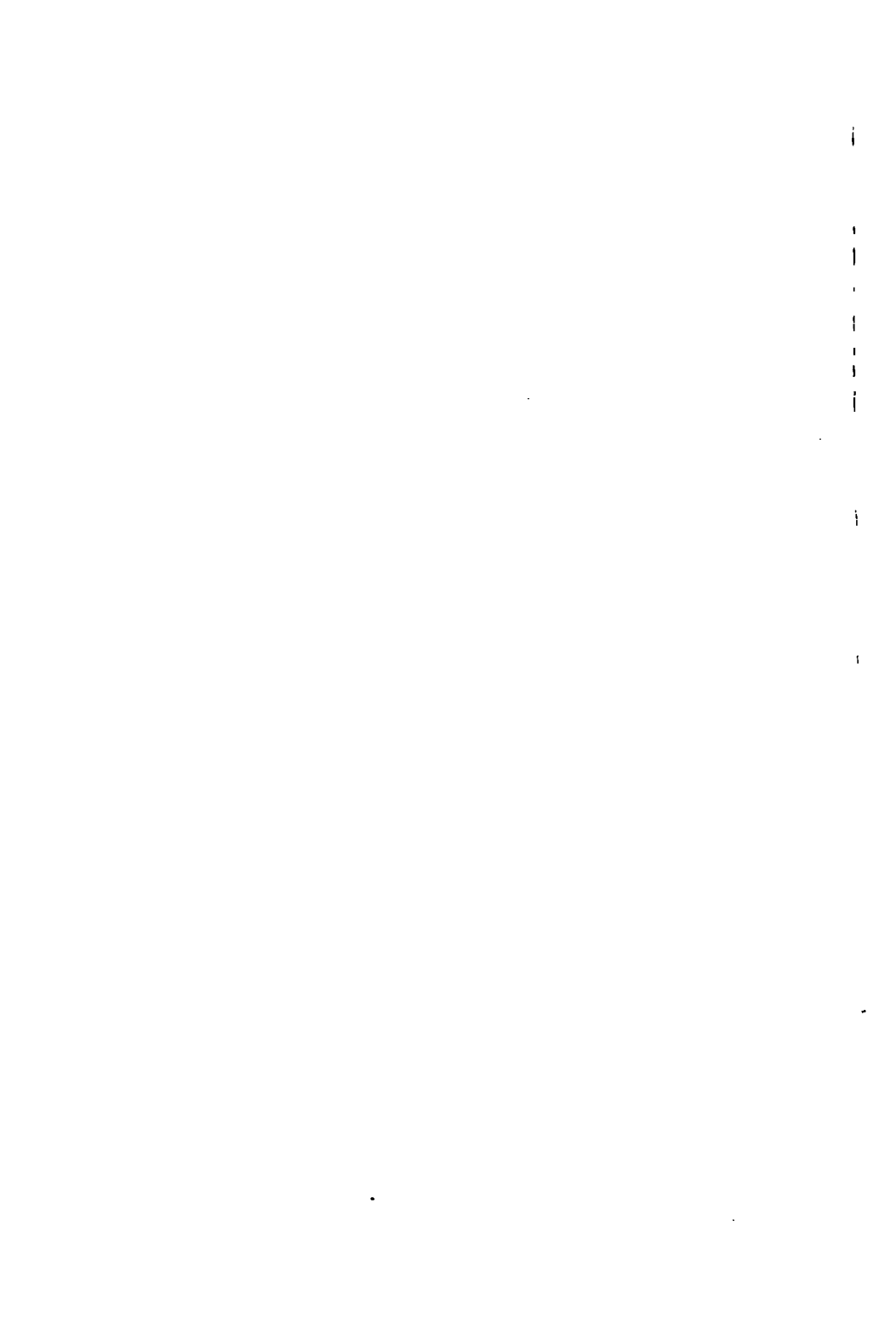




MCTYEIRE HOME AND SCHOOL



101. AND MCGAVOCK MEMORIAL.



for this new work, in some respects the most difficult I have ever undertaken. I used to dream of beginning this work with Anna. She would have been as a strong right arm. You will not wonder that I sometimes think "If she were only here!" Not that I would change aught. She is far happier as it is. I am always glad for her, even when I miss her most. I suppose, even if she had not married, that she could not have been with me in this school. The demands of the work would have perhaps called her elsewhere—back to Clopton School, probably—and yet I can't help thinking now and then of the "might have been." . . .

Some days before the opening of the school, Miss Haygood sent invitations, neatly printed in English, to His Excellency, the Taotai of Shanghai, and other local Chinese officials; also to the Consul General of the United States, the editors of the leading papers and magazines published in Shanghai, and to many gentlemen prominent in local affairs and in missionary work. On account of the strictness of Chinese etiquette, the invitations for the first day were limited to gentlemen, and a second reception was given on the following day at which many ladies, both native and foreign, were present. The Taotai showed his genuine interest in the School by coming in person, and manifested great pleasure at all that he saw of the School and its equipment. Unfortunately Dr. Allen could not be present, and as Chinese propriety forbade Miss Haygood's presence in person, she was fittingly represented by the Rev. Dr. Edkins, Editor of the *Messenger*, and Mr. W. S. Emens, United States Vice Consul General.

The following account of the opening exercises is condensed from an article written by Rev. W. B. Bonnell, and published in the *North China Daily News*:

The gentlemen were all received in the front room of the school building, an apartment that had been handsomely furnished in the Chinese style, and to each was offered the usual cup of tea.

After a short speech of welcome by Mr. Emens, and an informal address by the Rev. Dr. Edkins, in which the history and objects of the school were briefly and lucidly stated, the company was invited to inspect the schoolrooms and dormitories that are to be occupied in future by Chinese girls and young ladies, as pupils of the school.

The schoolrooms, which are below stairs, were seen to be neatly furnished, partly with American school desks and reversible settees, and partly with good Chinese tables and chairs; while around the walls, at a suitable height, runs a band of slated blackboard, giving ample facility and durable surfaces for mathematical and other demonstrations with the chalk crayon. The dining room for the pupils is also on the first floor, and is plainly but substantially furnished. On the second floor are the dormitories, with adjoining bath rooms. These are fitted with beds and bedding after the Chinese pattern, but showing modification and improvements unmistakably foreign.

On completing their careful and appreciative examination of this part of the building, the guests were invited to pass along the connecting corridors into the western wing, where, in the dining room of "The Home," or that part occupied by the ladies in charge, all sat down to afternoon tea. This repast was evidently much enjoyed by the Taotai and his colleagues, and the hour passed pleasantly away.

The Chinese gentlemen having made repeated and earnest requests to be introduced to Miss Haygood, the doors of the drawing-room were thrown open during the course of the refreshments, and they were presented to the hostess. His Excellency, Nieh Taotai, in a short but very polite address, expressed his pleasure and satisfaction at viewing the school

building and its appurtenances, and tendered the thanks of the company for the hospitalities extended. Mr. Su having duly interpreted these complimentary remarks, Miss Haygood made a suitable reply, and the guests again repaired to the table. After some moments spent in tea-drinking and conversation the Taotai rose, and the company one by one dispersed.

On Wednesday, the 16th, a large number of ladies, foreign and native, assembled by invitation in the rooms of the school and heard Miss Haygood's account of its history and her plans for work. The ladies also were interested observers of the arrangements and had the additional pleasure of seeing the six girls who had entered as pupils. Of these, there are five who will board in the school. Refreshments were served to the visitors at 4 o'clock P.M., and the opening ceremonies thus came to an end.

The McTyeire School is not the product of hasty and ill-matured plans. More than a decade of preparation has preceded its installation. Soon after the Anglo-Chinese College was established, about twelve years ago, by Rev. Y. J. Allen, D.D., then the Superintendent of the Southern Methodist Mission, there was found to exist among the Chinese patrons themselves a desire to see a similar institution established, at which their daughters might be educated in both Chinese and Western learning. . . .

To Miss Laura A. Haygood, who arrived in Shanghai in 1884, is due the successful accomplishment of the foregoing result, as well as the consummation of the scheme in arranging the plan of the building and having it built and furnished suitably to the purpose intended. Hindered by long-extended efforts and arduous labor in other lines of missionary enterprise, checked in her purposes by lack of reënforcements from home, she has at last succeeded in surmounting every obstacle and bringing the original promise to its fulfillment.

In sheer justice, however, it should be recorded that her

success is due, in no small part, to the assistance that has been rendered by her friends and fellow-laborers. Notable among these is Dr. Allen himself. Mr. Seng Chai-hung has also seconded the movement, and aided by his sympathetic approbation; while to Mr. Hoeh, her Chinese teacher and helper, Miss Haygood feels herself greatly indebted. Mr. Hoeh is a gentleman of high scholarly attainments, and has not only rendered assistance in the acquirement of the language, but by wise and kindly advice, given ever in the most courteous manner, has smoothed the way for the difficult undertaking. It is satisfactory to all who know Mr. Hoeh to learn that he is to be retained as teacher of Chinese in the new school.

The McTyeire School, or as it is called in Chinese, "The Anglo-Chinese School for Girls," as now provisionally organized, is to have such a corps of instructors and such a course of study as will insure the attainment of the objects of its promoters. These objects are: 1. To furnish a liberal education in both Chinese and English, the latter to be optional. 2. To give instruction in Western music (also elective). 3. To exercise a wholesome influence upon the mental and moral habits of Chinese girls. 4. Last in order, but first in importance, to inculcate a knowledge of the truths and principles of the Christian religion. It is, therefore, a distinctly Christian school, and though no undue influence will be used upon the minds of its pupils to induce them to profess Christianity, still its prime object will be so to teach and guide them that they shall be constrained of their own accord to believe in Jesus as the Saviour of the world. No girls are desired as pupils whose parents object to this.

As to methods of teaching, and subjects to be taught, it is Miss Haygood's design to adopt as far as practicable the Western modes of class instruction, and to provide liberal courses in both languages.

A second account of the opening exercises, written by one

intimately identified with Miss Haygood in all her plans, and who was present on that glad day, gives a graphic picture of the reception, and other points of interest about the school.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

. . . I know you have heard something of the opening of McTyeire School in March, but I fear Miss Haygood has not had time to write the full particulars to any one. I went down to be present at the opening, and to assist in the reception given to ladies. On the day before the opening there was a reception to the Shanghai Taotai and other officials. No ladies were invited on this day, and on the next day no men were invited. The men and women had to be kept separate according to the rules of Chinese propriety. The Taotai especially requested to be presented to Miss Haygood, so while they were all having tea in the dining room, she went to the parlor. Presently the double doors between were opened and all the guests stood up. The Taotai (he is the chief magistrate of the native part of Shanghai) with his interpreter came forward and was introduced to Miss Haygood. Of course only a few formal complimentary remarks were exchanged. Then "His Excellency" went back to the dining room for more tea and cake. Before meeting Miss Haygood the Taotai had already sent to inquire her age. She sent word that she was "nearly fifty," and some one of us told Mr. Bonnell also to tell him that she had gray hairs. We had a good deal of fun over the message, and tried to guess what would be the effect of her age, size, gray hairs, and spectacles. All of these are eminently respectable in the eyes of the Chinese. Truly no real young woman could open the school. Miss Haygood's age and experience are simply invaluable.

On the second day, which was the real opening day when pupils were received, there was a reception for ladies, both foreign and Chinese. The weather was wretched, cold and

rainy, but a large number came, and the affair passed off most satisfactorily. I wish you could see the school. It is simply perfect. To begin with, the house is well built, and most conveniently arranged. It could not be better adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. Both the "Home" and "School" parts are just what they should be—all under one roof, yet entirely separate. As to the school furniture, it is chiefly Chinese, but all selected with good taste and judgment. I don't know any other person like Miss Haygood. She has a mind that thinks and plans broadly, and yet is able to work out the plans step by step, even down to the minutest details of the bedroom and bath room furnishings.

There are about nine pupils, I think, five boarders and four day scholars. This is considered a very encouraging beginning. Miss Haygood is very fortunate in having an experienced and competent Chinese scholar to take charge of the department of Chinese Classics. But for the English she has only herself. I think if some of the Christian young women at home realized the opportunity, and also the pleasant surroundings they would have, surely some would offer to come, especially to teach music and English. They could begin work at once and could learn the language slowly. They would not have to wait to know something of the language before beginning. I do hope and pray some one will come next fall, some young lady who has had good training and some experience. . . .

It is about four weeks since I last saw Miss Haygood, and when I was there she was so busy she barely had time to look at one. Indeed for a while after opening McTyeire School she did not have time to eat her breakfast at one sitting. Before she could possibly finish breakfast—there were a good many at table to be waited upon—it struck eight o'clock, and then she would leave her own unfinished breakfast to go to school and preside at the girls' breakfast. When that was over she returned to finish her own. I begged her to stop it,

to make some different arrangement, but no other seemed possible until she could secure a suitable Chinese woman for matron. She has obtained a woman since I was there, and I hope now at least has time to eat her meals in peace. Oh! for some one to help her! . . .

Miss Haygood opened the school with two Chinese assistant teachers and seven pupils. In the course of a few weeks two more pupils came, and Miss Haygood succeeded in finding a suitable Chinese woman to act as matron, thus relieving her of many details of the management of the school. Of the first six weeks of the school, Miss Haygood wrote as follows to Mrs. McGavock:

. . . Of some providences connected with our six weeks of existence I wish to tell you.

I was not able to secure a suitable person for Chinese matron of the school before the time of opening, and of necessity the minor duties that belonged to her department fell to me, and made heavy demands upon my time. Mrs. Loehr, who has most kindly consented to take charge of the musical department of the school, was sick and could not enter upon her duties. I had engaged my faithful personal teacher, Mr. Hoeh, who has been working with me in various ways nearly all the while that I have been in China, as teacher of Chinese classics, and I had transferred one of the advanced pupils of Clopton School—Miss Mo Sieu-tsung, who is to be Mrs. Loehr's assistant in the musical department as pupil-teacher—to McTyeire School. These two were my only assured helpers in opening the school. The Providence which sees, before they themselves can know, the needs of God's children, had brought to McTyeire Home some weeks before, as temporary boarders, some English missionaries (ladies), whose homes were not yet ready for them. Two of these found themselves free to give me just the daily help that made it

possible for me to meet the multiplicity of new cares that came with the opening of the school. In the meantime I was told of an estimable Chinese widow, a Christian of many years, who had been in the employment of the Baptist Mission to which she belongs, who just at this time found herself free to make a new engagement. About April 1st, this widow, Mrs. Zung, came to me, and has relieved me of many cares.

The young lady who kindly helped me with class work and with the music remained until this week, when she was called by her own Board to Ningpo. In the meantime Mrs. Loehr has almost recovered her wonted health, and will probably be able to take up her duties next week. With these helps I shall be able to carry on the school until the promised reinforcements come in the autumn. In doing this, however, I am only choosing among a multiplicity of claims the duties that God seems to have placed nearest to me. I am leaving undone many things connected with the work that I long to have done, and would be gladly about if I were free.

I am sadly behind with home correspondence and reports, but am using every available moment in trying to meet such obligations. I have on file a number of unanswered letters, with inquiries in regard to Bible women, scholarships, or other forms of specific work, all of which I hope in time to answer. I must beg the friends to be patient with my long delays; I regret them more deeply than they possibly can. These excuses by way of parenthesis.

There are a few other facts about our new school that I wish to share with you. We have now five boarders and four day pupils. Of these, seven are Christians. The parents of the other two are willing for them to be taught Christian truth and to take part in all our services. The father of one of these two girls is a captain in the Chinese navy; the other is a business man. There is no country in the world where precedent has so much power as in China. I feel that it is a very blessed providence that the character of our first pupils

is such that we are able to establish our school upon a high Christian platform without the least friction. Only those who know China and Chinamen can fully understand how much it will mean to those who may come after to be able to say: "From the opening of the school it has been so." We have reason to think that many Chinamen are watching with interest the work of the school. Inquiries are made from time to time. A few other pupils will doubtless find their way to the school during the year, and I have faith to believe that the next China New Year will bring us a large increase of pupils. . . .

That Miss Haygood made no mistake in the time of opening McTyeire School was abundantly proved by the ready response from Chinese parents in sending their daughters, and by the countless providences which have all along marked its history. March 15, 1893, one year after the first pupils were received, as Miss Haygood gratefully reviewed the course of the school during this crucial first year, she wrote from a full heart to Miss Stevens:

. . . To-morrow is McTyeire School's birthday. I want to put on paper for you a few notes from the hymn of thanksgiving that is filling my heart to-night for all that God hath wrought for us during this first year. Yet I do not know how to put into words the gratitude I feel for the precious, precious tokens He has given that this work—this school—has had through all the year a place in His heart and thought. Truly "in blessing He has blessed us." When we opened school last week after the holidays there were four new boarders—so now we have thirteen boarders and five day pupils. Chinese friends are already beginning to tell us that we shall have to enlarge our building to make room for the girls that they think will soon be coming. *My* faith does not think of it as "*soon*," but by and by I am sure that our borders must be

enlarged. I have told you, all along the way, how God has helped us in times of need. *His strength* has been so wonderfully made manifest in *our weakness*. Surely "what time we are afraid we may put our trust in Him." I am sure that you join me in thanksgiving. . . .

Twelve years have now passed since that memorable day, March 16, 1892. Has the school stood the test of time? Has it won the confidence and patronage of the Chinese? Has it shown itself to be a strong power in broadening the mind and uplifting the life of Chinese girls? What of the moral, the spiritual influence of the school? Has it stood firm for the teachings of Jesus Christ, continually measuring up to Miss Haygood's high ideal for it?

The best answers to these questions can be gleaned from the annual reports of the school.

In regard to numbers the school has steadily grown from year to year. In the autumn of 1896 Miss Haygood wrote:

In McTyeire School in numbers we have almost reached the possible limits of our present building, and are grateful to find in this proof of willingness upon the part of Chinese fathers to pay for the education of their daughters. At the beginning of the present term it seemed best to advance the price of board, and to make instrumental music an extra. Both changes were made without loss of boarders or music pupils. We hope that with this increase of receipts the school will be made quite self-supporting during the year, as far as current expenses are concerned, apart from the salaries of the missionaries at work in the school. We wish at the Annual Meeting to bring plans before the Board for additional buildings for this school. . . .

The Board at once raised the necessary funds for these additional buildings, and by March, 1900, a substantial annex,

known as the "McGavock Memorial," was completed. It was soon filled with students. By crowding, the two buildings can accommodate seventy-five boarders and twenty-five day pupils. On account of the seclusion in which Chinese girls of the upper class are kept by their parents, it was considered a serious violation of the proprieties for pupils to be seen often in public. In deference to this long-established custom, it was necessary to limit the age of day pupils to twelve years. All girls over that age were required to live in the institution. At the last reports in 1903 the school was crowded, and had been for a year. Four of the rooms connected with McTyeire Home had been given up to its use, and still room was needed for expansion. During the last term there were ninety-nine pupils enrolled. Of these, six were married, thirty were Christians, and at least ten more would have publicly confessed Christ had it not been for family opposition.

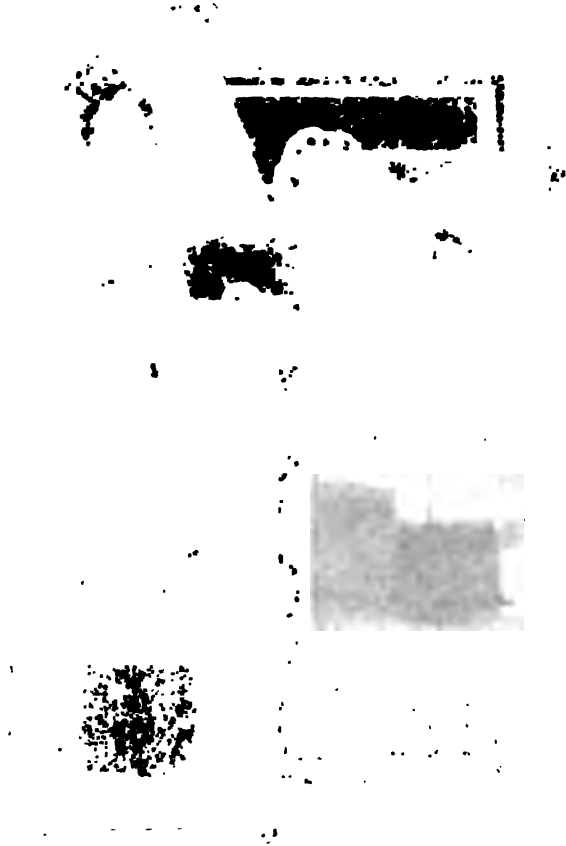
While numbering among its pupils many girls, daughters of Christians in moderate circumstances and merchants, the school has not failed in its mission to the daughters of the high-class Chinese, and has on its roll the daughters of mandarins, and others of high literary and financial rank. A number of young married women have from time to time applied for admission. At first it did not seem practicable to receive them, but so earnest were they in their desire to be educated that it was decided to make the experiment and admit them. In order to keep down the number of such applications, the fees of married pupils were made double those of ordinary students. These, however, they were perfectly willing to pay.

The curriculum of the school was planned upon a broad basis, and included three distinct courses of study besides music—the Chinese language and literature, the English language and literature, with a collateral course in science, and a course in religious instruction, running through the entire school course. The courses in English and Chinese are elective, but every pupil entering the school is required to take the course in religious instruction. All the pupils are taught vocal music, and those who wish it may also have instruction in instrumental music, but with extra charge.

McTyeire School sent forth her first graduating class, three in number, in 1900. Each of these young ladies is a Christian. Two of them began teaching at once, while the third came to Staunton, Va., for further study.

From the first a large percentage of the pupils have come from homes where either one or both parents are Christians. There has always been a number of earnest, active girls, who, having known Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, sought to make Him known to the nonchristian pupils. Miss Richardson in her reports for 1900 and 1901 says :

We usually have fifteen or twenty Church members on our roll, and a number of others who are Christian in all but name. These Christian girls form the heart as well as the brain of the school. They are brave and strong in matters of conscience and duty, and as a result—for I believe it is due largely to their help and influence—the moral tone of the school is being raised higher each year. Lying, stealing, jealousy, backbiting do not flourish in our midst, but, on the contrary, honesty, sympathy, and sisterly kindness are inculcated by precept and example. The pupils seem truly to love each other, and are, I believe, together growing in grace



... GRADUATI ...

The school was planned upon a broad basis, and offers a variety of courses of study besides the English literature, the English language, and the English course in science, all of which are run through the Chinese medium. There are also English and Chinese courses in the sciences. The school is required to admit to its courses of instruction all the pupils of the district, whether Chinese or foreign-born, and it is doing this to the best advantage. The first graduating class of these young ladies is a credit to the school, and is doing at home, while the second class is preparing for study.

There are 100 pupils in the primary department, and 100 in the secondary department, with a total of 200 Chinese girls, with 50 in the personal department, so that there are 250 Chinese pupils. Miss G. H. Root says:

They have a very hearty and friendly feeling towards our country, and towards those who are doing good in it, but they are not so friendly towards those who are doing wrong. They are very strong in matters of morality, and are a credit to our country. This is due to the influence of the moral tone of the school, which is higher each year. Living, saving, and doing good are to flourish in our midst, but the selfishness, envy, and sisterly kindness are to be kept out, except and example. The pupils seem only to be each other, and are, I believe, together growing in grace.



FIRST GRADUATING CLASS OF McTYEIRE SCHOOL.

and in the knowledge of our God. The Christian sentiment and influence are seen in no one thing more strongly than in the matter of foot-binding. The school stands opposed to this cruel custom.

The young ladies who are Christians are truly missionaries to the heathen girls who come to us. They give ample proof of their own salvation by their concern for their unsaved sisters. Any early morning hour before breakfast, in going the round of the school, one may come upon groups of two, three, or more girls being more perfectly instructed in the way by an older Christian. Sometimes she is teaching them to pray, sometimes reading the Bible with them, sometimes teaching them to commit the Scriptures to memory. The girls show in their week-day living that they appreciate the best, and are seeking to possess it.

While no compulsion has ever been used in the matter of foot-binding, the attitude of the school has always been opposed to it. The Christian and progressive girls of the school have thrown all the weight of their influence against the custom, and have doubtless been able to accomplish more to overthrow it than a foreign teacher could. Another potent and altogether spontaneous influence has been the pleasure of playing games on the lawn, and running up and down stairs at will. These simple joys, too common in other countries even to be thought of, are privileges unheard of by the Chinese girl with tiny, bound feet. In her report of the school for 1903, Miss Richardson gives a most encouraging account of the steady growth among her pupils of the sentiment against foot-binding:

The number of bound feet in the school grows beautifully less. There are now left only five young ladies whose feet are really bound. There are no *children* with bound feet. Sev-

eral grown girls, after unbinding and discovering that their feet would never be natural *in length*, have stuffed the toes of their shoes, thus getting the appearance of natural feet. Needless to add, the walk of such a one is most unnatural; but if the foot is *stylishly large*, it does not much matter about the gait. As far as the east is from the west so far hath the pendulum swung! We have six married women, and all but one, just in from Kong-si, have unbound their feet.

When in April, 1900, Miss Haygood entered into rest, her work fell upon Miss Helen Richardson. Under her wise management, with an able corps of teachers, and the blessing of the Most High, the School still goes on with its beneficent work. In a letter dated December 28, 1903, Miss Richardson wrote to Mrs. Brown of the Christian development in the lives of many of the pupils in the school:

To us who are connected with the school there is everything to encourage. Our students are growing into intelligent women who are going out to be teachers and leaders of thought. We shall graduate a class of two next summer—making the number of graduates eight in all. . . . Only yesterday one of our married women—the daughter of a deceased *tau-ti*—came to my study to have a talk with me about repentance and faith toward God. She has only been here four months, and during that time she has been rooming with Vong Yuin Marshall. She says Vong Yuin's life has been a revelation to her of human desire and possibility; and that the beautiful and intense lives of the girls in the school have convinced her that heathenism is nothing, and that Christ is all and in all. Her talk was stirring.

On Christmas Day another of the girls, the married daughter of a deceased mandarin, was in for a similar talk, and says she has no faith in the old. She believes that Jesus

Christ has power to forgive sins, and that He alone can save her. She too wants to be joined to God's people.

Yet another, the day after Christmas, the daughter of a native physician, who is sixteen years old, was telling me her life-plans and ambitions. She is not leaving God out. She said: "I truly believe that nothing but *Christian* education can save China, and to this do I mean to devote my life." With tears and sobs she said: "Miss Richardson, I want to save my people. You know nothing of Chinese life, nor how they need to be saved. I can't describe to you the sin by which my home is surrounded on all sides. My own mother is dead, and the saddest of all is she died with no knowledge of a Saviour. As soon as I finish school, I mean to go as a missionary to my mother's native place and teach and try to save that place. My father is a heathen, and so wicked, but I can't talk about him."

She is engaged, but she seems to think that in some way she is going to be set free to follow the leading of her heart as it goes out toward her people. I could write on and on of the way God is working in our midst, but this is enough this time.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CLOSE OF TEN YEARS' SERVICE FOR CHINA.

May, 1892, to April, 1894.

I feel as if I had lived a whole lifetime in these ten years. How full they have been of work and sorrow, and joy and blessing! I find even now that I think much more of the joy and blessing than of the work and sorrow, and there will be little but good to tell you when I come.—*Miss Haygood.*

THE next letters cover the time from May, 1892, until the spring of 1894, when Miss Haygood returned home on a visit, after an absence of nearly ten years. So great was her concern for the work, and for the younger missionaries, that they should not be thrust into work unprepared, that she wished very much not to go home until 1895. Her health, however, became such that a change to the home climate was imperative before that time. In the meanwhile she spent a month or two in Japan during the summer of 1892, and again in 1893. These enforced periods of rest were a source of great regret to her, but by means of them she was enabled to defer the longer vacation in the home land until the new missionaries were more ready to bear heavy responsibilities.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, May 15, 1892.

. . . This happens to be one of the few shut-in Sundays which come to me in the course of a year—and this not altogether so, for I had an hour with my girls in the chapel this morning, and hope to have another hour there this afternoon,



CHAPTER XIV.

THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST SERVICE FOR CHINA.

May 12, 1894.

"I feel as if I had lived a full life here in these ten years. How full they have been with trial and sorrow, and joy and blessing! O that I could now that I think much more of the joy than the sorrow of the work and sorrow, and there will be nothing to regret when I come.—*Miss Haygood.*"

Miss Haygood remained in China from May, 1892, until the same month of the following year, when she returned home on a visit, after a absence of nearly ten years. So great was her concern for the work and for the younger missionaries, that they were almost thrust into work unprepared, that she wished to remain in China until 1895. Her health, however, being so feeble, the home climate was imperative for her recovery, and while she spent a month or two in the States in the summer of 1892, and again in 1893, these occasional periods of rest were a source of great regret to her, for by means of them she was enabled to defer the longer vacation in the home land until the new missionaries were well ready to take on their responsibilities.

MRS. MOLLIE STELENS

SHANGHAI, May 12, 1894.

"This happens to be one of the few spare Sundays which come to me in the course of a year—and this not altogether so, for I had an hour with my girls in the chapel this morning, and hope to have another hour there this afternoon,



MISS HAYGOOD
After Ten Years in China.



but I have not been quite well for several days, and it did not seem quite wise to go out to church this morning. I am on the lounge in my study, and am yielding to a longing to spend this quiet hour with you. My pen is moving in curious lines, and does not seem quite obedient to my will—but you will not be critical about penmanship, I am sure, and I think that you will be able to read.

I think I must tell you first of one of several *providences* that have come to me in connection with McTyeire School, and have made me very happy as tokens that the new school has found a place in God's heart and thought, and that He is looking after its interests and supplementing my weaknesses.

I was made inexpressibly happy last Tuesday in the coming of a letter from Mrs. McGavock, announcing that *seven* ladies would come to our help in the autumn. Yet on Wednesday morning, thinking of all that was to be done, I wondered whether, by using my strength to its utmost, I could keep all the wheels belonging to my part of the machinery moving until autumn. Especially did I feel overwhelmed by the accumulation of desk work—accounts, reports, letters—for which I have had so little time since the opening of the new school. On Wednesday afternoon an English lady, intelligent, cultivated, consecrated, a Miss Johnston, who had become interested in McTyeire School and had several times wished that she might find some way to help me, came to me to say that her mornings were now at her command, and that she would be glad to come every day and teach English in the school, or do anything else that would help me. So she is coming every day, beginning on Thursday, and her coming gives me an hour and a half of precious time every morning that I can give to other things. She is not employed, you know. She simply *gives* herself daily to this commonplace work of teaching a few Chinese girls English, because she sees that she can in this way help a tired fellow-servant, and so “fulfill the law of Christ.” Does it not seem very wonder-

ful and very gracious? I wonder if this is not an answer to some of your prayers for me and the school? "O ye of little faith, why reason ye among yourselves, because ye have no bread? Do ye not yet perceive, neither remember the five loaves of the five thousand, and how many baskets ye took up?" You will understand how the gentle reproof comes with new force to me when I know that I ought to have remembered how He sent Miss Maddison to help me in the first busy weeks, and then sent a Chinese matron when it seemed that I could not do any longer without her, and let Mrs. Loehr come to the music pupils when Miss Maddison could not teach them longer—and now He has sent Miss Johnston, to supply *this need*. "It is just like Him," I think you are saying. So it is. Surely I will remember, and "what time I am afraid" hereafter surely "I will trust Him."

It is now Thursday, May 19, when I come back to your letter. I am feeling ever so much better than when we had our talk on Sunday morning, though I have not been quite well for nearly two weeks.

. . . I have been inexpressibly grateful for Miss Johnston during this time. God sent her just in time to *provide* for a need that I had not fully realized. Then I have had some unwonted time for reading, when writing would have taxed me. So the days have been full of compensations. I am really better this morning, and long before this reaches you I shall be quite well, I hope. And you are not to have one single anxious thought about me. Just remember that the dear, loving Father is taking care of me.

I have not thanked you yet for your dear letter of March 30th, with its loving plan for my home-coming. . . . As to the home-coming, I think that I must tell you and dear Myra not to think about it until 1895. I am afraid that it cannot be right for me to go, even under the most favorable conditions, before the spring of 1895. It will not be right for

heavy burdens to be thrown upon Miss Hughes immediately upon her return, if ever. Nor can it be right for new missionaries to be thrust into work and cares for which they cannot possibly be ready under two or three years. I shall be so thankful to have them here and getting ready to carry on and broaden the work. Then, by and by, if I can be spared, I shall be so glad to have a rest at home. But I am not planning for it yet, nor do I allow myself to think very much about it. This is so clearly God's appointment for me now. This does not mean that it would not be inexpressibly sweet and precious *now* to see *you*, and others who are unutterably dear to me. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

HAKONE, JAPAN, July 12, 1892.

. . . It has been almost two months since I last wrote you. I have wanted often to write, but when there has been strength there has not been leisure, and when leisure no strength. So the weeks have slipped away. I have asked Myra to let you have news of me—so I think you know, dear, how I happen to be in Japan now. The coming cost me a hard battle. I so longed to stay by the work until the regular August vacation. God, through the doctor, through Anna and Mr. Brown, and other friends, took the matter quite out of my hands, and in making me see that it was of Him (by the happy and satisfactory adjustments that were made for the work during my absence, without effort on my part) gave me rest of heart about it. I accept the "turning aside" as His gift. I left Shanghai three weeks ago to-day. I scarcely know what to tell you of myself. I find it so hard to keep accounts with my body.

. . . I have come by the doctor's orders to this little retreat, high up in the mountains, between two and three thousand feet above the sea, where there seems to be every climatic condition for health that could possibly be desired. The

quaint little village nestles on the shores of a mountain lake of rare beauty, not more than six or seven miles long, and not more than a mile wide perhaps at any point. The water is perfectly clear and reflects every changing tint of the sky above, or in morning and evening hours reproduces in softer beauty the encircling mountains. It is a special pleasure to me now because I have not strength for long walks, but can hire a boat and boatmen for ten cents an hour, and wander about on the lake with Ahma and O Toki San—of whom I must tell you—as companions.

When I first came to the mountains I stopped at Miyano-shita, some six or seven miles away, where there is an excellent hotel with every comfort and convenience that could be desired. I only thought of that as a resting place, however. It was more expensive than I could afford for the summer—besides the climate is not so good as here. There is no foreign hotel here—indeed, so far as I know, I am the only foreigner just now in Hakone, though “the season” is just opening and there will probably be a number here before the close of the week. Through the great kindness of Miss Crosby, a veteran missionary of the Woman’s Union Mission, of Yokohama, to whom I had been commended by my faithful friend, Dr. Reifsnyder, of Shanghai, I am comfortably settled in a Japanese house, where I am keeping house in a very simple fashion. Miss Crosby—who is a very busy woman—planned a little holiday, joined me at Miyano-shita last Thursday, bringing with her O Toki San, one of her pupils who speaks English very well—a girl of twenty—who is to remain with me while I am here, acting as my interpreter and general helper. Moreover, dear Miss Crosby came with me to Hakone on Friday, helped me in a hundred ways in getting comfortably settled, and cheered me much with her bright companionship and Christian fellowship during what otherwise would have been lonely and trying days. I wish that you could know her. She is fifty-nine years old, hair perfectly white, but bright,

strong, active, and full of work as a woman of thirty might be. She stayed with me until Monday morning, and was then off across the mountains to Gotemba to look after some work that called her there. Her coming was a real benediction. Do you see how God supplies all my needs?

My family now consists of Ahma, O Toki San, and me. O Toki San knows quite a good deal about foreign cooking, and she and Ahma vie with each other in looking after my wants, and together make me very comfortable. Their efforts at communicating with each other are sometimes very amusing, but they are inventing a sort of tri-lingual dialect, an odd combination of English, Japanese, and Chinese, that would sorely perplex a philologist, I am sure. Except what she is picking up here, I do not think that Ahma knows a dozen English words. O Toki San knows only the Chinese Ahma is teaching her, so I am often called in as interpreter. I was sorely perplexed about family prayers, but at last fell upon this device. In the morning the Bible lesson and prayer are in Chinese, at the close O Toki San and I repeating together the Lord's Prayer in English, Ahma following silently in Chinese. In the evening the lesson and the prayer are in English, the Lord's Prayer in Chinese.

I have control of four rooms. They are separated only by sliding doors, and all may be thrown into one—at least together—when I wish. The floors are beautifully matted. Indeed, the mats are so nice that we have to take off our shoes and put on soft slippers when we enter the house. The Japanese do not use chairs, you know—little cushions here and there affording all the seats they require. Their beds consist of thick, soft comforts spread on the floor at night, and neatly folded and put out of sight in the day. I have a little foreign furniture, however—four or five chairs, two tables, and a cot made into a very comfortable bed by the help of some of their comforts.

. . . If I could only spirit you here for a month, what a joy it would be! You would be better tonic than the air, I am sure. I try not to yield to loneliness. I have a round of reading, writing, knitting, and getting out when I feel able. If I only dared to write as much as I like, I should surprise many dear people, who think me forgetful, with letters. But I find that I must indulge in this pleasure with moderation. . . .

Ask God, if it is best, to give me strength for another two years of work in China before going home—but above all ask Him to make me know His will in the matter, and make me glad to do whatever He appoints. . . .

Miss Haygood returned to Shanghai the latter part of August somewhat refreshed by her stay in Japan, but still so far from well that she was obliged to measure her work by her strength, and to leave undone many things that she longed to do. She was greatly encouraged by the arrival on October 18th of seven new ladies for the work, and by the return of Miss Hughes.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, October 29, 1892.

. . . We feel very grateful for our reënforcement, and very happy in our co-workers. But I must tell you first of our Annual Meeting. It was one of the best we have ever had. Bishop Key was full of the Spirit, and his preaching and his exhortations and prayers were full of help and blessing. God made us indeed "to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," and we separated stronger for all that the new year may bring us because of this waiting together before Him at Soochow. . . . It is a great help and comfort to have Miss Hughes back. I am afraid that she is not quite well and strong, though certainly very much better. There will be need of care, yet she is very happy to be here, and, because

she knows the work and the language and many of the people with whom we are working, she can give just now more relief than all the new ladies put together. Dear Miss Johnston planned to stay with me until the coming of the ladies, and only left October 22d, after Miss Hughes had had time to get somewhat settled and familiar with the new programme. It was a blessed Providence that brought Miss Hughes to help just now when I am laid aside. The new ladies are all anxious to help, and Mrs. Gaither and Miss Bomar have each taken one or two English classes, and Miss Reynolds has made a brave beginning with her music classes—has already five music pupils, a singing class, and a calisthenic class. . . .

It is now Tuesday, November 1st, 3 P.M. when I come back to your letter. I am much better to-day and am at my desk. I am really stronger than I had supposed it possible to be by this time, and am beginning to look forward to the winter's work. Everybody is thoughtful for me. Bishop Key, Dr. Macleod, Miss Richardson, Miss Hughes, Miss McClellan, the new ladies, all insist that I shall free myself from details of work, and be content for a time only to plan work for other people. They would make me a lady of elegant leisure. It will not be easy to accept all of the conditions that their kindly care would plan for me, but I will be careful and seek daily guidance for daily duties. I hope though that, even physically, I am worth quite a bit more than they think, and to-day I have a sort of feeling that I am going to surprise everybody by getting quite strong with the winter. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, November 17, 1892.

. . . We have arranged our daily programmes so as to have one half hour—from twelve to twelve thirty—every day

for Bible study together. The ladies from Trinity come up to join us. We began with Acts, and are taking time for the collateral reading and study which naturally grow out of it. I think that we are all finding it helpful—a restful turning aside in the midst of busy days. It is astonishing how many new thoughts are gathering about the old story as we study. Life in China furnishes a wonderful commentary on the history of the early Church, and some things in the Epistles “hard to be understood.”

Mrs. Gaither tells me many things, in the odds and ends of talk, of Trinity and the old circle of friends. There has been almost as much sadness, though, as pleasure in the hearing. It has made me realize and feel more acutely than before, perhaps, the many, many changes that the eight years have brought. I have known, of course, that they had come—that they must needs come—and yet strangely I have allowed myself to think of the church as I left it. I am beginning to realize that I shall be almost a stranger there, if ever I should go again. Now don't grieve over that last sentence. I knew, or must have known had I thought much about it, that it must be so. It is better, maybe, that I should realize it now than then. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, November 24, 1892.

. . . I must tell you of a most pleasant surprise which I have had this Thanksgiving Day. When Anna went away she gave me a beautiful rug some eleven feet square which they had used one winter in their study. It was her thought that I should use it in my study. I asked her to let me put it in the parlor instead, since it was much better than the one we have there, and she rather reluctantly consented. The one we had formerly used in the parlor I thought best to put in one of the guest-rooms upstairs, and in my study I had only a small rug before the fireplace, which was Anna's Christmas present to

me last Christmas. Miss Hughes and the new ladies did not approve of my bare floor, so they ordered, without consulting me, a beautiful new rug for my study some twelve feet square. They surprised me with it this morning as a Christmas present that Santa Claus had delivered in advance. I persuaded them to let me have it put in the parlor and Anna's in my study. So the change has been made, and my study is very cozy and beautiful. Anna will be so pleased that her thought for me is realized. It was very lovely in the ladies to bring it about. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, December 19, 1892.

. . . Our new ladies, both here and at Soochow, are getting pleasantly and comfortably adjusted to new conditions, I think. They are all, I think, working very earnestly at the language with somewhat varying success. The ladies here—Mrs. Gaither, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Bomar—are all giving some help in McTyeire School. It varies the monotony of study for them, and gives a very real relief to me and to Miss Hughes. It has been a great comfort to have Miss Hughes back and in McTyeire Home. Of course, with her knowledge of the language and of the work, she has been worth half a dozen new people in helpfulness. She is so glad to be at work again. Since the coming of the ladies, in obedience to the orders of the bishop and of the doctor, I have undertaken little programme work, though accounts, correspondence, and general care have been enough to fill my time and claim all the strength at my command. . . .

McTyeire School is gradually growing. We now have sixteen pupils—ten boarders and six day pupils. This is more than I had dared to hope for in the first year. That the School is, and that it is so full of promise, is the occasion of deep thankfulness. Clopton School is doing excellently well under Miss Richardson's management. She is indeed "a

workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Miss McClellan is working with unabated zeal for the day schools. But, dear Mrs. McGavock, will you think me very hard to satisfy when I tell you that I am already wishing for two or three other ladies for the Shanghai District? With the present force there can be no extension of work, and there are so many possibilities open to us. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, January 26, 1893.

. . . I wonder if you have heard from Sister Myra about the weeks that lie between the coming of your letter and this?

We—our Mission family—have been called to stand by another open grave. On Christmas Eve, dear Mrs. Hill, after two weeks of intense suffering from virulent smallpox, entered into rest. Mr. Hill and I nursed her for two or three days, and then, when there was no longer question as to the nature of the disease, the doctor said that she *must* be taken to the hospital. For two or three days after she seemed to be getting on nicely, and we hoped that she would soon be well. Then came the more virulent form—and then the end. It was all so pitiful, because we who loved her could not be with her—even Mr. Hill seeing her at the hospital only at intervals and under restrictions. She was marvelously brave and patient, and unselfish in her wish that others should not be exposed to the infection. The regular nurses in the smallpox ward of the General Hospital here are French Catholic Sisters, and they seem to have been very kind. God mercifully gave unconsciousness during the last two days, and so made the end easy for her. It seemed a wonderful thing, when we stood at her grave, to think what the transition must have been for her from that lonely room in the hospital to her "Father's house" in heaven, and I do not know that the blessedness of our faith and hope ever seemed more real and more

precious to me than then. Of few women whom I have ever known may it be more truly said than of Mrs. Hill, "She hath done what she could." As wife and mother and friend and missionary, she was earnest and faithful and devoted.

The day before Mrs. Hill was taken to the hospital we brought the babies to McTyeire Home—Laura May then twenty-one months old, and Louise then only three weeks old. It seemed right and best in every way that they should remain with us for the present. We have an excellent nurse for them, and Mrs. Gaither and I share the care—so it does not fall very heavily on either. Baby Louise is growing beautifully, and they are both quite well. They are getting a very strong hold upon our hearts. Poor Mr. Hill is most sorely bereaved, and yet is wonderfully sustained. I have not often seen a more perfect triumph of faith.

I am thankful to tell you that God has been hearing and answering your prayers for me. I am much stronger *than* when I wrote you last—certainly as well as, and perhaps better than, at any time during the past year. The friends all say that I am looking very well, and I believe that you would think so too, if you were to see me. I am deeply grateful to be so well again.

It does not seem to me that God's time for me to go home has come yet. I have had some very anxious thought about it this winter, but most of the time my heart rests in the thought that God *will make clear to me* what He wishes me to do about it—and *that* is what I wish about it. It does not now seem to me that it can be best for the work for me to go this year. But I am trying just now not to have any plans of my own about it. I find myself sometimes anxious lest I should on the one side allow my friends to decide for me and go before it is God's time; and on the other, that I should lean too much upon my own judgment, and perhaps attach too much importance to my presence here, and so stay after it is God's time for me to go. I only want to know clearly *His time* for

me. Ask this for me above all else. I do not think that there is immediate occasion in my health for going. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, February 24, 1893.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: I think that Dr. Macleod promised you that, after further conference upon the subject, I would write you the conclusion reached in reference to my going home. He came in yesterday and we had a long talk on the subject. While, on general principles, he thinks that it would be best for me to go home now, in consideration of the improvement in my general health this winter, he says that if I will take a long holiday away from Shanghai next summer, he thinks that I may safely stay in China another year. I wished to make the summer holiday conditional, but *that* he insists upon even though I may seem fairly well at the beginning of summer. So, I have promised him to plan for it, and to plan for going home in the early spring of 1894. For the many reasons which I have suggested to you in other letters I think this will be better for the work and for my co-workers than going now. I can but hope, dear Mrs. McGavock, that you and the Board will approve this decision.

I have prayed so earnestly that God will guide in the matter, that I feel that I may now accept the conclusion reached in this way as His plan for me, unless by some clear providence He should lead me otherwise. I am most thankful to tell you that I am keeping quite comfortably well. . . .

Miss Atkinson is getting ready to leave for home the last of May with Dr. and Mrs. Park. I am very glad that she is going. She is far from well, and sadly in need of rest and change. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, March 15, 1893.

. . . I am sure that you will be glad to know that the dear little children "set in the midst" of our home in Decem-

ber have brought more pleasure than care. For their dear mother's sake, for their good father's sake, and for the dear Saviour's sake who has made me feel that this might be done as "unto Him," it has been a real privilege to shelter them and to *grandmother* them. They have taught me some wonderful lessons, too, and have brought me nearer to all mother hearts. They have kept well and are growing beautifully. Their Ahma is the best nurse—other than the mother—I have ever seen. Mrs. Gaither has been a very real help too. All the ladies are learning to love them. . . .

Our daily Bible lessons are proving such a help to me. The half hour comes like a restful benediction into the middle of our day. We are taking the Epistles as our best commentary on the Acts, following the history of each Church with a study of the letters to that Church. Just now we are in First Thessalonians. It is such a comfort to find how *perfect love for God* and perfect love for the brethren—a love which "could no longer forbear" to bestow what of comfort might from him to them be given, that *joyed* for their sakes "before God," that night and day "prayed exceedingly to see their faces"—glowed in his heart, one intensifying the other, until indeed for him "to live was Christ." What a wonderful succession of heart-pictures these Epistles are! It is a great privilege to know Paul thus.

It does seem a great loss to the world to have Phillips Brooks go out of it, but it is sweet to know that one who had so much of God in him will go on living and living even here upon earth in lives that have been made better by his truth. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, May 4, 1893.

My Beloved Friend: Miss Kennedy's kind letter of March 29th telling me of the great sorrow that had come to your home reached me by our last mail, April 28th. My whole

heart went out to you in most tender sympathy as I read the sad, sweet story of the going away to the heavenly home of your dear mother. I think that I know far better than any words could tell me all that it has meant to you, my precious friend. I think I know from my own blessed experience how inexpressibly sweet the long years of close companionship have been to you both—how you each have blessed and strengthened the other as you have “taken sweet counsel together.” And I think that I know something of what the blank must be to you now. Yet I am sure that your own sorrow is almost lost in the deep thankfulness for her. What a wonderful joy it must have been, after these four score years of waiting and serving, to fall asleep in the tired body and awake to find that “mortality *had been* clothed upon of life.” I know that you are glad for her—and that even now you feel that you would not have kept her one day longer out of the blessedness of being *at home* in her Father’s house. It has come of late years to seem to me such a grand and beautiful and blessed thing for any life to come down to the grave *in peace*, and to pass through it in triumph to the light and love and glory of the many mansions *to be forever with the Lord, most blessed for evermore*. With all our hearts we will say: “Thanks be unto God who giveth [them and] us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!” I thank Him too for you, my dear sister, that *His consolations have abounded* to you.

I was deeply grieved to hear of your own illness, and can but trust that this letter will find you restored to wonted health. I remember how much need there is for strength in the special duties and heavy burdens that come to you with the approach of the Annual Meeting. May God make most sweetly true to you His gracious pledge, “As thy day, so shall thy strength be!” It is marvelous how he does *that* for His people. I am sure that He is not going to fail you now. He will give you strength to meet the duties, or He will lift the

burden of them from your heart. If it is His will, I shall be most grateful if you can meet with the Board at Kansas City.

I am very grateful to tell you that I am keeping wonderfully well. I am a great deal stronger than I was last spring, and really feel that there is no present occasion for anxiety to my friends about my health. I am arranging to spend a part of the summer in Japan because the doctor said I must, and because the conviction has been growing upon me for the last year or two that it is real economy of strength and time and money for us to take a real holiday *away* from our work. A week's rest quite apart from it is worth more than a month's rest surrounded by the work. I have found it almost an impossibility, even with my best endeavor, really to rest in Shanghai. I have sometimes thought that it would be wise for the Board to strongly advise, if not require, every one of their representatives to spend at least one month in every year away from her station. The going might be so timed as not to bring harm to the work, and I believe that she would accomplish more in the other eleven months because of the change, and the increased efficiency which it brought to her—and so the best interests of the work be conserved and the time of service lengthened. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, May 18, 1893.

. . . We sorrowfully said good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Leitch ten days ago—Mr. Leitch's health having so failed as to make going seem imperative, though they would both most willingly have waited longer. Dr. Park as physician, and Dr. Parker as presiding elder, decided for them that they ought to go at once. It is indeed a mysterious Providence. They seem to us to be so needed here, and before his illness the work seemed to be opening up so beautifully before them in Wusih. Her medical knowledge had greatly helped in making friends. They are both people of strong

faith, and trust where they cannot see. They hope to come back, but we greatly fear that they may not.

The year is slipping away and another May will perhaps find me at home. I scarcely dare to think much of what it will mean to be there. I am sure that the joy will be strangely blended with sorrow, but with the thought of seeing you, there is only joy. . . . You must not let Mrs. Gaither or any one else delude you into thinking that I am unchanged. I shall certainly look every one of the nine years older—and more, I think. I feel sometimes as if a lifetime had passed since the spring of 1883, when the first great change came. I want to tell you now and here that I am perhaps gladder now than ever before that God brought me to China and gave me some part in His work here. Sometimes a great solemn fear comes into my heart that a part of the work has been done with “wood, hay, and stubble,” when all the time He was willing to have trusted me with “gold, silver, and precious stones,” if I had had faith to ask for them. Yet even with the fear there has often come the precious remembrance of the tokens of His loving care and gracious thought for the work I was trying to do, as well as for me—and then I *am thankful* to feel quite sure that He will not “establish” any part that is not *His*.

He still blesses us in McTyeire School. We have now twenty-one pupils. Best of all, the presence of His Spirit in the hearts and lives of many of them is a daily comfort. Seventeen of them are Christians. The first Sunday in May Mr. Reid received into the Church fifteen people, seven of them Clopton School girls. Some special protracted services during the winter and spring were greatly blessed to the Church, both in an upbuilding of faith and quickening of zeal, and in the bringing in of a number from the outside darkness. Scarcely a week passes in which some man or woman does not offer himself or herself as a probationer. I have

never known the Church here so full of grace and faith and hope.

The ladies in McTyeire and Trinity Home are all well and working away in accustomed lines earnestly and happily, I think. Mrs. Gaither is studying almost too earnestly, I fear, but she is getting on nicely with the language. She is full of burning zeal to get to active work among the women. She speaks of you with much affection and sends a great deal of love.

We have another little one, Roberts Hearn, for a time under the sheltering wing of McTyeire Home. There are so many of us to divide the care, and with two good Chinese ahmas who have nothing to do but care for the children, that we do not feel it in any sense a burden to have the dear little people with us, but on the contrary a very real and a very sweet privilege to give something of mother-love and mother-care to these, *His* little ones. It has been to me much of the same privilege thus to help a bit my missionary brothers that it would be to help my own precious brother in his time of need if in God's providence that were possible. You can hardly realize how strong to me has become the tie which binds me to my fellow-workers. "We be brethren" and sisters in a very sweet, true sense. There is no other fellowship like "fellowship in the furtherance of the gospel." You know how strong this tie becomes at home. Here *all* with whom we are closely associated are our *fellow-workers*. Though we may have differing opinions about methods, we are, thank God! all of "one mind and one heart" in wishing for and seeking for the furtherance of the blessed gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. They are all good to me, and most watchful now in ministering to every possible want. . . .

TO MISS MATTIE NUNNALLY.

SHANGHAI, May 23, 1893.

. . . Your welcome letter of March 31st reached me May 9th, and was read with deep interest. Thank you, dear, for the real bits of heart and life which you shared with me. You did not seem quite so far away when I had finished reading the letter. I wonder how the story has ended, and if you still go to the mission Sunday school? It would save lots of trouble if men knew when a woman's "No" was final. If this particular man made a mistake, the fault was his, I am sure—not yours. Circumstances have brought me very near the sorrows of two widowers of late. (They are both young men. I am almost old enough to be the mother of either—quite of one of them—and their children call me "Ah-na," the Chinese for "Grandmother.") Their desolation has taught me a new sympathy for all widowers, and is making me an ardent advocate for second marriages. I shall never again think a widower unreasonable, or amusing, or forgetful of his first love, when he presses his suit with all possible earnestness for the hand and heart of the best and loveliest woman known to him. And when the woman can respond with equal fervor I shall be always ready to give them my blessing. That does not mean, however, that I hold the woman bound to respond. I read this sentence to-day: "No calling is nobler or more worthy of a Christian woman than marriage; but it is not the only calling. There are other callings as noble, and there are callings in which many women will find a much wider field for doing good." That I believe with all my heart—and yet I am quite sure that it is a matter which each woman must decide for herself, and that no woman at any one period of her life can decide it for a lifetime. What may be right for her to-day may not be to-morrow.

How funny for me to be writing all this to you! It would

alarm our Woman's Board, perhaps; but without occasion, I assure you. Of all improbable things, there seems nothing more improbable than that I shall ever feel impelled to change my mind on this question, so far as it is personal to me. But I have learned to judge more kindly other women who do change their minds. Indeed, I have reached the point where I give them the broadest liberty in the matter, though I still strenuously hold that one who makes a pledge to serve a Board for a definite time is under obligation to keep that pledge. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, June 8, 1893.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: Your most kind and most welcome letter of April 25th reached me May 30th. I am deeply grieved to know that you continue so feeble, but thank God for the grace so abundantly ministered to you, which enables you in the midst of such suffering to undertake and accomplish so much for Him. I am filled with wonder and with gratitude when I think of all that you have accomplished during the past fifteen years, under conditions that would have made most women feel that in being called to *bear* so much they were excused from all *doing*. It must be an inexpressible comfort to you, in thinking of all that these years have brought you, to feel so sure that the "Angel of His presence" has been with you all the time, and that the "works and love and faith and ministry and patience" have been of Him and through Him and by Him. I do thank Him for you, dear, precious friend.

I know that His consolations must have abounded to you in the great sorrow which came with your dear mother's home-going. I think that perhaps even now the gladness for her quite outweighs the sorrow of your brief separation. You will miss her until you find her again; but then it is only

missing for a time the dear bodily presence, and, though it may be ten or twenty or even thirty years, it is only a waiting time. *She* is safe at *home*, and you are going by and by. I think you must be so glad for her that she went first. Think of all the loneliness for her if you had left her. Life on earth can never be quite the same to you without her—I have been proving that for these ten long years. There will never be any other love, any other sympathy, quite so perfect as hers. Yet I think that you will come by and by to feel that the love and sympathy even are not lost; only their sweet expression is wanting, and this very want, it may be, will give you some new and precious experience of that Love which *comforteth even as a mother comforteth*. God grant that it may be so! . . .

I am incomparably stronger than last June, but the doctor insists that I must leave Shanghai for a while, so I am arranging to spend August in Arima, near Kobe. . . .

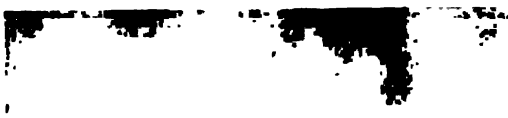
Hoping that the next mail will tell me that you are very much stronger, I am, dear Mrs. McGavock, in abiding love,
Most faithfully yours, LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

I ought to have mentioned before closing my letter that Miss Atkinson left on May 27th, with Dr. Park, to be joined at Kobe by Mrs. Park and Mrs. Lambuth. I hope that you will see something of Miss Atkinson while she is at home. I am sure it will gladden your heart to see how much she has grown in all true womanliness and general strength of character. She has been a most devoted worker and most efficient. The day schools in Soochow have been wonderfully built up under her care. I hope that she will be greatly refreshed by the rest and change.

Faithfully and affectionately,

L. A. H.

PLATE I



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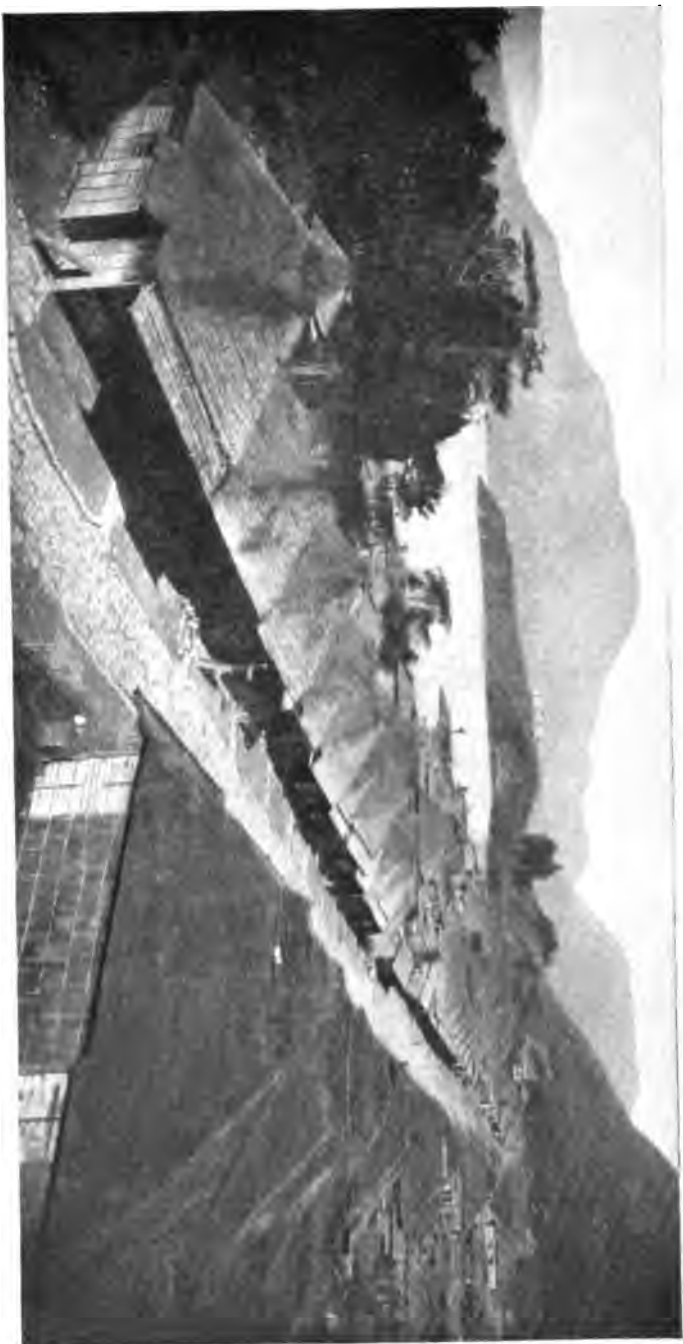
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to be in the same friendly presence, and, though a century years, it's only a waiting for you to come and you are coming by and by. I have waited for her that she would first come to see me or her if you had left her. I have waited for you the same as you without me. I have been waiting for these long years. There will never be any sympathy, or sympathy, quite so perfect as hers. I think that you will come by and by to feel that the sympathy even are not only only sympathy but is waiting, and this very thing is waiting for you to see me and please expect me to see you. I am as a mother come to tell you.

I am only 8, than last June, but the doctor insist I must leave England for a while. I am returning in August in a, near Kobe, Japan. I will tell me that you are very McGlask, in abiding love.
LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

In closing my letter I am
with Dr. Park, to be in
Kobe by Park and Mrs. Lambuch. I hope that you
will see something of Miss Atkinson while she is in
my mind. I will tell you how much she has
in her mind and general's report. I hope
that you will see that she is a most devoted worker and most effi-
cient. I hope that she will be greatly re-
spected and affectionately,
L. A. H.

HAKONE VILLAGE.



TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, July 20, 1893.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: . . . I am glad indeed to know that the meeting at Kansas City was so pleasant in every way, and very grateful that you were able to be present and take part in the deliberations without injury. I hope that you have continued to grow stronger, and that the close of the summer will find you better than the beginning. . . .

It was very kind in the Board to pass the resolutions of thanks for and appreciation of Miss Johnston's work in McTyeire School. It will give me very much pleasure to forward them to her at her present home, Kalimpong, India.

It will give me very peculiar pleasure to have the Board meet in Atlanta next year, and I hope that it may be possible for you to be with me in my sister's home there. It seems very strange, though, to me to be looking forward to such a meeting. I do not at all realize that I may be there. It seems only a dream in which lights and shadows are strangely blended. The going will inevitably mean both joy and sorrow.

I am sorry that the Board and other workers have so little reason to be satisfied with letters and reports from China. We will try to do better—though we are not without reasons for our silence. Some of us feel deeply the responsibility of writing, because we realize the difficulty of writing wisely and helpfully. I feel even now how I shall shrink from talking when I go home. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

ARIMA, JAPAN, August 19, 1893.

. . . I am sure that you remember what a pleasure and blessing I felt Chautauqua to be in '80 and '81. I hope that it has been *all* and more to you than it was to me. I can

imagine it improved and beautified in every way. Classes and schools have been added, and halls and "headquarters." But the beautiful lake must be unchanged. I wonder if you took to boating. How restful the evening hours from five to seven spent upon the lake used to be! How lovely the sunsets! Then the lectures and classes and concerts spread day after day rich banquets for mind and heart. I am sure that you must have written me about them, and I wait eagerly for the letters that are coming to me. The cottage in which I boarded was near the Amphitheater, and kept by a family named Simpson, farmers from western New York. I could find the cottage I think, but I cannot recall its name. I dare say you have passed it every day, for it was on one of the principal avenues leading to the Amphitheater.

I think we were in the midst of school examinations when I wrote last. We closed McTyeire School July 26th. Miss McClellan and Mr. Wilson were married on the evening of July 27th. On Saturday, July 29th, with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and several China friends who were seeking rest in Japan, I left Shanghai. We reached Kobe Wednesday morning, August 2d, and came out the same afternoon to Arima, a little village back in the mountains, some fifteen miles from Kobe. We had a little run on the cars, which we always—China people, I mean—greatly enjoy. Then we were brought over the mountain seven or eight miles in a sort of basket chair—mine borne by four men. Mr. Demaree, of the Japan Mission—an old classmate and very dear friend of Mr. Brown's—with whom I had formed a pleasant friendship last year, had made all necessary arrangements for our comfort at Arima, met us at Kobe, looked after our baggage, came over the mountain with us, and has shown much kindness to us here. Miss Richardson is with me. We have two rooms in the second story of a Japanese hotel, one of which we use as bedroom, and the other as

sitting room. The partition between them and the three outside walls of the rooms are made of the sliding doors so universally used in Japanese houses, and they may be thrown together, or all thrown into one broad veranda at pleasure. The village is some fifteen hundred feet above the sea, in a narrow valley with natural warm baths, a mineral spring, a waterfall, a park, pleasant walks, and all the varieties of light and shade that belong to the mountains. There is not a foreign house in the village, but almost every one who owns a house has one or more rooms to be let to summer boarders, and these Japanese houses really make delightful summer homes. Many of the Japanese have learned enough about foreign cooking to give us fairly good food. It is a favorite resort of the missionaries—though very few other foreigners ever come here—so we are always sure of pleasant and congenial companionship.

There is an annual gathering here during the first week in August of Christian workers, known as the "Arima Christian Conference," in which missionaries of every name and faith among Protestant Christians take part—*i. e.*, of those working in Japan, while several of the China missions are always represented here. There were about one hundred and fifty in attendance this year, and many realized that it was both the time and place of blessing. I enjoyed specially some of the devotional meetings. I was too tired when I came to enter fully into the spirit of the Conference.

I am beginning to feel somewhat rested. Except that I have been woefully tired, I am fairly well this summer. We expect to sail from Kobe, returning to China, September 1st. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, September 8, 1893.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: I reached Shanghai two days ago, September 6th, feeling greatly refreshed by my month's

holiday in Japan. I had thought to send you a long letter from Japan, but all the time there I was surrounded by friends, and the very conditions which afforded helpful change and pleasant recreation left little leisure for writing. I might have sent you a hurried note any day—but somehow or other I have come to feel that writing to you means a long talk, and I waited for the talking time which did not come. So—I am making my first letter from my accustomed desk in Shanghai yours. . . .

Your most kind letter of July 13th sent directly to Japan reached me about the middle of August and gave me very much pleasure. Thank you with all my heart for all its kind words of confidence and sympathy. You can never know how much of comfort and strength through all these years God has sent me through your loving trust. It was especially sweet to have this message come to me during the resting time. . . .

I was very sorry that your letter of August 3d did not bring a more favorable account of your health. I had hoped for speedy improvement under the care of your skilful physician, and hope that the next mail will tell me that you were free from pain and very much stronger before leaving for Bethlehem.

Thank you very much for writing me so fully of your thought about my plan of taking two young Chinese women to the Training School for medical training. I have not yet heard from Miss Gibson. I had understood that pupils in the Training School could receive a thorough medical training in connection with the Hospital and some Medical College in the city. If this is impossible, the plan as proposed to you and Miss Gibson must be abandoned. I could never consent to take young women from China to America for education unless they could have assured the protection of some such home as the Training School while studying. I would

not dare to expose them to the perils that would come inevitably to Chinese women in a large city attending an ordinary Medical College, even though that college were the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. I do exceedingly desire that these women should be prepared for medical work among their own people, but I do not wish them to go to the United States of America to study unless it can be under safe conditions. If these cannot be secured, I will accept that as a providential indication that they ought not to go, and will seek for them the best advantages for study that can be secured in China.

. . . It was a great pleasure to me this summer to be in constant intercourse for three weeks with Lula Lipscomb Waters and Ada Reagan Mosely. They are both doing faithful, earnest work as missionaries, and are happy in their homes and lives, though they have not just the work that we would have chosen for them. Mrs. Waters was so happy at receiving a letter from you while I was in Japan.

I think you will pardon so long a letter after so long a silence, though it may be that you would rather have had it in sections.

I do hope, dear Mrs. McGavock, that this will find you much stronger. With abiding love, as ever and always,

Most faithfully yours,

Laura A. Haygood.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, November 30, 1893.

. . . Miss Richardson is moving to McTyeire Home to-day. This seems to bring the going time a bit nearer, as it is the last of the changes among the workers preparatory to my going. I shall be so glad to have her here these last few months. Of those left in China, she has the best place in my heart—though there are many here who have become

very dear to me—fellow-workers well beloved. I will tell you more about them some day.

I shall be glad to go, even though I know that there must be as much of sorrow, it may be, as joy waiting for me there. Whatever the first, the joy I am sure will be very sweet and deep. Yet this impending change, like all the other great changes of life, produces a strange solemnity in my heart. I can't help looking back, you know, over these nine years in China, and, looking, I can't help seeing a great many failures, weaknesses, sins, neglected opportunities—and here and there in the house of my years traces of the "wood, hay, and stubble" with which I have sometimes built. It is such a panorama as approaching death might bring—and it drives me close to the infinite Love, the infinite Pity. He knows, He knows what I have wanted to be, and *He remembereth that I am dust*—and I can only leave it all with Him. "Though the work be burned—he himself shall be saved."

You cannot imagine how *far* short of all that I had longed to do, the work of these nine years has been. God has not left me without witnesses that He has accepted and blessed some parts of the work. Without that my heart would break, I think, in looking back at it all. I want you to pray that in the little time that is left me in China after you read this letter He will let me do some very real thing for Him here, and above all that He will so dwell in me that I may every hour show forth "the mind that is in Christ Jesus," and more that He will make me ready for going home and doing whatever He wants me to do there, and being everywhere and all the time all that He wants me to be. . . .

I suppose Sister Myra has told you that we are to have another wedding in the Mission. Has she told you, too, how heartily I approve? I shall be very happy to turn my little people over to such tender, loving hands before I go away; and, besides, I feel quite sure that the interests of the work

as a whole will be advanced and strengthened by this partnership—and *the work as a whole* has come to mean much more to me than the work of the Woman's Board of Missions. Miss Kerr will not, I am very sure, cease in any sense to be a missionary in becoming the wife of Mr. Hill, and she will make it possible for him to stay in the field and go on with the work for which he is so gifted. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, January 26, 1894.

. . . I did not at all mean that the year should grow so old before my letter should say "Happy New Year" to you. I have not been forgetting, but hands, mind, and heart have all been so full. Pulling up the roots in China is almost as difficult as it was in Georgia ten years ago. There are so many things to be thought of and talked of and planned for—but the thinking and planning and talking are all going on, and March 24 has been fixed upon as the day for leaving China. There will be sorrowful good-byes, but there will be as well the joyful looking forward to welcomes waiting on the "other side." There is a strange solemnity about all these great life changes. It is such a facing of one's past and present and future as could otherwise come only with death, I think. . . . I feel as if I had lived a whole lifetime in these ten years. How full they have been of work, and sorrow, and joy, and blessing! I find even now that I think much more of the joy and blessing than the work and sorrow, and there will be little but good to tell you when I come.

We have been busy for nearly three weeks with our examinations. They are almost over now, and vacation will begin January 31st.

Mr. Hill and Miss Kerr are to be married at McTyeire Home February 13. This is one of the weddings at which I may be happy. It is such a blessed thing for Mr. Hill and

the children, and good, I am sure, for the work as a whole. She will make a lovely mother for our dear babies. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, February 15, 1894.

. . . Mr. Hill and Miss Kerr were married on Tuesday, the 13th inst. It was a simple, pretty wedding. Only four friends outside our own Mission were present. They left the next day for Nantziang. I think that Mr. Hill feels that God has been wonderfully good to him in giving him this happy issue out of all his sorrows. I am very grateful that I may transfer our little ones to such wise and loving care as their new mamma will give them.

I am arranging for still another wedding before I go away—that of Mr. Yun, the young Korean who studied at Emory College for a time, and one of our best girls, a lovely young Chinese woman, Mo Sieu-tsung, a pupil-teacher in McTyeire School. They are both very earnest Christians, and it promises to be a very happy pairing. But the wooing has all been done by proxy—so I have had to be “middle woman” between them, and it has been at once funny and pathetic, but to me much more pathetic than funny. In China, with a Chinese girl as one of the parties, it could not possibly have been otherwise.

Miss Rankin was asked to act as Agent W. B. M. for the Shanghai District during my absence, but she declined to serve, and the Board has asked Miss Richardson to undertake the duties. You must give dear Helen Richardson a place in your prayers. Very heavy burdens are coming upon her because of my going. She is brave and strong, and has the faith that God honors and helps, and that honors God, but I know only too well how much of care and anxiety the coming months have in store for her. . . . She will be very lonely just at first. I can't half tell you how loving

and loyal she has been to me, nor what a help and blessing ever since she came to China. I thank God for her and for her faithful love and strong heart. If she were not here, I do not see how it would be possible for me to go home now. . . .

I expect to be at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, on or about April 14, and shall hope to find a letter from you waiting for me there. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Tuesday, April 17, 1894.

. . . This is only a tiny love letter to thank you for the two precious letters that met me at Yokohama and here. I felt quite overwhelmed by all the wealth of love and welcome that I found waiting for me here on Sunday morning.

I shall not take time now to tell you about the voyage and all the happenings by the way. I am sure that you have heard from Sister Myra that I have not been well. I am better now, and hope to be *well* when I reach Atlanta. If there had been much writing strength, there would have been a real letter from the ocean for you.

I leave this P.M. with a dear China missionary friend who has crossed with me, and who goes on to Chicago. We shall be together to Kansas City, where I hope to stop over Sunday. I shall have to stop over one train at St. Louis to see Miss Richardson's family, then a few hours with Anna, then a few hours with Mrs. McGavock, and then *home*. . . . I long to see you, and my heart is all aquiver with thoughts of home and loved ones. . . .

CHAPTER XV.

HOME AGAIN.

April, 1894, to March, 1896.

I do verily believe that if the *mind* of the Church could be enlightened, there would be such an awakening of conscience among those who really love our Lord as would lead to such royal gifts of men and women and money as would surpass our most ardent faith. I do think that the time has come when both our Boards should unite in such a crusade against this ignorance as will make all that we have hitherto done toward disseminating missionary information and circulating missionary literature mere play.—*Miss Haygood.*

AFTER an absence of more than nine and one-half years, Miss Haygood returned to Atlanta April 27, 1894. It is hardly possible for one who has always stayed in the fatherland to realize all that this home-coming meant to her. For almost ten years she had dwelt in a foreign land, among a people whose language and civilization were as remote from her own as the east is from the west. During all those years not once had she seen any one between whom and herself there was the tie of blood. Time and death had been busy while she was away. Those whom she had last seen and loved as children were now grown to young manhood and womanhood, and she found that more than one familiar form was sleeping the last deep sleep. Changes had come in the home, the circle of friends, and in the Church. Pain was so intermingled with joy that some heartache was inevitable, but the gladness of *being at home* once more outweighed

every other thought, and the reunion with loved ones was to her a foretaste of heavenly joys.

Within a week after her return, a reception was given to Miss Haygood by the ladies of Trinity Church and the First Methodist Church, at the residence of Mrs. W. A. Hemphill. Hundreds of Miss Haygood's friends availed themselves of this opportunity to meet her, and to express their great pleasure at her safe return after so long an absence. They rejoiced that their dear friend had lost nothing of the old familiar charm of voice and manner which had so endeared her to them. On the contrary, they found that a new sweetness and grace and dignity had come to her through the many experiences of her life abroad.

A genuine pleasure was in store for Miss Haygood when, on a Sunday shortly after her return, she visited the scene of her former mission work in Atlanta. The afternoon had been set apart by the school for a reception to her. Long before the hour appointed, the house was filled with members and friends of the school. They listened with close attention while Miss Haygood gave them some glimpses of her life and work in China. At the conclusion of her talk, many crowded forward to grasp her hand, and to express their great delight at the privilege of looking once more into her dear face.

Miss Haygood's first weeks at home were filled with numerous calls from friends both new and old. A friend writing of that time says: "Visitors of all stations and denominations called day after day when she was in Atlanta—her old pupils in pleased wonder at her ready recollection of their names and faces. Many persons from other towns came in to see her." There were also many requests to talk

at society meetings, not only in the various Methodist Churches of the city, but in those of other denominations.

On June 9th the Woman's Board of Missions held its annual meeting at Trinity Church, Atlanta. Miss Haygood, though far from well, was present during the greater part of the session, taking an active part in all the proceedings. Through the courtesy of the Board, she was accorded a voice in their discussions. By her practical knowledge of work on the field, she was able not only to give the Board much interesting information, but often to solve for them some half-understood problems.

Finding that her health did not improve in Atlanta as had been hoped, Miss Haygood's family prevailed upon her to go to Virginia and try the healing virtue of the waters of Rockbridge Alum Springs. Accordingly, accompanied by her sister and little nephew, she went to the springs about July 7th, and spent a month or more there. The following letters written while there, and under circumstances of great physical weakness, show her unflinching sympathy and care for those around her, even though they were strangers.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS, VA., July 11, 1895,
Wednesday, 5 P.M.

. . . We arrived safely on Saturday afternoon about this time, and were soon comfortably settled. . . .

The place is indeed beautiful for situation, a little valley high up in the mountains surrounded by still higher mountains, with lovely groves and pleasant walks. The air is a veritable elixir. It is a pleasure simply to breathe. Of

course it is too soon for me to say yet what the waters will do for me. . . .

They are prepared here to receive thirteen hundred guests, but now have only about one hundred and fifty. So you will see that we are not crowded, and some people think it distressingly quiet. We, however, are far from thinking that objectionable.

There was a singular chain of "tokens" that led me to conduct a Bible reading—in which I had to do all the reading—in the parlor on Sunday evening. Remind me to tell you about it. It had so chanced that there had been no preachers here this season, and so no service—and some seemed exceedingly glad. At the beginning I could get no one to lead in singing a familiar hymn, but when at the close I asked if some one would not lead in singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," there was a response by a strong, sweet voice, and the forty or fifty who had gathered in the room nearly all joined in the singing, and then, when I asked, joined me in repeating the Lord's Prayer. I think that many felt glad of the sweet, restful ending of the Sabbath day.

If you have at hand a book of Bible readings, please lend it to me. I think there may be some other occasions when I may use them.

The weather has been perfect—a little cool for the season, but very delightful. We spend much of the day outdoors. I am enjoying—and so are others—some of the stories you so kindly provided for my entertainment. . . .

I am afraid that I am feeling rather selfish, and am not as social as I ought to be. I can't put away from me a sense of responsibility about the people around me, and yet I find it difficult to meet their advances. It is ever so much nicer to wander off with Myra and read or talk or be silent just as I please, than to exert myself to entertain the tired, listless, lonely people. I don't want to be selfish, but I think I am being so. Ask God to help me just in this, dear. There are

so few here who know Him, or care about Him that the obligation to let them see something of His love and sympathy and interest in them seems very strong. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

R. A. SPRINGS, July 24, 1894.

. . . I wish that you could have had a change this vacation—that is, if the change would be the best thing for you. I can't tell you how tired I'm getting of *change*. I can scarcely imagine anything that would seem more blessed to me than to be *still* for a long, long time.

. . . Dear Myra is the redeeming blessing here. Whatever the result to my body, I shall always remember with gratitude and pleasure this time with her. She is inexpressibly sweet and good to me. . . .

TO MISS MATTIE NUNNALLY.

R. A. SPRINGS, VA., August 9, 1894.

. . . I miss Myra very greatly, but feel that I would have been very selfish to keep her longer when there were so many reasons for her being at home. The friends here have been *exceedingly kind* to me—as kind as kind can be—leaving nothing undone that they thought could minister to my comfort. My doctor, too, has been very watchful. . . . I am on the whole rather better to-day and hope to improve. I do not feel that I can stay more than a week longer, and, unless there is some providential hindrance, shall leave Friday, August 17th. If I am well enough, I wish to make two or three little visits on the way home. . . . At the latest I hope to be back in Atlanta by the last of August.

Now, I wonder where you are? I do hope that you are having a restful outing somewhere. How other than our plans has been the summer for both of us! I am trying to accept my *disappointment* as God's *appointment* for me, and

to be still and patient and learn in the quiet the lessons He would teach. I did so want the summer vacation with the children at Kirkwood—but He knows all about it. I *am* trying to leave *all* plans without any reserve to Him. . . .

While at home, Miss Haygood received a great many invitations to visit missionary societies in all parts of the Church. It was impossible to accept all, and so in some instances, where she could not go in person, she sent a letter to speak for her and her "Chinese sisters." By her constant contact with the women in the different places, Miss Haygood soon came to know the points which were of general interest to the home workers. She had constantly to answer questions and meet criticisms, both as to the work being done, and as to the homes and lives of the missionaries. The following letter, published in the *Woman's Missionary Advocate* for March, 1895, takes up a number of these points, and in answering them gives a vivid picture of the home life and daily work of the missionaries and the earnest devotion of the native Christians.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY
SOCIETY.

My Dear Sisters: I would count it a very real privilege if I could at this time come to you in person with greeting from my fellow-missionaries and from our Chinese sisters of our beloved Church in China. It would be a peculiar pleasure to talk with you face to face of our work—their work, my work, your work; and, best of all, highest of all, the work of our Lord and Christ. That it is His work makes it worth the doing and worth the talking about.

If I were with you to-day, I would ask you to give me topics. I would like first to talk to you about the departments of

our work in which you are specially interested; and then, if by chance I discovered that there was any department of our work in which you are not interested, I think I would wish to give most time and ask your closest attention to that department.

To the new missionary, I think the first interest gathers about our homes. You too will be interested in knowing that the representatives of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society are living in houses owned by our Board, and in most cases built especially as homes for its missionaries. These are all comfortable brick houses built after American or English pattern, with such modifications as the peculiarities of the climate make desirable or experience has taught to be helpful. Brick is almost universally used as building material in our part of China, because it is both cheaper and more durable than wood. The houses will impress you at first as being rather larger than our numbers would require, but a few days in any one of the homes would probably convince you that they could not be smaller without imperiling the health or usefulness of the workers. We live in a damp, malarial climate, and it has been found that foreigners cannot sleep habitually upon the first floor without endangering health. Hence our bedrooms are all upon the second floor, and the first floor is given up to our sitting room, dining room, and the studies of the ladies. We think that her health—physical, mental, spiritual—makes it very desirable that each lady should have a bedroom to herself, and the necessities of work and study make it almost equally desirable that she should have a study all her own. Then in every home we need a common sitting room, a dining room, and one or two guest rooms, for the missionary must illustrate in her home and life the Christian grace of hospitality.

We furnish our homes simply, but comfortably, and we try to make them as cozy and homelike as our circumstances will allow. Where several ladies share one home, one of

them is usually business manager, gives orders, and pays accounts, and is responsible for the orderly management of the house. The expenses are shared equally by all who share the rights and privileges of the home. We are very greatly blessed in being able to secure in China good domestic service at reasonable charges, so it has become to us both a matter of judgment and conscience not to use our time and strength in doing housework which a Chinaman, for a few dollars a month, will do as well or better than we ourselves can do it. Thus it happens that even our housekeepers are set free from many of the cares that belong to your lives at home, and we, who in God's providence have been called to work for Him in China, are able to give to Him for service *our bodies* in a more entire way than is often possible to earnest workers at home. We do try to make our homes in the sweetest and truest and best sense *Christian* homes, and every morning and evening we gather about our family altar, and together offer the sacrifices of prayer and praise and thanksgiving. And there our dear far-away homes and our loving and beloved fellow-workers are most tenderly remembered, and together we bring the cares of our work, its burdens and perplexities, to our Heavenly Father, and seek, not in vain, "daily strength for daily needs."

Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

Our work lies both within and without our homes. Many long hours must necessarily be spent in our studies in preparation for the work outside, and in our studies come to us many opportunities of telling one and another of Him who is "mighty to save," and to teach slowly and patiently the individual lesson that will help the learner to become an intelligent hearer of the Word in church or chapel. A very real part of our work during the first four or five years, almost the sole work of the first year, is the study of the new and

difficult language which is to be our means of communication with the people around us. This would be the most irksome of tasks oftentimes if we were not able to feel that this may be done "unto Him whom we serve," and is indeed to Him, done for His sake, most "acceptable service." But health and strength and patience are sorely tried in learning this long lesson, and when you pray for us remember to ask God to help us in acquiring the language, and to strengthen us to all patience and persistence in this work. Beginning, as we usually do, at different times, and unequally advanced as we are in the language, the work is usually individual, and is usually done with a personal teacher. Much of this work takes the form of conversation in Chinese, or of reading aloud to the teacher, hence the objection to two ladies sharing the same study. . . .

Of the Church itself there is so much that I would like to tell you. I am afraid that some of you do not quite realize that there is indeed a Church of Christ in China, a body of believers gathered out of this heathen nation—men and women who have received the Holy Ghost as well as you—who in sweet fellowship are working together for the furtherance of the gospel among their people; who in church and Sunday school, in prayer meetings and missionary societies, in Christian Endeavor societies, and in such other ways as in God's providence are open to them, are working for their Lord and Master.

It would gladden your heart to look in upon our Sunday schools and see the two or three hundred children with bright, happy faces, gathered there, and singing with glad hearts and voices the hymns you know and love. It may be "Happy day that fixed my choice," or "Jesus loves me," or "I will arise and go to Jesus," for these blessed hymns and many others are very dear to them. You would not understand the words, but there is a universal heart language that speaks through voices and faces that you would understand.

Then we would tell you that the lesson of the day, veiled though it be in Chinese dress, is just the same that your children are studying at home. You will be glad to see that there are grown-up young people gathered in classes, that there are elderly men and elderly women among the pupils, listening with close attention to the earnest words of the teacher. Then you would enjoy the morning service when the missionary or the native pastor in fervent words delivers God's message to the waiting congregation. Still more I think you would enjoy the Christian service on Sunday afternoon—sometimes prayer meeting, sometimes experience meeting, sometimes Bible reading—when one and another, brother or sister, will tell of God's dealings with him or with her, of His goodness and mercy and love. And there may be a sorrowful confession of failure and sin, a story of sorrow and burden-bearing which seeks help in the intercessory prayers of brethren and sisters. Then when the leader says, "Will two or three brethren or sisters lead us in prayer?" there comes the ready response from the brother or sister that shows that there are many in the little congregation who "know the way to the throne of grace, and have been often there."

If my letter were not already so long, I should like to tell you somewhat in detail of our Woman's Missionary Society in Shanghai, and of the Bible women employed by them, and of the real earnest work they are doing for their Chinese sisters. They charged me at my last meeting with them to greet most lovingly in their name the Woman's Missionary Society in America. They hold you in most loving and most grateful remembrance. "The ministration of your service to them has abounded in many thanksgivings to God," as "they glorify God for the obedience of your confession unto the gospel of Christ, and for the liberality of your contribution unto them and unto all; while they themselves also, with

supplication in your behalf, long after you by reason of the exceeding grace of God in you."

Of these good women, and many, many other Chinese Christians, it may be said to-day, as once of the Church of Macedonia, "the abundance of their joy in their deep poverty abounds unto the riches of their liberality," and this because, "first they gave their own selves to the Lord."

Two most interesting departments of our work in China I can only allude to in this letter—the medical work, which gathers around our Woman's Hospital at Soochow, and the work of our Bible women. Through the hospital the souls as well as the bodies of women receive Christian ministry, and they are brought to the Great Physician and told of His love and sympathy and power to heal and save.

Through the Bible women who are working with and under the direction of our ladies, hundreds of Chinese homes are visited every year, hundreds of Chinese women sitting "in darkness" that is the "shadow of death" are pointed to the Light of the World, and told "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." And from these darkened homes women are coming from time to time into "the light and liberty of the children of God."

I have been telling you of the ways in which God is owning and blessing His work that you may thank Him and take courage. But I want you to remember that it is only of the hundreds, or if we consider all Christian work, of the few thousands of China that I have been speaking. I beg you to remember the "millions" who are yet without God and without hope in the world. O, my sisters, if you could only realize the measure of your opportunities and responsibilities; if you could enter more fully into the "fellowship of Christ's suffering" for them, you would, I know, give yourselves to this work with a deeper love, a stronger faith, a more fervent zeal, and find in it a sweeter privilege and a higher joy than you have ever known in service.

May God lead you to this, and grant to you at this time a new anointing for service and make your coming together the occasion of help and blessing to every heart.

Pray for your fellow-workers in China, both foreign missionaries and native Christians, that God may endue them with power from on high.

With Christian greeting to every member of your society, in the bonds of the gospel of Christ, your fellow-worker,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

In addition to questions about the home life and work of the missionaries, Miss Haygood was often asked whether the girls trained in our mission schools were really appreciative of the work done for them, and whether they became genuine and intelligent Christians. The following letter to Mrs. Butler, published in the *Woman's Missionary Advocate* for January, 1895, giving some of the letters she had received from pupils, furnishes a complete and beautiful answer to these questions.

TO MRS. BUTLER.

ATLANTA, GA., December, 1894.

My Dear Mrs. Butler: I think I must share with you my last China mail. . . . I will leave the older missionaries to speak for themselves, but I have letters from some of my pupils—Chinese girls who are or have been pupils in McTyeire School. May I give them to you as they came to me?

"McTYEIRE SCHOOL, October 24, 1894.

"My Dear Teacher: I am sorry to hear that you are still not quite well. I have wanted to write you for a long time, but I could not find any news to write.

"Our school has been reopened about six weeks. We had a nice time during vacation, but the weather was very hot

indeed this year. I think that the climate of America is better than China.

"I will tell you a piece of sad news. Poor Mr. Woo's son died on last Saturday. O, he looked so strong and stout; everybody thought that he would have a long life. He had a red fever. They are very sorry in the family, but Mr. Woo has great faith, and just like Job he says: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.' He also comforts his family. Many persons attended the funeral.

"Vong Yuin has come back to school again, because she did not like to stay there.

"I don't know whether you know or not, we are studying the Chinese physiology, and translate it into English every other day. I find it very hard to do because some words we don't know how to put in English. But I suppose afterwards we can get along more easily. This lesson is taught by Miss Richardson. Good-by. May God bless you and keep you always in good health. Please give my love to Mrs. Brown when you see her. With a heart full of love,

"WAUNG SOO-LIEN."

"McTYEIRE SCHOOL, October 25, 1894.

"*My Dear Miss Haygood:* I am getting lazy about writing English letters because it costs me so much to think, to write, and to copy a letter. I have wondered several times whether I could write you a letter by myself. No, I could not; if I did I know it would trouble you to guess at some of my meanings. So I decided I had better not do it till I know more English. Since you went to America, about seven months ago, the school has not changed much. We have only one new pupil. Her name is Vong-yuin. Soo-shung is back again. Zau Vong-yuin has been staying at Miss Halley's hospital about five weeks, but came back again. I do not mean she was sick in the hospital, but was there to try to learn medicine. We are all quite well except

Yien-me; she has been sick about one month. We learn that she is better now. Yesterday Tsoe-di and I began to study the sixth reader. We have been expecting to begin it for a long time. We are so glad that we have really begun it. I am taking both organ and piano lessons, because I think the former will be more useful to me than the latter. Tsoe-di and I stopped taking calisthenics. We use this quarter of an hour in reading some of Longfellow's poems. We have just finished 'Evangeline.' It is a very beautiful, interesting and helpful story. We have begun another, 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.' We read this by the help of Miss Richardson.

"Did you know Mr. Woo's son? He left this world and went home to heaven on the 13th of October. He was an earnest, faithful Christian, and very smart, too. He helped his father greatly in his good work. How his parents must miss him, their only son, their hope and their joy!

"I am sorry to hear, through Miss Richardson, that your health is no better. I sincerely hope you will get well soon.

"With much love, your loving pupil,

"E-FAUNG SIH."

Mr. Woo is a devoted and efficient native pastor in the Episcopal Mission. His faith has triumphed, and he has glorified God in this deep sorrow.

"SOOCHOW, October 31, 1894.

"*Dear Miss Haygood:* I am so sorry to hear that you are no better after you went back to your native land. I always think of you and want to see you. I cannot forget your love and kindness to me. I am now staying at Soochow with my mother, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Atkinson, and Dr. Walter. The first two or three weeks I was very homesick, and missed my dear loved persons in Shanghai so much. I enjoyed the Conference very much. My soul eat many good food.

"I send you a little bookmark to show you my remembrance. My mother said: 'Maung-maung He Sien-sang.' I must close now because I don't want to increase your fatigue.

"With much love. May God bless you every day.

"Your loving girl, SIEU-TSUNG."

This precious little note Miss Richardson inclosed to me that she might "pass on" the pleasure. For the same reason I send it to you:

"McTYEIRE SCHOOL, September 13, 1894.

"*My Dear Miss Richardson:* I want very much to work for Jesus, not only after I leave the school, but while I am in the school too. I know you teachers are very busy about the teaching. If you will let me help the school to teach half or one hour I shall be extremely glad to do it. I do not want any salary. I do it just for Jesus' sake.

"Your loving pupil, E-FAUNG SIH."

Miss Sih is our oldest pupil, and an excellent Chinese scholar.

Now, two or three sentences from other letters. Zau Vong-yuin writes:

"You know Miss Richardson has a good way of teaching everything. I know you are glad to hear we have many, many profits from her.

"During vacation Miss Richardson lent us a book called 'Stepping Heavenward' to read. I like it very much, for it is quite interesting, and makes me feel God is merciful, though we are often against Him.

"Please remember me in your prayers, and ask God to give me heavenly wisdom to know what I ought to learn and do; not to let me think of the advantages of mine, but of others and have patience to the poor people."

There are others, but perhaps these are sufficient to answer some of the questions that have come to me since I have been

at home, such as: "Are Chinese girls affectionate?" "Do the Chinese have any appreciation of what you are trying to do for them?" "Do Chinese Christians seem to have genuine religious experience?" These are all *heart letters*. McTyeire School is the only one of the schools of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions in which we teach the girls English. In this school there are regular charges for board and tuition, and English is an optional study, just as foreign languages are often in our schools at home. In the boarding schools supported by the Board, intended as training schools for teachers and helpers, we have felt that we could lay surer foundations for a practical education that would be of use in fitting them for work among their own people through their own language, and in these schools as well we have the joy of seeing Chinese girls grow into strong, intelligent Christian women. I have Chinese letters from Clopton School as full of thought and love and grace as any of the English letters from McTyeire School. Are these not precious fields?

There are thousands and thousands and thousands of Chinese girls whose minds and hearts are now asleep. Awakened, they will be as bright and loving as these, our girls.

O, my sisters of the home Church, would that I could make you know the joy of being God's messengers in awakening minds and souls to light and love. Then we would not call to you in vain, "Come over and help us." Your plea to the Church would surely be, "Send me, send me;" and you and the Church would count it all joy to give silver and gold and lives to this blessed work.

Yours for Christ and China,

Laura A. Haygood.

Much of Miss Haygood's time while at home, and nominally resting, was spent in attending missionary meetings throughout the South. Her travels took her to Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Arkansas, Ten-

nessee, Washington, D. C., and Texas. This work of visiting the churches occupied a large part of 1895, and would have been heavy for one in full vigor. To Miss Haygood, in her enfeebled condition, it was a severe strain. So great, however, was her love, so intense her zeal, that she did not stop to count the physical cost. She spoke at many meetings when she should—by all the laws of health—have been resting quietly at home. The entreaties of her friends that she should not exhaust her limited strength by ceaseless work were unavailing. *Rest* seemed impossible to her so long as she was able to stand and tell people of the work to be done for Christ in China. Her pathetic words written while at Rockbridge Alum Springs, "I can scarcely imagine anything that would seem more blessed to me than to be *still* for a long, long time," show the craving of her whole being for the rest which she refused to take. Like Paul, she was "in journeyings often;" and like him, her soul was burdened with "anxiety for all the Churches."

January, 1895, found Miss Haygood in Tampa, Fla., attending the annual meeting of the Florida Conference Society.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

TAMPA, FLA., January 19, 1895.

Saturday, 7 A.M.

. . . I am ready for breakfast, but think that it is somewhere in the future, half an hour or so, and I am very glad to have the little talking time with you.

I reached Tampa safely Wednesday between 7 and 8 P.M.—a very tired body—but soon found myself most comfortably settled in Mr. Henderson's home, where every kindness is shown me and everything possible is done for my com-

fort. I have a delightful room all to myself, and am allowed to stay in it sometimes when I want to. Thursday I had a nice, quiet day, really restful, and Thursday evening there was a pleasant reception at this home. Among the guests were Bishop Duncan, Dr. Tigert, and Dr. Lambuth. Bishop Duncan had run down after the Conference to look after the Cuban work. Dr. Lambuth had come to stay and help with this meeting. He will preach on Sunday. His presence is a benediction. I am more glad than I can tell you that he is here. Bishop Duncan and Dr. Tigert made short talks yesterday morning, but both left last evening.

The meeting opened well on yesterday. There are about sixty women present—earnest, consecrated women they are. I gave them a home talk yesterday morning, and took Dr. Tigert's place last night. I had promised to say a few words, but he was to make *the* address. His train left at seven, so the address fell to me—and I like few things less than making "an address." Of course I turned it into a talk. I always do. I think I gave them some facts that were new; but I did not feel that I was really getting at the hearts of the people, and came away from the church with an oppressed feeling that I had in some measure lost an opportunity. I am to talk to the children to-morrow afternoon (Sunday), and to have the service to-morrow night, Dr. Lambuth preaching in the morning. God help me! I feel so burdened this morning with the responsibility of talking at all.

The weather is very beautiful—quite like our spring days. . . .

Everybody is lovely to me. I am overwhelmed with invitations. I now think that I shall make two or three other visits before leaving Florida. Ask God to make my programme for me, and not to let me speak anywhere unless He has a message for me and is going to speak through my lips. . . .

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SAVANNAH, GA., February 12, 1895.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: Your kind postal reached me at Tampa some three weeks ago. I have been moving about so constantly since that there has been little writing time, though I have not, I scarcely need assure you, been forgetful of you.

We had a pleasant and profitable meeting at Tampa, and I have had the privilege since of meeting the Churches in a number of other places, and talking to them about our work in China. We had a meeting here yesterday afternoon that has filled my heart with praises. It was cold and rainy, and Savannah people are not at all accustomed to such weather. An appointment had been made for a missionary meeting at 4 P.M. at our Trinity Church. I went, expecting to find a dozen or so good women already in closest sympathy with our work. Imagine my glad surprise when I entered the church and found a large congregation—between two and three hundred men, women, and children—come together to hear about China. It made talking a real joy. . . .

Remember that I am longing and praying for at least *ten* young women to go back with me this autumn. Do not think "we cannot spare so many to China." This is the hour of China's supreme need. *We must have the women.* . . .

The Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions was held in Meridian, Miss., May 10-15, 1895. Miss Haygood attended the session, and took a prominent part in the exercises. The Annual Report gives a very appreciative account of the profound impression which she made upon the Board. On Monday evening she delivered an address on China, in which by her graphic descriptions and loving entreaty she brought the interests of that great country very near to the hearts of her audience. On Wednesday

afternoon, at the close of the business session, Miss Haygood conducted the love feast, which was a fitting climax to a meeting marked by harmony and deep spirituality.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

NAVASOTA, TEX., May 26, 1895.

Sunday, 4 P.M.

. . . I shall have many sweet experiences to share with you when I come. God has helped me marvelously during these wanderings, and given me so many willing hearers, and, more, I do feel that He has been giving me messages for them—and that the coming has not been in vain. My body is tired, but my heart is glad and fresh and strong. . .

I am not quite sure of my program this week. I expect to be at Tyler, Tex., for the East Texas Conference Society meeting, Wednesday and Thursday, and if I am not feeling quite well by that time, shall turn my face Atlantaward and may be with you all next Sunday. It will be good to be there again even for a little while. . . .

Miss Haygood saw much while on her missionary journeys among the Churches both to encourage and discourage her. She rejoiced to find everywhere "earnest-hearted, devoted women," who were working for missions. On the other hand, it grieved her greatly that these earnest workers were but as a handful in comparison with the hundreds of thousands of women in the Church who seemed utterly to forget that Christ's neglected ones in heathen lands had any claim upon them whatever. Everywhere also she found "deplorable ignorance as to the missionary work of our Church." This ignorance she believed to be at the root of much of the indifference, and she urgently desired that the Woman's

Board should unite with the General Board in a vigorous crusade against it. She wished very much to talk over the whole work with Mrs. McGavock, but the opportunity for such a conference never came. The following letter shows how clearly Miss Haygood came to realize the widespread apathy of the home Church with regard to missions. It also shows her deep conviction that the cure for this apathy lay in the thoroughgoing dissemination of missionary intelligence.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

272 RAWSON ST., ATLANTA, GA., July 23, 1895.

My Dear Mrs. McGavock: I am very sorry to have allowed so long a time to pass without writing to you. Since I saw you in April until I came home sick about ten days ago, I have been traveling almost constantly, going from one missionary meeting to another, with little time for writing. I have often wished that I might talk over with you the "home work" as I have seen it during these wanderings. You will be interested, I think, in knowing that I have attended since April eight Conference Society meetings, three or four district meetings, besides talking at general meetings in eight or ten towns and cities, and at several parlor meetings. The months have been as full of *privilege* as work. It has been a wonderful opportunity—which I have felt to be a great responsibility as well—to be brought thus into heart touch with thousands of the women of our Church, and to be allowed to talk to them face to face of the high and holy work to which God has called—is calling—us. It has been a very great comfort and encouragement to me to find everywhere earnest-hearted, devoted women, who, moved by the constraining love of Christ, are working for missions, praying for missions, and longing for the coming of the kingdom. On the other hand, it is with great sorrow that I have real-

ized how few, how very few of the hundreds of thousands of women in our Church have any part or lot in this matter. Everywhere I find them willing to listen, everywhere I find deplorable ignorance as to the missionary work of our Church. Only the few—men or women—know anything about it. I do verily believe that if the *mind* of the Church could be enlightened, there would be such an awakening of conscience among those who really love our Lord as would lead to such royal gifts of men and women and money as would surpass our most ardent faith. I do think that the time has come when both our Boards should unite in such a crusade against this ignorance as will make all that we have hitherto done toward disseminating missionary information and circulating missionary literature mere play.

I have come to feel very strongly that our Secretary for Home Affairs should be a salaried officer, whose whole time belongs to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and who could give her *life* to advancing the interests of the "work at home." It is quite impossible for any woman to meet the opportunities and responsibilities of this office while she is free to give to it only the recreation time left from what is supposed to be her life work. I feel that Mrs. Trueheart is doing all that is possible under existing conditions, but I do long to see her *set free* to give all her strength to this work. The results of the first year would, I am sure, amaze the Church.

My pen has quite run away with me. I had not intended to write all this at this time—but my heart has been mightily stirred within me by a thought of what our women might do if they only realized their privileges. Before I go back to China *we must* have a talk about it.

Now, I wish much that I might have a talk with you about our work in China. By every token I feel that if it is possible I ought to go back in January. Miss Richardson is brave and strong, and she has shown wonderful wisdom in the

management of the work ; but I feel that she must have some relief before another summer from accumulating burdens, such relief as only my return could bring her.

. . . There are so many other needs out there that are pressing sorely upon my heart—but perhaps I ought not to burden you with them now. . . .

In most faithful love, always yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

The letter just quoted closes the long and intimate correspondence between Miss Haygood and Mrs. McGavock. In the summer and early autumn of 1895, Mrs. McGavock became so ill that her friends could not fail to see that her long and most fruitful service as Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Board of Missions was rapidly nearing its close. Faithfully and with rare skill she had served the cause which was so dear to her, and not until the heavenly gates were in full view did she consent to lay down the work with its burden of privilege and obligation. Toward the last of October the work of the Foreign Secretary was formally transferred to the Secretary of Home Affairs, Mrs. S. C. Trueheart. Thereafter Miss Haygood's letters pertaining to the mission work were addressed to Mrs. Trueheart. Miss Haygood missed Mrs. McGavock sorely, not simply as the Missionary Secretary, but as her warm personal friend. In a letter to Mrs. Trueheart she sends her a message of "tenderest love," and says: "Tell her that I am missing her letters so much, and that my heart always keeps her in most tender and most loving remembrance." Again she wrote: "Dear Mrs. McGavock has been to me for the past eleven years not only Missionary Secretary, but the most loyal and the most loving friend and sister."

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., October 31, 1895.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: I am here waiting for a train to take me to Bessemer, where I am to spend the day with the North Alabama W. F. M. S. Leaving there to-morrow afternoon, I go to Charlottesville, Va., to the Virginia Conference W. F. M. S. I shall be there November 2d. This program will, of course, tell you that I think myself well. I am most grateful to say that I am stronger than at any time for the past two years. I think that this means China in January. But of that more hereafter. . . .

Dear Mrs. McGavock! How my whole heart goes out to her in love and sympathy during these many days of waiting. I am so thankful that she is again in her own home. Will you please assure her of my constant remembrance, and my abiding love for her, when you see her, if she is well enough to receive a message.

I am most thankful to tell you that my dear brother is slowly improving. We have been most anxious about him, but now feel that the present danger is past, and are hoping that God has yet years of work and life before him. . . .

I think I understand something at least of the difficulties of the work for you under present conditions, and I do sympathize most sincerely with you. May God make sweetly true to you now "as thy day so shall thy strength be!"

With much love, most faithfully yours,

Laura A. Haygood.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

DANVILLE, VA., November 2, 1895.

Saturday, 8 P.M.

. . . We were stopped in the early morning away down in South Carolina by the wreck of a freight train just before us, and lost about seven hours from our schedule in consequence. We were due at Charlottesville at 5 this P.M., but

will not reach there until after midnight. The day has been a little wearing, but there have been so many things for which to give thanks. I have felt specially grateful that the accident which threw a train from a high trestle, demolished utterly the engine and a number of cars, and killed one man, happened to a freight train and not to this crowded passenger train. They were just before us. If it had been our train, scores must have been wounded or killed. We had to transfer at the wreck, and walk over the trestle. There was no danger to us, but I think some voiceless thanksgivings must have gone up as we passed the wreck, for life preserved.

. . . I was so glad that I went to Bessemer. They gave me the kindest of welcomes, they listened so sympathetically, and, "best of all, God was with us." I have great hope that a real missionary will come out of that meeting.

We were behind time in reaching Atlanta last night, and so I did not leave the depot. We have been in motion now for some minutes, and my writing is getting so picturesque that I shall have to stop. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

DARDANELLE, ARK., November 27, 1895.

. . . I now hope, God willing, to sail for China about January 28. This will necessitate leaving Atlanta about January 20-22. . . .

Thank you with all my heart for your kind words in regard to my brother. He has been very ill since I last wrote you, but I am thankful to say is again much better. Indeed, he is here in Dardanelle, and now, as I write, downstairs holding a cabinet meeting. We did not think until a few days ago that it would be possible for him to come, but as soon as he was better he thought he ought to come and that he could, and of course that was an end of argument. He

wished me to come with him, and I am here, and shall go with him next week to the Little Rock Conference at Lonoke, Ark.

I hope to be able to do something for the W. F. M. S. in Arkansas. "The brethren" have already very kindly invited me to talk to the Conference here about missions, and I hope to be able to organize an auxiliary here in Dardanelle, where I find them without any.

Please give my tenderest love to dear Mrs. McGavock when you see her. Tell her that I am missing her letters so much, and that my heart always keeps her in most tender and most loving remembrance. I am so glad to be very sure for her that the *Everlasting Arms* are underneath her, and that so upheld good and only good can come to her—however it may seem.

With very much love, most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

On December 23, 1895, Mrs. McGavock died. Her going from earth to heaven was an immeasurable loss to the missionary interests of the Woman's Board of Missions which for seventeen years, as Corresponding Secretary, she had cherished and developed with unfailing enthusiasm and good judgment. While Mrs. McGavock's official relation to Miss Haygood was clear and well defined, it was almost lost sight of in the tender personal affection and unreserved confidence which grew stronger between them with every passing year. Few friends could have felt Mrs. McGavock's loss more keenly than Miss Haygood did.

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

ATLANTA, GA., December 24, 1895.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: Your postal of yesterday just received. Thank you for writing.

I am so thankful for our beloved friend that she has been set free into all the breadth and glory of the many mansions. It is good to think of the perfect joy the Christmastide has brought to her. And yet I scarcely need tell you how my heart is overwhelmed just now with a sense of personal loss. Dear Mrs. McGavock has been to me for the past eleven years not only Missionary Secretary, but the most loyal and most loving friend and sister. God only knows how much of comfort and strength came to me through her strong faith in Him, and her unfaltering devotion to His work, and her tender sympathy with her fellow-workers during all the years in China. Thank God, though the voice is silent and the pen has fallen from her hands, the precious helpful influence of her love and life will remain with us who had the privilege of being numbered among her fellow-workers.

May her God comfort her husband and her son and her grandson to-day!

I wish much that I might be with you all at McKendree on Thursday morning. My heart will be there. There are duties to others here that will hinder my going, I think.

I expect to be in Nashville next week. Will write you more definitely in a few days.

With love and tenderest sympathy with you in all that our bereavement means to you, most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

It had been Miss Haygood's plan to leave Atlanta for China about January 20-22. The death of her brother, Bishop Haygood, on January 19th, however, caused a delay of several weeks. She was deeply grateful for the good providence which gave her the sweet though sad privilege of being with him during his last days on earth, and of mingling her tears with those of his bereft family.





BISHOP ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

OXFORD, GA., FRIDAY A.M., January 17, 1896.

. . . I wonder if you have heard how very ill I found my precious brother when I reached Oxford on Wednesday. The doctors give us no hope that he will ever rally again. He is unconscious—only waiting for release. Of course I cannot leave him now. I have no very definite plan to-day, beyond waiting with him in the valley. When his path leads him upward to the heavenly hills—then, God willing, mine will lead to China. I do not think of trying to leave next Wednesday. I shall wait for another steamer. . . .

TO MRS. GAITHER.

OXFORD, GA., January 20, 1896.

My Dear Mrs. Gaither: You will know before this reaches you that our precious Brother Attie has "fallen on sleep." There will be much to tell you when I come. I felt that I wanted to send this little note to-day to comfort you in your sorrow. If you could look with me to-day upon the dear face so still and rested, with God's own blessed peace upon it, your heart would join mine in saying "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Your sorrow would be lost in your gladness for him. You would be so grateful that he had been set free from the poor tired body that has so often during the past two years been weak and suffering. You would be so glad that every burden has been lifted from the shoulders that have borne so much. Your heart would almost shout for him:

"Deliverance has come.
Palms of victory, crowns of glory
He shall bear." . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

OXFORD, GA., January 22, 1896.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: I thank you with all my heart for the tender, loving message that reached me by telegram on Monday morning, and for the dear note that came with

the resolutions from the Woman's Board of Missions this morning. It has been very sweet to know during these sorrowful days that the heart and prayers of so many of God's people have been with us. God has heard and answered prayers. The Comforter Himself has been with us, bringing to our remembrance the words of our Lord, taking of the things of Christ and declaring them unto us. Never before has "the hope set before us in the gospel" seemed so precious to me, nor "the rest that remaineth to the people of God" so real and so blessed. In the midst of all the sorrow my heart is full of great thankfulness for my precious brother that the battle is fought and the victory won.

I count it a very tender providence that I have been kept at home until this time, and feel that I can never be grateful enough for the precious privilege of being with my brother during the last days.

I was to have left Atlanta to-day for China, but we laid to rest only on yesterday the dear body "that was his," and it did not seem best to hurry away to-day. I had taken passage on the Coptic, to sail January 28th. This I cancelled several days ago. I now expect to go, God willing, on the Gaelic—the next steamer of the O. & O. S. S. Co.—to sail February 15th. I suppose that I shall leave Atlanta about February 7th or 8th. I shall write you more definitely later. I shall return to Atlanta, I think, the last of this week. . . .

Again thanking you for your words of love and sympathy, with much love, most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

Miss Haygood's last weeks at home were made very sorrowful by the death of her much-loved brother. From the days when they were children and had played and studied together, they had been closest friends and comrades. The great life problems which came to them were mutually

shared, and the habit of talking over each other's plans had greatly strengthened the tie between them. The consciousness that he understood and sympathized with her endeavors had often been a comfort to her in some of the dark days in China. To him she could always write without reserve of the perplexities of the work, knowing that he would not fail to understand. She felt that in his death one great fountain of sympathy and help had been closed to her. The loss of her brother, following so soon after that of Mrs. McGavock, sent her back to her distant field of labor with a peculiar sense of loneliness, and with the consciousness that she had been bereft of two who had in untiring faithfulness shared her life and work during her first stay in China.

Miss Haygood, however, was not one to selfishly indulge her grief, so now with a brave heart she quickly made her final preparations for leaving home. She left Atlanta on Saturday afternoon, February 8th, 1896. Her sister, Mrs. Boynton, went with her as far as New Orleans, spending Sunday with her there.

The trip from Atlanta to San Francisco was made safely and comfortably, and Miss Haygood sailed on February 15th. The three following letters give a delightful account of her journey. The second of them is a "journal letter" written during the voyage, and intended primarily for the members of her family; then to be passed on to the inner circle of friends in Atlanta.

TO MISS MATTIE NUNNALLY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., February 15, 1896.

Saturday, 11:45 A.M.

. . . I reached San Francisco Thursday a little after noon. Goodness and mercy marked every step of this first

stage of my journey. I wish that I could tell you of dozens of unusual and unexpected kindnesses from strangers. Railroad and steamship officials everywhere have been courtesy and kindness personified. It would not have been possible to have had less trouble on such a journey. "Journeying mercies" have abounded. I never had so pleasant a railroad journey. I was less tired when I reached San Francisco than I have oftentimes been after only a single day on the cars.

I am to have as traveling companion a lady friend from China, a medical missionary, Dr. Lucy Hoag, whom I have long known and esteemed very highly. She is about my age and will be very congenial. I have not heard of any other missionary. There are only a few passengers, and we shall each have a bedroom to ourselves. I meant to write "state-room," but the meaning is the same and you will understand. Finding this friend seemed to be the last need—so they are *all* supplied. Best of all, my heart has been kept in *perfect peace*. "It passeth understanding." Now I know better than ever before that our "God of peace" can "give peace always by all means" to hearts that trust Him.

Mrs. Campbell came up with me from Los Angeles to visit friends here and do some missionary work, but she has stopped at the hotel with me and has devoted herself to me in such kind and helpful ways these two days. The Church here gave me a farewell missionary meeting last night. They had heard through Mrs. Campbell of my coming. I sail at three this P.M. I shall send you a better letter from Japan, dear child.

You were so lovely to me that last Saturday morning. I can scarcely persuade myself that it was only one week ago. You are always good to me. God reward you, dear Mattie, a thousandfold.

Give my love to all your home people, especially your dear

mother and Hugh. Give my love to my girls among the High School teachers. . . .

May God bless you above all that I can ask or think! . . .
Lovingly yours, LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

W. LONGITUDE 171°, N. LATITUDE 35°,
ABOUT 2,300 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

MONDAY, 3:30 P.M., February 24, 1896.

My Beloved: My watch tells me—for I am still keeping Atlanta time—that it is now 9:30 P.M. at home. So you are now ahead of me, and the little folks have already gone to dreamland, though it is the middle of my afternoon. Tomorrow we shall cross that magical meridian—the 180th—and then we shall drop the next day from our calendar—a week without Wednesday—and shall wake up Thursday morning about 16 hours ahead of you, until by the time we reach Shanghai night and day will again be turned about, and I shall be up and at work on next day's duties when you go to bed.

This is our ninth day at sea, and yet it is the first time I have felt like writing. Now I am so thankful to tell you that does not mean that I have been seasick. I have never been so well at sea, thanks to Mattie's remedy (which I took faithfully as directed), and thanks above all to the good Providence which has watched over me every step of this long journey and given me so many things to enjoy.

I must go back to Saturday, February 15, 3 P.M., San Francisco. I had counted on having time after going on board the steamer for some last notes, but there were so many friends to say good-by—Mrs. Campbell, Dr. Morrison, Mrs. Fryer, and Miss Annie Fryer (the Fryers I had known well in Shanghai), and a half dozen or more of the good Methodists of San Francisco—that there was only time for one or two hurried postals and the telegram—so hurried that it did not say all that I wished—and the good-byes were

spoken, and we steamed off, with loving wishes floating across the widening waters to us, and waving handkerchiefs long after still signaling the presence of waiting friends. Then I found that I could still send postals by the pilot, who would be with us a little longer, and a few other hasty postals were written (I hope they reached you). Then the "Golden Gate" was passed and we were out at sea. It was a lovely afternoon, and everything promised a propitious voyage.

As the land faded I went to my stateroom and put my belongings where they would be ready when needed, made my cabin "shipshape," my heart all the time full of tender memories and loving thoughts of all the dear, dear ones in Georgia, finding so many things in this unpacking to remind me of all the loving thought for my comfort *by the way*. Then, by and by, I lay down to rest and think, and—will you believe it?—in ten minutes I was fast asleep, and slept as soundly and sweetly as Fred and Clara would like to do every morning between five and seven o'clock if they were only allowed. When I awoke, everybody was at dinner—so the "China boy" said, when I rang the bell and asked what time it was. We dine at 7 P.M. I quickly made myself ready and found my way to the dining saloon and enjoyed my dinner. I am glad to say that I have enjoyed every dinner since, and have lost only one in these nine days at sea, and the discomfort from that lasted only about fifteen minutes. Further, I have been absent from the table only one time, and then I was lying down with a headache and decided that a dose of phenacetin—the only one I have taken since I sailed—would be better than lunch. Now you cannot fully appreciate all this means until I tell you that we are having an exceptionally rough passage. Our first day out—Sunday—was very pleasant. Monday was rough, by Tuesday morning there was a stiff gale and a high sea, and this has been our weather ever since, with variations, usually higher seas and stiffer gales. For two days it was really a storm, the

waves "mountain high," often sweeping over the upper deck. For a week we have not been able to walk or sit on deck. A part of the time it has been necessary to keep all doors and windows carefully closed. I have not even thought of asking to have a port opened in my room. I have never had so rough a voyage, and at the same time I have never been so free from seasickness. I am ready strongly and heartily to indorse "Brush's Remedy for Seasickness." I had only a few doses left when I came on board. I took it about once in twenty-four hours the first four or five days, and then, finding only a tiny bit left in the bottle, I stopped to save that as a specimen for my Shanghai doctor. I have had several severe headaches, largely due to the sea, but have not really suffered from nausea since I have been at sea, and have had no real inconvenience from it except for a few minutes one evening just after dinner. I have only been sorry that I had not a supply with me for all seasick people. One crossing the Pacific ought to have at least two bottles. I think that I might almost have escaped the headache if I had taken a dose every day. I wish much that I had the prescription—I think that it is a combination of two or three bromides and hydrochloric acid. I am only guessing, of course, from the taste. I am writing so much about it because I want you to tell other friends about it who may be going to sea, and I do want any of you who suffer from car-sickness to try it the next time you have a railroad journey.

Yesterday I was interrupted, and it is now about 2 P.M. of our Tuesday, February 25. At noon to-day we were at 176° 9' W. Long. If we have anything like a fair run, we shall pass before noon to-morrow the magical 180°. Notice has already been posted that to-morrow will be Thursday, February 27.

Yesterday there was sunshine, a rising barometer, and a "falling sea." We were hoping all sorts of beautiful things for to-day—among them a real long walk on deck. Imagine

the disappointment upon waking between 3 and 4 this A.M. and finding that we were in the midst of a stiff gale, and the staunch little ship tossing about like a ball. You will see how good a sailor I am getting to be when I tell you that despite the wind and waves I got up in good time, had a salt water bath, was ready for breakfast, though during breakfast the waves were dashing over our upper deck (and we are a "three-decker," though not a very big ship). After breakfast I stood for a long while at an open door on the leeward (*i. e.*, opposite the wind) side of the ship and watched the sea. I have never seen anything so grandly beautiful in the physical world. Indeed, one can scarcely apply the word beauty to it, and yet there were aspects that no other word could describe. There were great mountains of water—molten silver where the sunlight fell, intensest blue where the shadows lay—the smaller waves, foam-crested, breaking all along the sides, and at the summit the mist floating over in ever-changing rainbows. And we, sometimes on the highest wave, sometimes in the deepest valley—the only little bit of the world we know in the midst of the mighty floods. "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters," kept coming over and over to me and, with it, "This God is our God." It is such *peace* to know that "even the winds and the seas obey Him."

The wind has moved about a bit, and is not quite so high, though even since I began this sentence a great wave has come and given us a mighty rock, and there is such "creaking of timbers" and "groaning of cordages" that one could easily imagine himself in the midst of Virgil's storm. George will tell you all about it. If my penmanship is more than usually crazy, you will understand and excuse me, I am sure. I have waited to begin my writing for smooth seas; but beginning to despair of them, I have begun my letters. This is the first.

I have been rather lazy—unquestionably lazy—these ten

days past. I have read three or four books, have taken stories here and there from several magazines, have talked quite a bit, have knitted one half of a pair of trousers for dear "Little Daughter," have spent hours upon the lounge snugly wrapped in my great long cloak, with the rug tucked about my feet, and have dreamed, sometimes waking, sometimes sleeping, in the *daytime even*—and that despite the fact that I quite intended to have a great lot of letters ready to be mailed at Yokohama. Somehow or other, my conscience is not quite keeping me up to the writing I had planned to do. We are getting on so slowly and Yokohama seems still, after ten days, such a long way off, may perhaps explain the leniency. We have only passed the halfway line to-day. As we come, there are 4,800 miles of water between San Francisco and Yokohama. To-day at noon we had measured 2,595. There are still 2,205 before us. So there is likely to be a lot of writing time before I reach a post office. The average rate of the steamer is about 340 miles a day. The weather has been so rough that we have gone only about 300 two days, and two other days we fell below 200.

TUESDAY, March 3, 10 A.M.

It has been a calendar week, though only six days, since my last entry in this journal letter. We have been battling with adverse winds and are still almost 1,000 miles away from Yokohama, when by the schedule we are due to-day. We now hope to get in Thursday night or Friday morning. For three or four days last week we were facing a strong gale and made little progress. I have never seen such a sea. I do not think we were ever in any immediate danger, but the waves were literally "mountain high." I was reminded in looking out upon them of the scene from the top of Mt. Yonah where range after range of mountains encircled us, with here and there a loftier peak lifting its head above the ranges, and we called it "an ocean view." The great billows

then were all still—a silence as of eternity seemed to have fallen upon them. Every summit in my ocean view last week was quivering with life, and what might have been snow crowns upon their heads were broken into cascades that swept with mighty impulse down the blue slopes. And our boat, sometimes on a summit, and sometimes in a valley, seemed the mere plaything of the winds and waves. There were other days when the waves around us seemed very like the rapids below the falls of Niagara. We danced among the foaming waters without the danger of the rapids, because there are no rocks here. I have gone back so often during these days to a lesson that came in regular order in my "Daily Light" the evening I left San Francisco. The text was: "The floods lift up their waves." And then: "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." "O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee? Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arisest, thou stillest them." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," etc.

It has been so good to feel that *our Father* holds all the waves and the billows in the hollow of His hand. I have not had an anxious thought about the end of the journey.

Sunday was comparatively quiet and proved a very restful day. We had no general service, but there was reading and meditation, and a delightful hour or two of Christian communion with my two fellow-missionaries.

That reminds me that I have not yet told you of my fellow-passengers. There are only seventeen of us in all in the first cabin, but we represent five or six different nationalities. I told you in my letter from San Francisco of my friend Dr. Lucy Hoag. I have greatly enjoyed her companionship. She has not been very well and has been obliged to spend a great deal of time in her stateroom, but I have had many de-

lightful hours with her. She went out to China in 1872, so has had a much longer experience there than I, though she is only one year older. We have a great many mutual friends and mutual interests, and so have always something fresh to talk about. It has made a great deal of difference to each of us that the other was along. There is only one other missionary on board—a young man from South China, Mr. Quirk. He was sent out by the "International Christian Alliance," and has had only two years in China. He was detailed in December to carry home a sick comrade whose home was in New York State. After taking his friend to his home, Mr. Quirk went to his own mother, whose home is in New York City, spent thirteen days with her, and is hastening back to China. He will accomplish the whole trip from Hongkong to New York and return in a little less than three months. He is a bright young fellow, full of faith and hope and courage, a real spiritual-minded Christian, and is, I think, the happiest man on board. I am very glad to know him, not only for himself, but because through him I have come to know so much better than before the work of the "Christian Alliance."

This society has been working in China only six or seven years, and now has ninety missionaries there. They are working on very similar lines to the China Inland Mission, but their work is not confined to China. They are working in India, Africa, and South America. Would that the Southern Methodist Church had half their zeal! The Christian Alliance is interdenominational, and it is in one sense a large missionary society. We three missionaries have seats at the captain's table. Besides, at this table are a Spanish Consul General *en route* to Hongkong, a German Consul *en route* to Amoy, and a young Japanese student who has been eight years at Cambridge, England, and who is supposed to be coming home as a scholar. I am afraid he is bringing home with him more of England's vices than virtues. He seems to

drink more than any man on the ship—and though no longer a pagan, he is not a Christian and seems to me ill prepared to help in any good way his people.

Then there is a young doctor here who is taking his invalid wife to Japan, where she has a sister living. She has not been able to leave her stateroom, and seems unwilling to see strangers, so I have not seen her, though I have said both through her husband and through the stewardess that I should be glad to do anything possible for her. I am afraid she is very ill. The husband and the stewardess are both excellent nurses. There is only one other woman on board besides Dr. Hoag and myself, so the stewardess is free to devote herself to the sick lady.

This other—who also has a seat at our table—is a broken-down actress in a variety theater. Poor woman! her life is a tragedy. She was born in Knoxville, Tenn., partly educated in Memphis, went out to Denver as a young woman, fell in with a theatrical troupe, and has since been going from bad to worse. She is now simply an adventuress, going to Shanghai. You can scarcely imagine anything more dreadful than the life that probably awaits her there. I felt that I must try to stop her, and yesterday had a long, serious talk with her. She listened patiently, admitted the truth of all I said, confessed that she was very unhappy, but seemed to feel that she was absolutely helpless, bound hand and foot, that she *could not* turn to a better life. How I longed for a "Door of Hope" to which I might point her! She was brought up in a Sunday school, and says she was a devout young girl, that she still believes in God, and knows that she is not ready to die, etc. It is pitiful, pitiful. She is still young—not yet thirty, I think.

Besides these, the first officer, a very nice Scotchman, and the ship surgeon, a Californian, are at our table. The captain is an Englishman. I do not know the gentlemen at the other table so well. Some of them are traveling for health, some

for business, some for pleasure. They represent almost as many different aspects of life as our table. So you see we have a little world on board this little steamer. There are a number of steerage passengers. The crew, numbering all told 112, is *international*. The captain and his staff are English, the purser and his staff are American, the sailors are Chinese, the servants are Chinese, except two who are Japanese.

The service on the ship is very good indeed. I have never known a ship so free from odors. Our cabins are quite comfortable—about 8x12 feet. We are not at all crowded. Almost every passenger has had, I think, a room to himself. I have greatly enjoyed this. Besides, they have been very kind and have taken out the upper berths when not needed, thereby adding very greatly to our comfort.

Despite all the rough weather, I am still free from seasickness. I have had several very severe headaches—partly due to the sea, doubtless, though I used to have headaches at home. There is quite “a swell on” now, and the ship is rolling so much that I think I must stop writing awhile, else you will not be able to read.

THURSDAY, March 5, 4 P.M., my time.

WEDNESDAY, 8:30 P.M., your time.

Our noon reckoning found us in E. Long. 142 and only 192 miles from Yokohama, so I think I may close this ship letter. We are assured that we shall come to anchor in Yeddo Bay at an early hour to-morrow morning. The news is most welcome, I assure you. This is our eighteenth day out, and, though still deeply grateful for the many, many mercies that have been about us all the way, we are *tired*, and all on board will be glad indeed to find themselves on land again even for a little while.

Between rough weather and inopportune headaches, I have not been able to do as much writing as I had hoped dur-

ing the voyage, and I shall have to ask you to count this a circular letter. I shall send it first to Sister Myra and ask her as she has opportunity to share it with the dear ones at Kirkwood, with Miss Abbie, Miss Mollie, and with Mattie Nunnally. I hope to send them each letters from Yokohama, but shall not repeat the story of the voyage.

By the way, it has not been extremely cold—the thermometer outside ranging from 40 to 50. The steamer has been as warm as we have wished. My wraps have been just right. I have had everything needed for my comfort. All the preparations for the journey seem to have been just right. So many of them have been sweet reminders of loving care. God has been very near and has kept my heart and mind in His own perfect peace.

There is tenderest, truest, deepest love in my heart for each of you. I hope that each will feel this a personal letter. Other letters will reach you by the same mail.

Your own loving

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, March 7, 1896.

. . . Yesterday on the morning of our nineteenth day out from San Francisco we awoke in sight of land. You can imagine how glad and grateful we were. It was very beautiful as we entered port. The lovely bay, the snow-crowned mountains, and the glorious sunshine—all made our hearts glad. So *He brought us to our desired haven.* "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

We had scarcely anchored when we heard that the Rio, the Pacific Mail S. S. that left San Francisco ten days before us, was not yet in, and that great anxiety was felt for her safety. There was new occasion for thanksgiving that we had been kept from evil.

A few minutes later a letter from Loula Waters was

handed me with tender words of love and welcome, and then a moment later the runner from this house, upon hearing my name, said: "We have a lot of letters waiting for you at our house." So there was a sweet sense of welcome even in landing. We were so much behind time that we have missed the China boat for this week, and shall have to wait until next Wednesday for one on which we can use our tickets. This will bring us to Shanghai March 17, a week later than I had hoped. It is all right, though. I am only sorry for the disappointment to Miss Richardson and others. Dr. Hoag and I have decided to go on to Kobe on a French steamer which leaves Yokohama to-morrow morning, and spend our waiting time there. It will give me two days each with Mrs. Mosely and Mrs. Waters, and opportunity to see the other friends there. It will be also—while far more pleasant—less expensive than waiting here. We are to spend this evening with my dear old friend Miss Crosby. . . .

CHAPTER XVI.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE WOMAN'S BOARD—ITINERATING.

1896-1898.

God is very good to me and is giving me great joy in my work. Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour is very near and very precious to me, and the privilege of bringing Christ to the Christless grows ever and ever more and more sweet and holy to me.—*Miss Haygood.*

ON March 18, 1896, the long, rough voyage was safely ended, and for the second time Miss Haygood entered the land of her adoption. On every hand friends and pupils greeted her with a welcome so warm and loving that she wrote back home that "coming the second time is so much better than coming the first time." To another friend she wrote: "I have had a lovely welcome. It has been coming back to home and friends and waiting work. I sometimes feel that I am a wonderfully rich woman to have so many blessed possessions on both sides of the world. The hearts of them that love me are so much more precious than diamonds."

Miss Gary wrote: "Miss Haygood's return to China has brought us great joy; the two years of her absence seemed so long. The natives seemed no less delighted, and the prayers they offered daily in her behalf while at sea, and the thanksgivings they sent up after her return, would have touched any heart, however cold."

After a few days given to seeing the friends, both foreign and Chinese, the "waiting work" soon absorbed Miss Haygood so completely that it was hard for her to realize that she had ever been away. In taking up her work anew in China, Miss Haygood found heavier responsibilities awaiting her than had ever yet rested upon her. She was now Agent for the Board not simply for the Shanghai District as formerly, but for the entire work of the Woman's Board in China. The interests of the work at the different stations frequently required her personal presence, and she spent much time itinerating from place to place. Her "circuit" included five stations, Shanghai, Nantziang, Kading, Soochow, and Sung-kiang. While not a large field from a missionary point of view, it consumed much time because of the slow methods of travel. In this respect, however, the steam launch had effected a great change, and in comparison with the old schedule it seemed very swift traveling to make the distance of eighty miles from Shanghai to Soochow in about twelve hours.

In a letter to Miss Nunnally Miss Haygood wrote:

. . . You see I am getting to be a real itinerant. Steam launches are running now between Shanghai and Soochow, and between Shanghai and Sung-kiang, and my old friend, the *wheelbarrow*, between Shanghai and Nantziang, so I can make the trips in fair comfort and in reasonable time. It is about twelve hours to Soochow (80 miles), six hours to Sung-kiang (40 miles), and four hours to Nantziang (16 miles). These trips give me a good deal of reading time by the way, and sometimes, when all is propitious, writing time. So the traveling time is not all lost, you see. . . .

Miss Haygood's letters for the next year, written at the various mission stations or on house boat journeys, not only give many most interesting pictures of life in China, but also show the marked development of the work.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, March 28, 1896.

. . . Here I am in the old study, at the old desk, writing to you. It is about three P.M. of Friday, but I chance to be alone and may begin my letter. I have been in China only ten days, but the old life has so completely taken possession of me that, when I look only at *this* side, I feel almost as if I had never been away. But when I look at *that* side, there are almost two years full of experiences sweet and blessed, even when sorrowful, and a thousand things for which to thank God—a whole volume of my life. And when I think of that afternoon in February when our good-byes were spoken, it seems so far away that I can scarcely measure time. . . .

They have all given me a lovely welcome in Shanghai. Coming the second time is so much better than coming the first. The love and home and welcome, always waiting for missionaries, are in a certain sense in the future tense when we first come; but the second finds the past, present, and future all a blessed reality of the *now*.

Much of these ten days has been given to seeing friends—foreign and Chinese—and to conferences with the ladies here about the work, and to services. It was a great pleasure to be with the Sunday school at Central Church Sunday morning and teach the Christian women, and then to be at the morning service there. At the close of the service Brother Sz spoke so tenderly of my return, and asked me to talk to them all a little while. Of course I could not refuse. It would have warmed your heart and made you glad that I



for the next year, written at the
at home. I had burned some of
pictures of his face. I had
of the work.

HEREFYS.

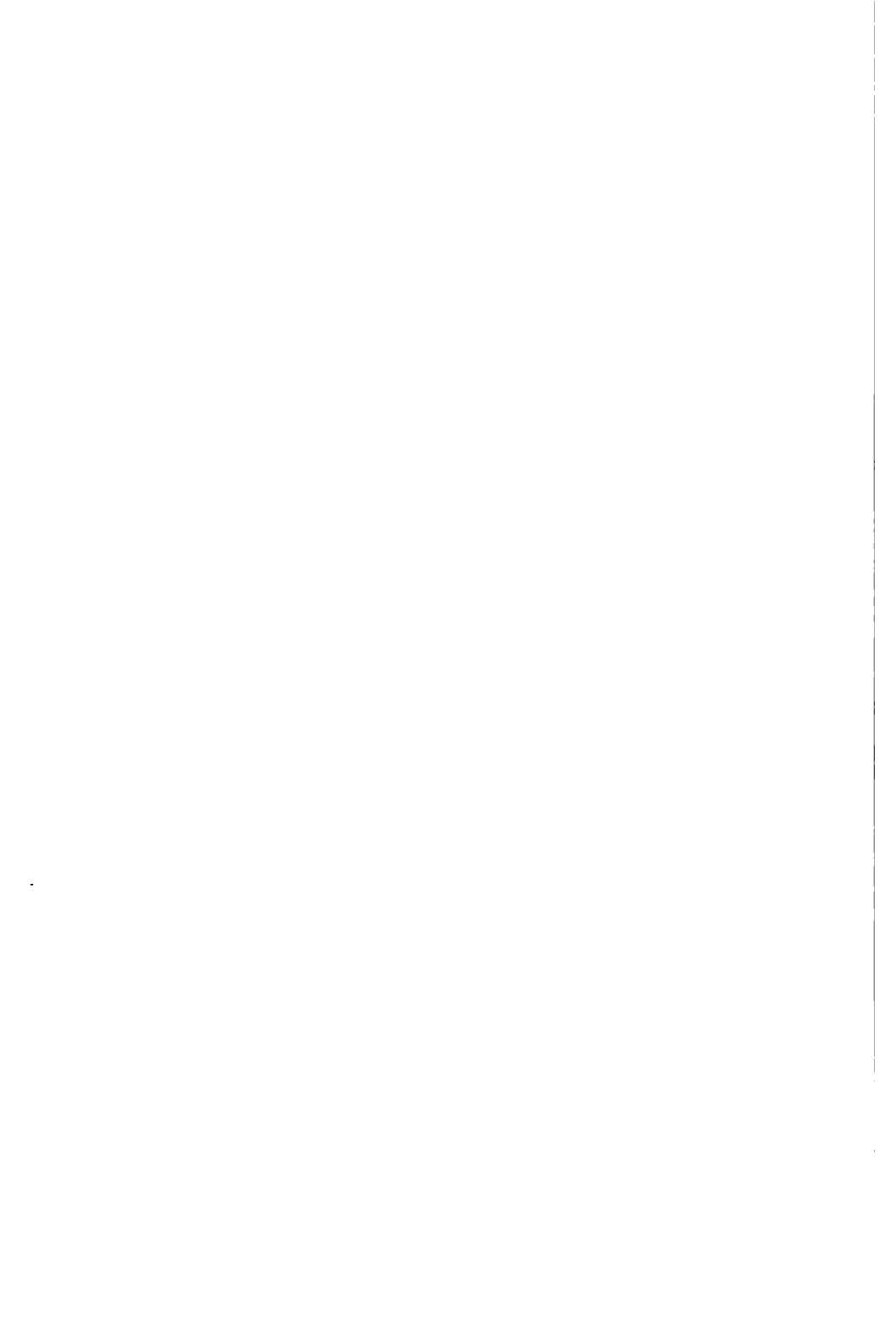
TO CHARLES MURPHY,
at the old
I had, but I had
I had been in
I had completely taking
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way that I had been.

a life, with me in that
ch better than ever
I had always wanted
in the future tense
I had in the past present

was to go to
and to do things with the ladies
I was a great pleasure to
at Central Church Sunday
I had seen men, and then to be at
At the close of the service Bro.
I had seen men, and asked me to talk
I had seen men, and asked me to talk
I had seen men, and asked me to talk
I had seen men, and asked me to talk



MISS HAYGOOD (1895).



was in China if you had seen their faces. I was with them at Trinity at 3 P.M. Sunday, and yesterday I led the Epworth League meeting. I am so thankful to tell you that the Chinese comes quite readily to my tongue. Now and then I am against a forgotten word, but they keep me talking so constantly in one way and another that I am in the way of adding to my vocabulary. Miss Hughes says that she thinks I am talking better than before I went away. That only means that I am talking more vigorously than when she last heard me. Everybody says that I am looking well and strong. Miss Richardson says that I look better than she ever saw me. Miss Hughes is recovering—now quite convalescent—from a long, serious illness. Miss Richardson seems rather run down. I am sure that I have not come a day too soon for her. The other ladies in Shanghai are well.

Did I write you that Dr. Fearn and Dr. Walter are to be married the latter part of April? That of course occasions perplexity. Dr. Walter will continue for the present her care of the hospital. They seem to feel at Soochow that I am more imperatively needed there just now than anywhere else in the world, so I am arranging to go up early in April and spend most of the month there. I shall go to Nantziang next week for several days. This does not seem to promise much relief to Miss Richardson; but the sharing of responsibility is something, she thinks.

Thank you for all the letters you wrote for me. Thank you above all for keeping me always in your heart and prayers. I should not dare to take up the duties here without the pledge of God's strength in my weakness. Ask this every day for me. The opportunities are broader and the responsibilities weightier than when I went away. . . .

The next letter, written while waiting in a little Chinese chapel, is an illustration of Miss Haygood's habit of using the odd minutes. It was a rare thing for her to be unoccu-

pied. If she were alone and where she could get the material, she would usually answer some of the letters which were always waiting. If she were in company with others, there would always be a piece of knitting or other fancywork at hand. She wrote and worked rapidly and with exquisite neatness, and many letters and articles much prized by her friends were the result of this lifelong custom of redeeming the time.

TO MISS MATTIE NUNNALLY.

KADING, April 1, 1896.

My Very Dear Mattie: This is a veritable letter, though begun on "April Fool's Day." I am here to-day with Miss Rankin and Miss Coffey, visiting the schools under their care. The round has been made except to one school that is on our homeward way. The ladies have some other duties. While I wait, I shall begin your letter. Your dear little writing case journeys with me, and I have taken it out now while I wait in the corner of a little annex to a chapel. There will probably be only a little writing time, but it is something to begin. . . .

The first week after my return was, of necessity, given almost entirely to seeing friends, but this week finds me in the full swing of work. Monday was a rainy day, but I saw some of the day schools in Shanghai and got through with a lot of desk work. Monday night, between nine and ten o'clock, with Miss Hughes, I boarded a small native boat. Our necessaries, two heavy comforts for a mattress, sheets, pillows, blankets, etc., had been sent down in a large Japanese basket, made like an extension case, and we soon had our bed ready, and were closely tucked under—the cabin being about 6x8 feet. The tide came, our boat moved off, and six o'clock Tuesday A.M. found us at Nantziang, where Miss Rankin and Miss Coffey live. This is only sixteen miles

from Shanghai by wheelbarrow road, a little farther by canal. I spent yesterday in the schools there. Kading is eight miles farther on. There are no foreigners living here now, though six schools are here under the care of these ladies. There is a small church and a native preacher. We return to Nantziang this P.M., and I go to Shanghai tomorrow. . . .

Miss Haygood spent almost the whole of April in Soochow looking into the work, and clearing up some perplexities which had arisen. Her letters to Mrs. Trueheart are full and very explicit, and the following extracts from them touch upon some questions which are as vital in their relation to missionary policy to-day as they were then :

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SOOCHOW, April 9, 1896.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: I am in the midst of some of the perplexities that have arisen in regard to our work in Soochow, and on some points have been able to reach conclusions. . . .

I am very glad to say that the new hospital seems to be well constructed, and seems to have been as cheaply built as was possible—and yet I think that it would have been better for the building to have been postponed until the money was in hand.

I want to urge upon you the importance of sending out another lady physician as soon as possible for the hospital. . . . I hope much that Dr. Polk may be able to come. If she cannot come, ask her to help you find some other doctor fitted for the place, but make the first requisite even for a doctor a real, living, Christian experience. Do not ever let any exigency of the work lead you to send any woman to a heathen land to witness for Christ, unless she herself knows Him

as a personal Saviour, and finds in His constraining love the highest motive for coming.

Except the doctor, do not assign ladies who may be sent out to special work. . . . The bishop in charge of the work will be better able to make appointments than the Board. So often we have found that appointments made months in advance were mistakes. If a lady comes out expecting a specific work, and it is necessary to change it when she reaches the field, she often feels aggrieved. More and more I am feeling that it is unwise to assign a new missionary to special work until she has been tested upon the field. Above all, do I feel it unwise to put one *in charge of work* until she has served a probation. The two years' provision of our Conferences, before admitting a preacher into "full connection," is eminently wise. Sooner or later, I think both Boards will find it wisest to receive missionaries "on trial." I know the letter of the law now provides for this, but not the practice. I think that two years spent as *helper* to an older missionary, or as an assistant working under specific directions, will often save from mistakes and give experiences that will strengthen for future work. . . .

SHANGHAI, June 8, 1896.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: I am indebted to you for several letters—April 2, 17, 21, and May 4. Thank you for all. . . .

I feel very glad that you are set free from all other duties and obligations to give yourself entirely to the work of the Woman's Board of Missions. You will remember that I felt very strongly before I left home that the time had come when the work demanded all the time of a strong woman, and that there ought to be a salary which made it possible to command the services of the *best* woman. I have been praying much during the past month for you and for the Board. I shall await with deepest interest reports of their action in this matter. I hope that they will make you both Home and Foreign

Secretary, and give you a strong, wise woman as assistant, with a salary for each, and that you can so adjust the work that one or the other will always be free for field work at Conferences and at Conference Society meetings, and missionary mass meetings, and wherever else the women of our Church may be met and stirred to action. I feel that great issues are involved in the work of the Secretary. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, June 13, 1896.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: We were all very grateful when, Wednesday, June 10, about noon, we received the cablegram authorizing us to "open work" at Sung-kiang. We tried to read a great deal of meaning into the three words. To me it meant that you had already been elected Secretary, and that a salary had been provided for the office, and that you, set free from all other cares, were to give your time and strength to the work of the Woman's Missionary Society. In this I could but rejoice. May God strengthen you mightily by His Spirit for the great work to which He has called you, and may it prosper in your hands beyond all that we have dared to hope! . . .

Immediately after Miss Haygood's return from Soochow, early in May, two important meetings were held in Shanghai, which made heavy demands upon her time. After the meetings were over, finding Miss Richardson and Miss Steger greatly in need of a rest, she sent them away for a few weeks, while she took Miss Richardson's place in McTyeire School. Very glad was she to be with her dear girls again in the class room. The days were overflowing with happy work, and she wrote to Miss Nunnally: "God is very good to me, and is giving me great joy in my work. Jesus Christ as my own

personal Saviour is very near and very precious to me, and the privilege of bringing Christ to the Christless grows ever and ever more and more sweet and holy to me."

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, May 22, 1896.

. . . It is now Tuesday, 5:30 P.M., the evening of a very busy day. I have had you always in my heart, though I have not written to you since I returned from Soochow, May 5. Perhaps Sister Myra has told you of the meetings—the "Educational Association of China," and the "United Christian Endeavor Society for China"—which were held immediately after my return. They brought a number of interesting people to Shanghai, filled our house with guests, gave us some very delightful and profitable meetings, but left little writing time. I shall send you some reports from the meetings later, so shall not take time to write about them. I am sure that there was much good seed-sowing done, especially, I think, at the Educational Association, where sixty or more missionary teachers spent several days in earnest conference about the needs of our work.

When I came from Soochow, I found Miss Richardson looking so tired that visions of nervous prostration came to me, and I decided that she must have at once a short rest and such change as would take her quite out for a time from the burdens that have been pressing so heavily for the past two years. She did not want to go away, and protested, but at last yielded to my sense of *must*. Two of our guests were from Chinkiang on the Yang-tse, and were going, before returning home, to Hankow, about 800 miles up the river. So I sent Miss Richardson with them, and Miss Steger too. Miss Steger had nursed Miss Hughes through a long spell of typhoid fever, which filled the winter vacation. She has had no rest since last summer, and is not as strong as I should like to see

her. I am sure that they will both be greatly refreshed and rested for the hard work that comes in June and July. Sending Miss Richardson meant taking up her classes in McTyeire School. So I have been teaching in the good old-fashioned way—only taking a class in the Evidences of Christianity in Chinese means some very special preparation in the way of afternoon study. So I am just now as busy as busy can be. I think, may be, this is a type of what the rest of my work in China is to be—helping here and there in times of special need. It has one real advantage. I come to know personally so many of the pupils, and to understand thoroughly the work of others and their burdens, and so shall be better able to help. . . .

I don't think that I have told you that I teach at Sunday school a class of Christian women. I had a similar class at Soochow during the month there. I have never under any circumstances more thoroughly enjoyed teaching a Sunday school lesson. Somehow or other I have had special "liberty" in talking to Chinese women since I came back, and God has opened their hearts to me. Mrs. Sz can take the class here in my absence. She is a helpful member of the class when I am here.

I wish that you could have been with me in my first meeting with the missionary society. It was a very happy day for me and for them. They are still zealous and faithful. Dear old Ahma, of her own accord, introduced, informally, a resolution requesting me to send their love to all the American Missionary Societies that had sent kindly messages to them, of which I brought a large number. . . . I have been reading such a delightful biography of the Stewarts—the family massacred at Ku-cheng last year. I want to send a copy for the Girls' Society, but shall send it to you when I get it that you may read it before it is put into circulation. It is a real inspiration—a simple story of beautiful lives, beautifully lived, ending in martyrs' crowns. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, June 6, 1896.

. . . My heart went out in tender sympathy to your dear mother in the going away of her sister; but for "Aunt Jennie," at home in the heavenlies, there must be only thanksgiving. It is a wonderful thing to know that a soul has been set free into all the breadth and glory of the place that our Lord has prepared for them that love Him. *We can go to them*, and they have only gotten home before us. Somehow or other looking back at the dear earthly home ten thousand miles away makes it easier to look away to the heavenly home. And heaven still means to me the three wonderful gifts of *rest* and *service* and *satisfaction*—each perfect—the "inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them that are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Thank God for this blessed hope—and that it is ours.

Miss Richardson and Miss Steger returned last Tuesday, June 2, both refreshed and strengthened. I was very glad of the opportunity which it gave me to get acquainted with Mc-Tyeire girls. There are a number of new girls in the school, you know.

. . . This afternoon we had a pleasant gathering in Miss Reynolds' study. She had invited two young ladies who are accomplished musicians, Miss Schereskewsky and Miss Macleod, to come and play for the girls, and had invited a number of Chinese ladies in to hear them. After the music, to which the girls contributed by special request, there were tea and cake and a social hour, which all seemed to enjoy. We had several ladies of rank here. One of them was a Tartar lady from Peking. Her dress was a marvel of silk and embroidery, and the jewels she wore probably represented two or three thousand dollars. . . .

Yesterday was one of the rainiest of rainy Sundays. It was too bad to take our girls out to church, though it was only

across the lawn. So I first had Sunday school, and then an earnest talk with them about the Lord's Supper, in the chapel of McTyeire School. In the afternoon, despite the rain, Miss Richardson and I went down to Trinity to the communion service. Our hearts were gladdened by finding the church three-fourths full of Christians who had gathered for the service, and this notwithstanding the fact that Chinese generally, and women especially, are very ill prepared to protect themselves from rain, etc. There were three grown men baptized and received into the Church, and one baby baptized. It was a sweet, solemn service. We did not go out again, but had some delightful reading together—some passages from John xiv.-xvii., and some chapters from Maclaren's "The Upper Room," and later some chapters with Miss Gary from Mackay's "In Far Formosa"—a delightful book, by the way. Get it into the missionary library if you can. It is published by the Revell Co., Chicago. We felt at the close that it had been a happy, restful Sabbath. Trinity and its Sunday were in my last prayers last night. . . .

TO MISS MATTIE NUNNALLY.

SHANGHAI, June 10, 1896.

. . . There is a pause in the day's work and I may spend a half hour, it may be, with you. We are in the midst of our rainy season, and it rains and rains and rains. There has scarcely been a break this week, but within the last half hour there has come a broadening band of light in the west and the rain has ceased to fall, and the sparrows have begun to twitter. I take it all as a promise of a brighter day tomorrow. . . .

I wonder if I have written you of Mr. and Mrs. Yun since I have been in China? If so, you will not mind a little repetition. Through all the convulsions and changes which have passed over Korea during the past six months, Mr. Yun has

retained the favor of the king and a position in his cabinet. The little kingdom felt that she must be represented at the coronation of the Russian Emperor, and Mr. Yun was one of four sent. Knowing that this involved six months' absence from Korea, he was not willing to leave Sieu-tsung there, and so sent her to us in April. About ten days later he passed Shanghai with the embassy, and spent a few days here. It was very interesting to see the little family together—he in Korean court dress, she in pretty Chinese dress, and baby in English dress. He fell in love with her in Chinese dress and is not willing for her to wear any other. They both think that for a baby the English or American dress is neater and more healthful. By and by she (baby) will wear Korean dress, I think. The present combination, however, is unique. The baby—my namesake, you know—could speak only three words when she came—one Chinese, one Korean, one English. Her Chinese vocabulary is outgrowing the other two now. Mrs. Yun and the baby stayed with us at McTyeire Home until Mr. Yun left for Russia, and then moved down to Trinity Home, where there was a room, not used by the ladies, admirably suited for her. We were so pleased to have her come back to us quite unspoiled. She is more self-reliant, has a broader knowledge of the world and its ways, but is the same earnest, warm-hearted Christian, and quiet, modest young woman. It so happened that just after she moved to the other home one of the teachers there was sick, and she went into the school there (Clopton School) and taught regularly until the teacher was well. She then asked if she could not help in other ways, and is still teaching some of the girls music. Mr. Yun is now Minister of Education in Korea. When he was here he gave me a photograph of his father and mother in Korean dress. I am going to send it to you to add to your curios. His mother has a really sweet face. Sieu-tsung says she has been very kind to her. She is



to be a member of the King and a position in his cabinet. She said she thought that she must be represented at the coronation of the Emperor, and Mr. Yan was one of those who thought that this involved six months' absence from home, so she was not willing to leave Sieu-tsun there, and she came to us in April. About ten days later he passed through the embassy and spent a few days here. It was not proper, going to see the little family together—he in Korean court dress, she in pretty Chinese dress, and baby in English dress. He refused to walk with her in Chinese dress and she was willing for him to wear a y other. They both refused to wear the English or American dress, as he said that he would not do that, and she (baby) will wear Korean dress. The only thing that she (baby) wears, however, is unique. The only thing that she could know—could speak only the words from the case—the Chinese, one Korean, one English, and Chinese. The English is outgrowing the other two. The baby stayed with us at M. . . . for ten days, and then moved to It is a room, not used by the She is very pleased to be She is more self-reliant and its ways, It is a and quite young woman. It so happened that just after she the other one of the teachers there was and he went to the school there (Clopton School) and the other was well. She then asked ways, and is still reading some He is now Minister of Education he gave me a photograph in dress. I am going to send it to His mother has a really sweet She has been very kind to her. She is



MR. AND MRS. YUN AND CHILDREN.

not yet a Christian, but she has begun to read the Bible and she likes to talk about Christian doctrine. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

FRIDAY, September 4, 1896, 8:30 A.M.

. . . I am on the canal this morning in a native boat, with a Christian Chinese woman as *compagnon de voyage, en route* to Soochow. It has been a long time since my last letter to you, and that must always mean, even before I have said so, that my days have been full to overflowing of claims and duties inimical to writing letters. Perhaps Sister Myra has told you of some of these. I think that I told you of the sorrows of my dear friends, the Hills. Somehow or other my life has been so intertangled with the Hills ever since their coming to China that in a very real way their burdens have been mine. The two little girls came to us as soon as their father was taken ill. Before the new baby was three weeks old, and while Mr. Hill was still perfectly helpless, it was determined that they must leave for America by the next steamer—only a week away. They had not expected to go until after Conference. So the packing at Nantziang had to be done, traveling dresses for Mrs. Hill and the children had to be made, and all the nameless little preparations for the long journey. There were many ready to help, but my grandmotherly relation to the children and my nearness to Mr. and Mrs. Hill made it easier for me to help them than others. You can imagine the busy week. They left August 15. Miss Richardson and I, and several other friends, went with them to Woosung and saw them settled on the Empress of China. Brother R. A. Parker went with them because it did not seem right to let Mrs. Hill, herself so far from strong, start on this long journey with so helpless a party. Brother Parker will go only to St. Louis, and expects to reach China, returning, for Conference. If he makes connection, he will be away from China only two months. . . .

The very day that the Hills left, Miss Richardson was taken sick, and for two weeks did not leave her bed. For ten days she was very ill, and for two or three days her very life hung in the balance. . . . The illness was a great surprise, because she had seemed so well during the summer. You can imagine the anxious days for me. She means so much to me and to the work, especially to the Chinese girls who are brought in contact with her. For their sakes I felt that I could plead for her life. Through the waiting hours God kept me in His own peace and enabled me to feel "Thy will be done," and yet you can imagine the unspeakable gratitude in my heart when the crisis was past and I felt that He had given her back to us. She is convalescing happily and rapidly. She has been up since Monday last, and, except that she is not quite strong, seems really well. There are several business matters that seem imperative to be looked after at Soochow, and I am going now, to return Monday night in order that I may be on hand to help Miss Richardson at the opening of school next week. Our good friend, Dr. Mary Gale, who gave me beautiful help in nursing Miss Richardson, is to stay with her during my absence.

So you see what my summer has been—utterly different from all that I had thought or planned—but His appointment, and full of blessings. I have realized fully the blessed paradox, "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

I had thought to do a lot of writing this summer time, but have not even had time for the usual letters.

We had hoped to be well on the way with our new home for Sung-kiang by this time, but the owner of the land was not able to give us good titles, and that has delayed the building. We hope to get to work soon after Conference.

My chief work at Soochow this week is to help in locating Mrs. Gaither's new school for women, and to make a contract for its erection. Mrs. Gaither is looking forward with such

deep interest to this extension of work. I expect this school to be a great blessing to many women.

We are nearing Soochow. I left Shanghai between 5 and 6 yesterday P.M., and shall reach our mission between 10 and 11 this A.M. My boat is one of a train of six boats being towed by a steam launch. Our railroad from Shanghai to Soochow is yet in the dim future. The steam launch, however, is a great advance on the rowboats that were so dependent on wind and weather, and that sometimes required four or five days to make this journey. . . . Now I must stop and "roll up my bed" and get ready for going on shore. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, November 7, 1896.

. . . It has been nearly two months since my last letter to you. I am so sorry—but I believe that you know that I have not wanted it to be so. So many things have been happening. I believe that I was on my way to Soochow when I wrote you last. There was the coming back the next week, the opening of McTyeire School (Miss Richardson, however, was ready for brave work by that time), then the coming of the new ladies the next week, then the Conference of Christian workers under Mr. Mott's direction, then our own Conference and Annual Meeting at Soochow, then for me another week at Soochow, helping Dr. Polk a little in getting settled, and Miss Atkinson and Mrs. Gaither in programs for the Conference year, then helping Miss Pyles get the minutes ready for the printer, helping the new ladies a little with their Chinese, etc. You will see that there has not been much writing time. . . . I shall be about and about all winter. I expect to go to Sung-kiang next week, to be absent a week or more. . . . We have been hindered in getting land at Sung-kiang up to this time, but the work is calling loudly for such help as we can give. I am going down to make some beginnings with Mrs. Burke next week.

The Davidson Memorial Bible School at Soochow is going up rapidly. It is such a joy to dear Mrs. Gaither. God is blessing her work there and women are being saved, but the new school will open a still wider door of usefulness to her. She is very happy in her work. . . .

We did so thoroughly enjoy the Conference of Christian Workers. Mr. and Mrs. Mott are lovely people, and all unconsciously they have given us such an object lesson in showing how wonderfully God may and does use lives that belong altogether to Him. I wish that you could know them. Be sure to hear Mr. Mott if ever he comes to Atlanta. We had the pleasure of having them with us for three days at Mc-Tyeire Home. Mr. Mott's talks are simple, direct, spiritual, intensely earnest. There have been five of these conferences in different parts of China, and everywhere, I think, he has given a new impulse to Bible study both among foreign and native Christians. I do not think that any visitor who has been with us, working through an interpreter, has made so profound an impression upon the native Church as Mr. Mott has done. Mrs. Mott is strong and sweet and wholesome—a worthy helpmeet of such a man. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

December 4, 1896.

. . . It is December 4, and I am in Shanghai when I come back to your letter. I had thought to be in Sung-kiang to-day, but am not quite well and Miss Hughes has kindly gone in my place this week.

I am enjoying some things connected with my new relationship to the work, but I am missing some other things that belonged to the old life. I am very glad to have the opportunity which this gives me of knowing the native workers, especially the Bible women. I had a two hours' Bible reading with them at Nantziang Saturday morning, and another Sunday afternoon, and then some house visiting with one of them

Monday afternoon. So I came real close to them. Everywhere, at Soochow, at Sung-kiang, at Nantziang, and in Shanghai, we are finding the women so ready to listen. How your heart would be stirred by some of the hindrances that come in their way! At Sung-kiang I met a woman who has been hearing the gospel for several years from Mrs. Burke, and believing it. She is an earnest woman of more than usual intelligence. Her husband was not willing for her to become a Christian, so she has been able only to treasure up these things in her heart and wait. About two months ago her husband died. The family decided, as they often do, that he must not be buried for several months. Longing to come out as a Christian, she feels bound hand and foot, and dares not until this dead husband is buried. We have one of our best Bible women at Sung-kiang, and she and Mrs. Burke are trying to teach this woman what Christ meant by saying, "Let the dead bury their dead." Another old woman—seventy-three—whom I met on a boat last week listened eagerly to the story of love and grace, heard then for the first time, and was drawn by its sweet influence. "It is good; I believe it," she said, "but I can't be a Christian." Later the story came that she supported herself by making "ghost money," and to become a Christian meant to give up all her "living," and the faith just born was not strong enough for that. I think that Jesus must look with such "compassion" upon such women. More and more I am coming to understand something of the wonderful tenderness and depth of His compassion. I have gone again and again recently to the story in Mark vi. of the hungry multitude and the compassionate Christ. It is such a privilege to take the bread of life from Him and pass it on to hungry hearts.

I spent a week in Sung-kiang about the middle of November, and feel that we have really opened our work there. We are still hindered about the land, and so cannot build; but the Burkes are very lovely to me and make me quite at home

with them, and I expect to be there quite a good deal this winter. It is a great pleasure to have the Burkes back again. They are both excellent workers. We are to have a school for women there as well as a home as soon as land can be secured, and two ladies will live there.

Your dear letter begun October 6, so full of loving remembrance of my birthday, reached me at Sung-kiang, and I found the magazines waiting for me when I got back to Shanghai. Thank you so much for all, but most of all for the love and prayers. I am so glad that you pray for me. I am sure that God has sent many blessings to me through your prayers. It is so good to know that you do not forget. The magazines are so bright and pretty. It is a real pleasure to turn the leaves. I have dipped only here and there into them, but there will be waiting times when they will be nice to have.

I am sending you a copy of Andrew Murray's "The Master's Indwelling" which I had with me at Sung-kiang—this very book—and read with thanksgiving. I am sure that you will enjoy it. It is just the book for a Sunday afternoon. I wish that we might have it together. There are few devotional writers who help me as Murray does. I put in two copies of "Expectation Corner," to be passed on to some one who needs them.

Among the books I have enjoyed most of late has been a "Life of Dr. A. J. Gordon," by his son. If you have an opportunity, be sure to read it. . . .

Miss Haygood's plans for further itineration during the winter of 1896 and 1897 were seriously interfered with by illness. About the first of December she returned from Nantziang far from well, and for the next six or eight weeks was seldom able to leave the house, seventeen days of the time being spent in bed. The next letter was written during

these shut-in days, which were to her "a sort of resting time—one of the Master's own turnings aside."

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, January 8, 1897.

. . . You will have heard from Sister Myra, I think, that I have been sick. I came home from Nantziang December 1st far from well, and since that time, except to a few Chinese services by special dispensation, and once a little walk of half a hundred yards, perhaps, I have not been outside the compound. . . .

Of course my plans for outside work have been interfered with. Miss Hughes has now gone the second time to Sungkiang on my account. I am afraid that I shall not be allowed to do any more itineration until after the China New Year holidays, now close at hand, but there will be a great deal that I can do in my study. The China New Year falls this year upon February 2. Full work will be resumed about February 22, at which time I hope to go on full duty. I had hoped to go to Soochow next week for a month, perhaps, but shall not dare at that time to take the boat trip. I was to attend the winter examinations there, and then to help Mrs. Gaither in opening her new school for women. I shall miss the examinations, but I still hope to be in time for the school opening.

They have all been so lovely to me during this shut-in time. I could not have had more tender care, even at Sister Myra's. It is worth while to be sick now and then to see how much love and sympathy there is about one. I have not wanted *any good thing*. Infolding all has been the wonderful love—ever and ever more wonderful, keeping my heart in great peace. . . .

I am so glad that you enjoyed the Stewarts. Their lives were beautiful in their devotion. I hope that you will also

read "Elsie Marshall," which I sent to Clara for the young people. It is true that there has never been in any one year in one province in China so large an ingathering of souls into the kingdom as in Fukien, where these good people were massacred in 1895. There were more than 5,000 baptized, and more than 20,000 enrolled as inquirers. It is not to be wondered at. The prayers of God's people all over the world were directed for a time to that part of China, and God has answered. Marvelously has He made the wrath of man to praise Him.

The methods of work used in that province are used in other parts of China off the great water ways, especially in some parts of North China. It has been greatly blessed—not so much as school work as evangelistic work. We are hoping to make Sung-kiang a center for a somewhat similar work though on a much smaller scale. Mrs. Gaither is doing a good deal of village work now from Soochow. It has seemed on the whole best in this part of China to concentrate upon work that could be more frequently visited—to cultivate more thoroughly the smaller field. The one we ought to do, and not to leave the other undone.

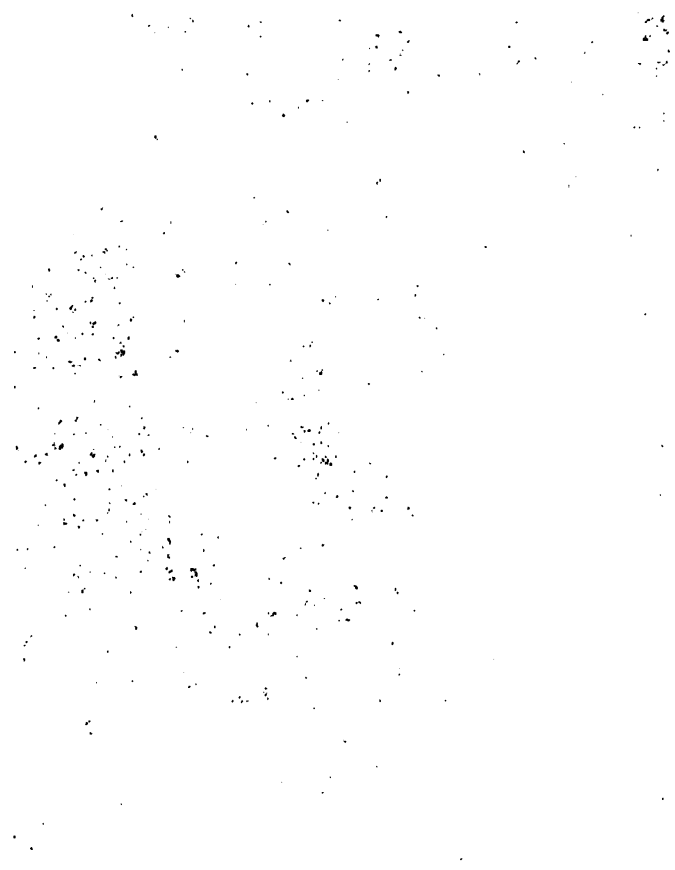
I can send you only a short letter by this mail. There is not very much writing strength yet, and several letters that must be gotten off if I can manage it. . . .

Early in March, Miss Haygood was so far recovered that she was able to resume her trips to the other mission stations. She left Shanghai about March 10th, going first to Nantziang, then to Sung-kiang.

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

ON A HOUSE BOAT, BETWEEN SUNG-KIANG AND
SHANGHAI, WEDNESDAY, 12:20 P.M., March 24, 1897.

. . . Returning health and strength have come to me as a very special gift from God, in answer to the prayers of His



LETTER FROM LAURA ASKEW HAYGOOD

"The Bible Marshes," which I sent to Clara for the young people. It is true that there has never been in any one year a crop so good as that in 1897, and an ingathering of souls into the Kingdom as in that year. There these good people were manifested in 1897. There were more than 5,000 baptisms, and more than 2,000 converts inquirers. It is not to be wondered at. The people of all lands all over the world were directed for a time to that part of China, and God has answered it. Marvelously has He made the wrath of man to praise Him.

The machinery of work used in that province are used in other parts of the province, and all the great water ways, especially in the Yangtze, are so blessed. It is a very greatly blessed, not only in the Yangtze, but in the work. We are hoping to have a number of stations, each a small station with a number of villages under them. Miss Galbraith is doing a number of village work now from Soochow. It has been decided that this part of China to concentrate upon the Yangtze, and to be frequently visited—to cultivate more and more the work of the Yangtze. It is one we ought to do, and we are doing it.

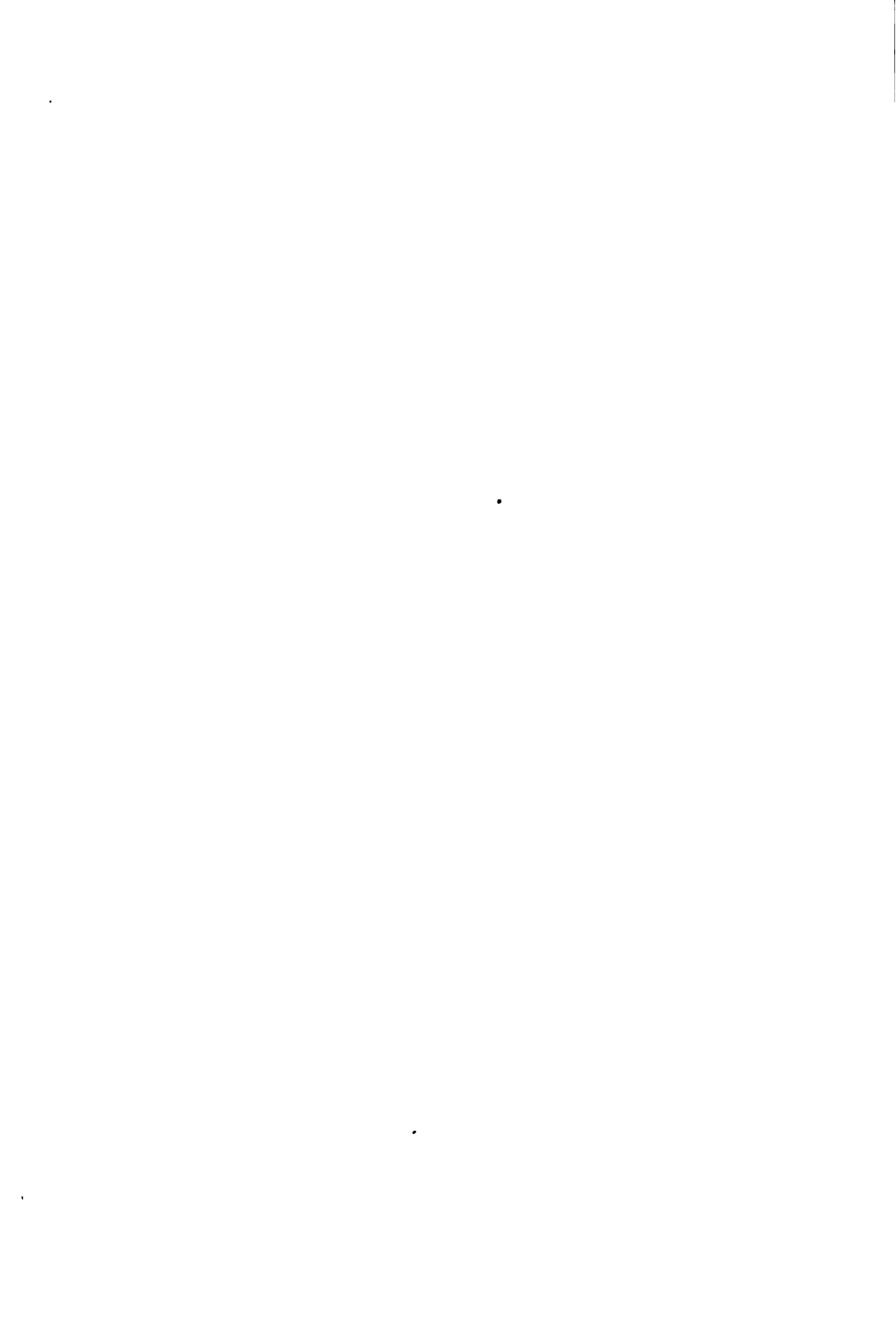
There is a letter from Miss Galbraith in His mail. There is also a letter from Miss Galbraith in several letters that I have received from her.

LETTER FROM MOLLIE STEVENS

LETTER FROM MOLLIE STEVENS, BETWEEN SING-KIANG AND
SHEK-KIANG, MARCH 24, 1897.
Dear Mother, health and strength have come to me as a very special gift from God, in answer to the prayers of His



CHINESE HOUSE BOAT (WILLIAM AND GORDON BURKE).



people. In a very special way I want to consecrate to Him every particle of power for service that it brings. It seemed very clear to me during the months in Shanghai—December, January, February—that He had put me on the “in-door staff” for that time, and He kept me in such peace about it and made me so glad in the work He gave me then to do.

Early in March it became equally clear to me that the time had come for other duties. Just as I was planning to go to Sung-kiang, news came to me of Miss Rankin's great sorrow in the death of her brother, and I went first to Nantziang.

From Nantziang I went to Sung-kiang, and have had ten happy, busy days there with the Burkes and Miss Leveritt. Mrs. Burke is such an ardent, joyous missionary, and such a careful wife and mother as well, that it is a great pleasure to be associated with her in work. But for the memory of the winter, and the shadow of peril in long walks, my time would have been chiefly given to the outside day schools at Sung-kiang, three of which are quite a long way from the parsonage. At Sung-kiang there is no means of getting about except one's own feet or a sedan chair, if your road happens to be other than a canal bank. So, dear Mrs. Burke made me exchange work with her, giving me her daily Bible lesson with the Bible women, and one or two other pupils that come to her, work in the women's meetings, and in the schools close at hand, while she went to the distant schools. Together we have prayed and planned for this work which is so dear to both our hearts; and, despite the fact that we are again waiting for questions about land to be settled and cannot commence building, we are full of hope. We do very much need there all the time of another lady, able to talk and give her whole time to the work. Mrs. Burke is working up to the full measure of her strength, and yet there is so much undone. It has been a real disappointment to us both that I could not spend as much of the winter there as I had planned,

but we both know *that* has been right. I fear now that I shall not be able to take up just the work I had thought to do there because of the long walks involved. Pray that just the right woman may be found for that work. I want one of the old workers, but do not just now see how it is possible to make the changes that would be involved in sending one of them. . . .

The steam launch has not been very satisfactory this winter, though we are hoping for better things from it by and by. It seemed best for me to take a small boat last night and return to Shanghai in the old-fashioned way, which is sometimes very good, and sometimes very otherwise. My boatmen promised to row all night—they often do this—and bring me to Shanghai by ten o'clock this morning, but it commenced raining soon after we started, and about eight o'clock they "tied up for the night" at the bank of the canal. They started again at 5 this A.M., but with a head wind, and have made very slow progress. We are still twelve miles or more from Shanghai, and I am by no means sure that we shall get in to-night. I wanted very much to be there to-day, but I am kept in peace and patience. We have no fire in the boat, except a foot stove, but I have on very warm clothing and am bundled up in a variety of wraps, tucked up on my bed, where I sit tailor-fashion, and really am not suffering from the cold. It hindered my writing this morning because my hands were tucked up, but it did not hinder reading, and I finished a delightful book which I began on the boat between Nantziang and Sung-kiang, "The Two St. Johns of the New Testament," by Stalker. Read it, if you come across it. You will enjoy it, I am sure.

. . . It is nearly two o'clock and the boatman reports the eggs he has been boiling to supplement my lunch ready, so I suppose I must stop writing and eat now. My traveling companion is Mrs. Kyung, a native Christian woman, strong and ready, who often makes boat trips with one and another

of us. She is opening the lunch basket now. We have rare talks sometimes. We both enjoy the morning and evening prayers together. This morning after prayers she took out her Chinese copy of "Words of Comfort," and read aloud for a time. She always takes this little book with her on boat trips. I think it has come to mean a great deal to her. She has only learned to read since she became a Christian—six years ago—and rarely ventures beyond the hymn book and certain favorite chapters. She says my eggs are getting cold and begs me to eat. . . .

SHANGHAI, SATURDAY A.M., March 27, 1897.

I can add only a line or two to tell you that I reached Mc-Tycire Home safely about 10 P.M. Wednesday, and am none the worse for the delay, except a slight cold. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, May 1, 1897.

. . . The month since I last wrote you has been so full. There have been so many things in it that I should have liked so much to share with you. Was it not on the boat coming from Sung-kiang that I wrote last? I stopped only a few days in Shanghai, and left March 31st for Soochow, where I stayed until last Friday, April 23. I have had this week in Shanghai, but expect to go on Monday to Nantziang. The weeks in Soochow were full of interesting and delightful experiences. First, was the formal opening of the "Davidson Memorial Bible School for Women," which marked, I think, one of the happiest days in Mrs. Gaither's life. I have written a long letter for Mrs. Butler about the school, which, sooner or later, you will see, so I must not take time for it here. The building is beautifully adapted to the needs, and the school promises to be a real center of blessing. Then there was a delightful week with Miss Atkinson and Miss Martin in their new home in an old Chinese house. But I

have written a long letter about this, which sooner or later will reach you. Then there was a day at Zang-Zok with Dr. and Mrs. Fearn, and a day at Waung-Dong with Mrs. Gaither and the Bible women, and Brother Zung, one of the native preachers. It would be lovely to talk over all these experiences with you this Saturday afternoon if we could only annihilate the weary miles that separate us. I kept wonderfully well during all this round of change and work. I have been very busy at my desk since my return—trying to get ready for the mail that goes this afternoon. . . .

We have many tokens for good in the work. The women, especially in the interior, have never seemed so willing to listen as now. At Soochow, at several widely separated points, we had large numbers of "outside" women—as our Church people call all who are not Christians—at meetings held in the afternoons specially for women. It was such a joy to talk to them. The day before I left Soochow a Buddhist nun came to the new Bible school and spent nearly the whole day listening most eagerly to the gospel. "Only to think," she exclaimed, "Jesus can save my soul from hell. What blessedness! And I never heard it before!" It was very pathetic. Her whole heart longs for the freedom which only Jesus can give, and yet she is so hedged about that it is going to be very difficult for her to claim as her own "the blessedness" which seemed so precious to her, and which only waits to be claimed by her. Pray for her. So many women hear gladly and say over and over, "It is good, it is good," but have not the courage to separate themselves from their people and bear all that becoming a Christian would mean to them. From a human standpoint it sometimes seems impossible. How our hearts do ache for them! Their lives are so bound, their hearts are so ready! Scarcely a week passes in which we do not now meet some such woman. . . .

TO MISS MATTIE NUNNALLY.

ON THE BOAT BETWEEN NANTZIANG AND SHANGHAI,
SATURDAY, 8:30 A.M., May 8, 1897.

. . . I think my last letter to you was written on a boat between Sung-kiang and Shanghai. Now another morning upon a boat, with no traveling companion except the boat people, gives me opportunity for another letter. . . .

I have been on the wing much of the time since I last wrote you. I went to Soochow March 31st, and from Soochow made two country trips. I returned to Shanghai April 24th, came to Nantziang May 3d, and am booked for Soochow again May 13th. My itineration has chiefly to be done in the spring and autumn. I was shut up for three months in the winter, you know, and there will be at least three months in summer when I shall not dare, unless there should seem to be imperative duty, to take long boat trips upon the canals. I do not enjoy the running about, though I do much enjoy the fellowship with Christian workers, both native and foreign, and the many opportunities for service which come to me. The past two months have brought me many opportunities of talking to large crowds of heathen women. The women are more and more willing to listen. Their hearts seem more open to the truth in every way. In all the places I have been this spring the announcement that there was a foreign woman there to talk to them about the "Jesus Doctrine" has been sufficient to draw a large crowd of women together. Often there have been men on the outskirts of the crowd, and once I talked in a closely packed chapel in which more than half the congregation were men. Almost without exception, they have given respectful attention. Again and again the women have exclaimed, "Oh! it is good to hear!" That does not at all mean, however, that they are ready to become Christians. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light," and His promise, "My word shall not return unto me void," are just real com-

forts when minds seem to be open to receive the message. In talking to heathen women I always try to state in a very simple way the plan of salvation—bring to their hearts some conception of the love that would save us from sin and make us ready for heaven. At the close of a large meeting of heathen women in Soochow, I tried to teach them the chorus of the hymn "Jesus Loves Me." In Chinese the words are:

"Jesus Saviour loves me,
Jesus Saviour loves me,
Jesus Saviour loves me,
For the Bible tells me so."

I repeated it a number of times, after having tried to put real meaning into each word. It touched me very deeply to hear through one of the Bible women, a few days after, that one of the women after going to her home, as she went about her household work, repeated the words over and over, until the family thought her crazy. That His love is personal—that He cares for the "me"—seems very wonderful to many of them. I dearly love to use the second person, singular, in talking to them.

We have recently opened a school for women in Soochow. While I was there Mrs. Gaither asked me to go to the school and talk to a Buddhist nun who had been for several hours with the Bible women, hearing and asking questions. She was forty-eight years old, and had been trying for many years by various devices to save her soul. She had invested all her living in a small temple, and the "several tens" of idols which it contained. She supported herself by looking after the interests of the dead, having a room where she received coffins and took care of them, until the propitious day for burial, burning incense for their souls, etc. But she had not been able to find peace for her own soul. The week before, one of the Bible women had visited her and talked to her about Jesus. Now she had come to hear more about Him.

I have never seen any one listen so eagerly, I think. Her face was all aglow. "Jesus has power to save my soul from hell. What blessedness! And I never knew it before!" She seemed all eagerness to become a Christian, to accept Christ at once; but when I talked to her about destroying the idols and coming out at once from among old associations, I found that she was hedged about with difficulties. She did not see how that could be done. She wanted Christ in her heart. She wanted assurance that she was saved. She seemed to have lost all respect for her idols, all fear of them, but they were "property." I thought of the young ruler who "went away sorrowful." This nun was very near "the kingdom" that day, but she did not enter. We are praying for her. We are sure that "the word" has entered her heart and is giving light.

I wish that you could have spent yesterday afternoon with me. I first went with Miss Rankin to a street chapel on the western side of Nantziang, in connection with which we have two day schools. There was a sermon in the chapel by a native preacher, and then I had all the women who had come in to themselves, in an inner room, and had a long, earnest talk with them. In order to meet the next engagement, I went back to the home in a sedan chair, and after a little rest went with Miss Coffey to a village two miles away on the other side of Nantziang. We went on wheelbarrows. When we reached the village, Miss Coffey went to a number of the houses, while I stopped at "the crossroads." My wheelbarrow was so placed as to give me a fairly comfortable seat, and a little congregation soon gathered around me. I wish that I could photograph the group for you. The day's work was over. Some were returning from the fields; some were tired mothers, with babies in their arms and little ones gathered around them, who seemed glad of an excuse to stop for a while in the soft spring air; there were old men and maidens, grandmothers and young boys—all ready to listen to a

story new to most, if not all, of them. It was quite enough to make a "street preacher" of me. Do you wonder? I talked for half an hour or more. But the sun had set, and we knew that we must be turning our faces homeward. As we said good-by, there was a chorus of voices begging us to come again. If I had the strength, I might fill every day with such work—it would be a real joy to do it—but I have many reminders that I have a very *human* body. Taking care of it is about the hardest work I am ever called to do.

Well, I have written half my voyage away. I expect a jinrikisha to meet me at a landing four miles from our home, where a carriage way from Shanghai ends. If all goes well, I shall be at home by 2 P.M., ready for the meeting of our native Christian Woman's Missionary Society at three. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SOOCHOW, Spring, 1897.

. . . I have been in Soochow now a little more than three weeks. There have been some burdens, some perplexities, but help and blessing in meeting them enough to make my heart glad, and to fill my days with thanksgiving.

Our working force is very small here now—only four ladies. Dr. Walter and Dr. Fearn were married April 21st. Mrs. Fearn hopes to continue Dr. Walter's work—but inevitably she is less free, and the hospital work is very exacting. . . .

For all the twelve day schools here, with nearly three hundred children, there is only Miss Atkinson. She is an indefatigable worker, and has a perfect genius for managing and teaching Chinese day schools; but her body is far from strong, and her work is enough to keep two strong women busy. . . .

Dear Mrs. Gaither has four Bible women working with her—there is a fifth who gives her entire time to the hospital. Mrs. Gaither is being greatly blessed in this work—doors are

open to her everywhere—visiting, holding afternoon meetings at the schools, looking after probationers, stirring up Church members—her hands and heart and every hour of every day are full of work, and she, “full of faith and the Holy Ghost,” is helping and blessing every day. I think that Brother Hearn, who is the foreign pastor here in charge of the native church, feels that he has a tower of strength in Mrs. Gaither. I found Brother Reid mourning over her loss when I reached Shanghai. God is greatly using her to His honor here.

The Soochow District meeting was held here last week. There was much earnest prayer both before and during the meeting, and it was an occasion of uplifting to many hearts. Brother Hearn decided to protract the meeting, and we are having several services now every day—two at the church, and small prayer meetings in schools, hospitals, etc., at other hours. Some of the meetings have been really very wonderful. Last night the Spirit came down with great power upon the congregation. The Christians had been engaged in prayer much of the day. At the close of the sermon, Brother Hearn asked those who were conscious of sin, and wished to come to Christ for forgiveness, to come to the altar, and scores responded—some literally rushing to the altar. Many of them were the young people from the boarding schools here who have long been under Christian instruction, but not all. There were most fervent prayers, then old-fashioned altar work, and hymns and exhortations such as we have known at home. By and by, when opportunity was given, one and another told of *peace* given, of “the witness of the Spirit,” of the new joy. Among these was an elderly woman employed as cook in the boarding school, who has been an out-and-out heathen, but who has been listening for days to preaching and exhortation, and whose heart had been all broken up by the story of the cross. It was wonderful this morning to hear her pray when an opportunity for voluntary

prayers was given in the school. Last night after about two hours' service, the benediction was pronounced. Brother Hearn said if any wished to stay for further talk, some of them would be glad to stay with them. The whole congregation remained, and another half hour was spent in exhortation, testimony, and prayers. Long after we came home, I heard the boys singing over at their school. This morning at eight o'clock there were a number of small meetings. I wish that you could have heard the reports from these meetings as we gathered in Mrs. Gaither's study about 9:30. Mrs. Park had been at the Woman's Hospital, and God had been there in great power. The old gate keeper and his wife, who have long resisted the gospel, came boldly out for Christ. One after another of the nurses had testified to blessing received, or asked for prayer. Mrs. Gaither had been with the Bible women and the native preachers' wives, and they too had received a fresh baptism. Miss Pyles and I had been with the girls in the Boarding School, and had found it one of the heavenly places in Christ. Fifteen or twenty of the girls took part in the meeting. Miss Atkinson was sick and not able to go out, but she was in the study to rejoice with us.

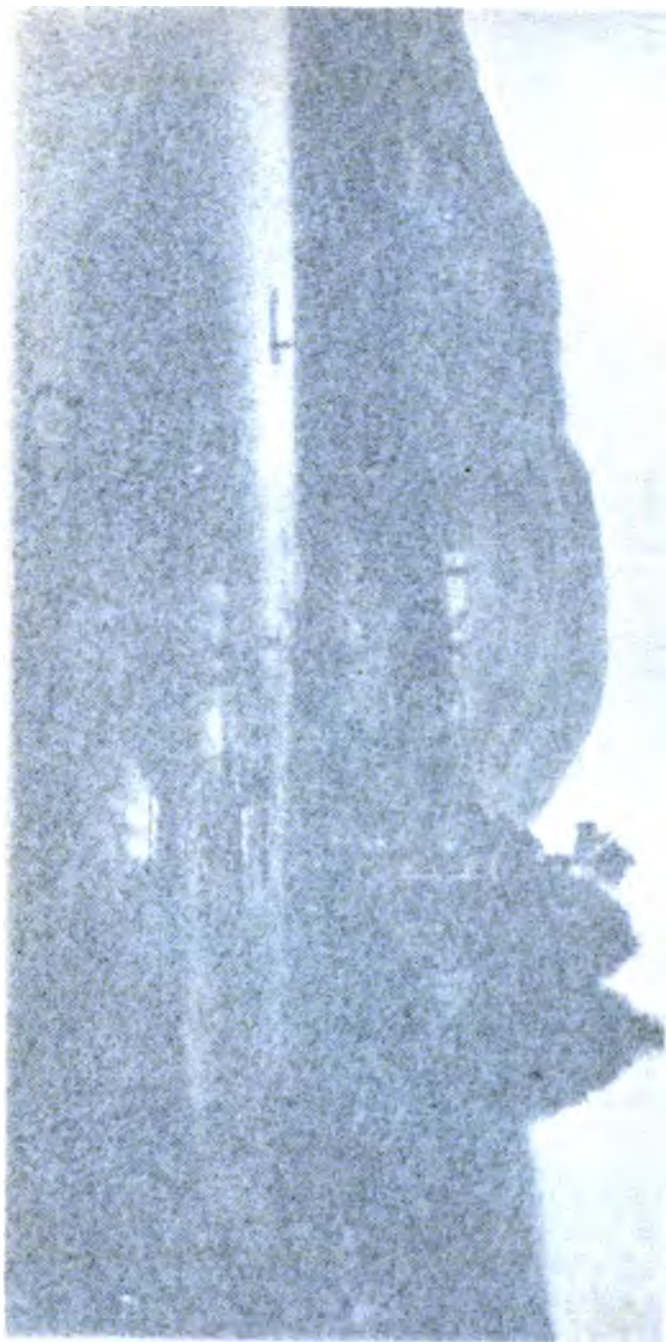
One marked feature of this meeting is the deep anxiety which seems to pervade the hearts of all the native Christians for their relatives and friends who are still without Christ. It is to me one of the most precious tokens of the presence of the Holy Spirit.

At seven every evening this week the missionaries have been meeting for a half hour of special united prayer before going to the church, and it has been a time of great blessing to all our hearts. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

HAKONE, JAPAN, August 16, 1897.

. . . . After five years another August finds me at Hakone, seeking health and strength. I think that I wrote you



and the children in the school. Last night after about two hours of prayer the benediction was pronounced. Brother H. did not seem disposed to stay for further talk, some of the new converts accompanied me with them. The whole congregation remained until another half hour was spent in exhortation to the new converts. Last evening we came home, I heard the girls sing in the school. This morning at eight o'clock there were a number of small meetings. I wish that you could have heard the reports from these meetings as they were held here. Mrs. Gaither, early about 9:30. Mrs. Park at the doctor's son's hospital, and God had been there for some time. The doctor's keeper and his wife, who have been very kind to me, were here, they had been out for Christ. One of the new converts had been afflicted with blessing received, and she had been very happy. There had been with the Bible women and the native teachers' wives, and they too had received a fresh blessing. Miss Pyle, and I had been with the children in the Sunday School, and had found it one of the most interesting meetings. Fifteen or twenty of the girls took part in the singing. The doctor's son was sick and not able to attend, but he was glad to rejoice with us.

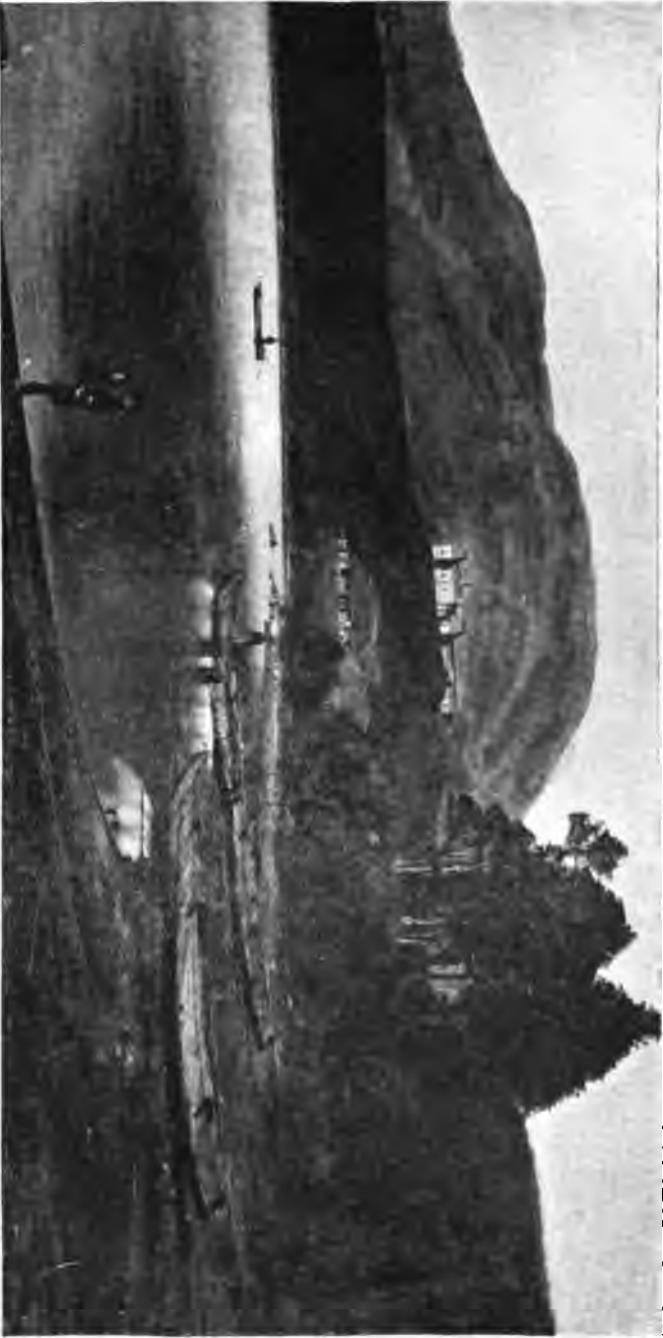
There is a deep anxiety in the hearts of the native Christians for the conversion of those who are still without Christ. It is to them one of the most precious tokens of the presence of the Holy Spirit.

On seven days evening this week the missionaries have been meeting for a half hour of special united prayer before the altar, and it has been a time of great blessing.

TO J. S. MOLLIE STEVENS.

HARONE, JAPAN, August 16, 1897.

After five years another August finds me at Harone, seeking health and strength. I think that I wrote you



HAKONE LAKE (EMPEROR'S SUMMER PALACE IN THE DISTANCE).



that my good doctor made leaving Shanghai in August imperative. I planned to come as far as Yokohama with Helen R. as she went home. . . .

Here we are delightfully situated. We have two pleasant rooms, upstairs, in a Japanese hotel, overlooking the beautiful lake of which I have told you. We are just on the edge of the water, and the veranda attached to our rooms is very like the deck of a steamer. The landscape before us, of which Fujiyama is the crowning glory, is one of the most beautiful in Japan. There are only two other people on our floor—missionary friends. . . . Our meals are served to us on the veranda, and we have just as little intercourse as we wish with the rest of the house. They give us very good fare—not that of a city hotel, but wholesome food fairly well cooked. I can get my three essentials—good bread, beef, and milk. Besides we have chicken, fish, eggs, etc. It is delightfully cool. I have on a full suit of flannels and a winter dress, and am only comfortable. Helen is enjoying it all so thoroughly. The other two ladies are all that we could ask in the way of pleasant, congenial friends, and Miss Irving speaks Japanese, and kindly interprets for us as there may be need.

Our coming here has been so manifestly our Father's leading that I feel that the stay must be good for both. I was so far from well when I left Shanghai that I did not have the courage to plan a trip across the mountains, but the journey was so broken that at last it seemed quite easy—and here we found that He had been before and prepared the way for us.

We shall return to Yokohama, God willing, about August 24th. Helen will sail August 28th, and I about September 1st. I must be back in Shanghai for the opening of Mc-Tyeire School. Just as I wrote the last sentence Helen said: "Isn't that an earthquake?" I thought not, but before the sentence was finished, I found that I was mistaken. The peculiar trembling sensation—the second we have felt since we have been in Japan—lasted not more than half a minute

and was not severe, but it is always a relief to know that it has stopped. These slight shocks have been rather frequent this summer. Don't let this make you anxious. The cablegrams will tell you before you read this letter if there is a serious quake. It is good in the midst of uncertainties to think of all that Isaiah tells us in that wonderful fortieth chapter of the power of our Father. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, October 12, 1897.

. . . I thank you with all my heart, dear Mrs. Trueheart, for the kind message to me by Miss Rankin about coming home under certain conditions. I still feel, as when I wrote you from Japan, about my health, that as long as I am well enough to be really helpful here, I do not wish to consider the question of leaving China. I am sorry to say that there has been no material improvement in my health since I last reported to you, but, without being well, I am able to keep some of the wheels turning that otherwise might stop. I manage to get through with six or eight hours of work on most of the days, though the work is less vigorously done than formerly. But I am very happy in the doing, and I beg that you will not be anxious about me. . . .

"Ng Sien-sang," who is referred to in the next letter, was for many years an honored teacher in Clopton School. He was connected with the school when it was in Mrs. Lambuth's care, and in addition to his duties as teacher he was also at one time Dr. J. W. Lambuth's writer, and assisted him in the translation of the Scriptures and other Christian books. Intellectually he had a thorough knowledge of the truths of Christianity, but he could not consent to yield his life to Christ. He was for years the subject of many earnest prayers and faithful exhortations from Dr. and Mrs. Lambuth, Miss Haygood, and others. When he finally accepted

Christ and publicly confessed Him before men, it was an occasion of great rejoicing among his many friends and pupils.

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

SHANGHAI, SUNDAY, 7 P.M., October 17, 1897.

. . . I cannot let the day slip away without telling you of our happy Sunday. It has been truly a "happy day." This afternoon at Trinity, at the close of the prayer meeting, Ng Sien-sang and Kau Sien-sang were baptized by Sz Sien-sang, and received into the Church. The whole service was very precious. Ling Sien-sang conducted the first part, and the lesson was from Acts xvi., the baptism of Lydia and the jailer. The presence and power of the Spirit were felt in the exhortation and prayers. Our hearts were all touched when Sz Sien-sang, in praying, thanked God for the blessed proof we had to-day that He heard and answered prayers—"not only our prayers, but the prayers of Lan Sien-sang and Lan Nyang-nyang [Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Lambuth], in leading Ng Sien-sang to come to-day to confess Him before men." Very tender were his pleadings that our two brothers might receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as well as the baptism with water. It was very touching to see these two men kneeling humbly at the altar and receiving baptism at the hands of their old friend.

You can imagine the joy in Clopton School. The girls had quite of their own impulse—without any foreign suggestion—gathered money enough to buy a handsome Bible similar to one they gave Sz Sien-sang a Christmas or two ago, and had Sz Sien-sang present this to Ng Sien-sang after he was received into the Church. After the benediction, when many Church members were speaking words of welcome to the two brethren, the girls remained standing (this all of themselves) until Ng Sien-sang could come to them and they could tell him how glad they were. They spoke only a word or two, but you can imagine their faces. Our last hymn at the serv-

ice was "Happy Day." I do not think that it was ever sung with more joy in the little church. I found myself wishing for you and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Lambuth. I know that you have all prayed with us, and I wanted you to have part just then in our joy.

One touching episode was just before the benediction. Waung Sien-sang, from the Baptist Church, asked if a visitor might speak a word. He said that he was there just to rejoice with us to-day—he had heard Ng Sien-sang was to be baptized, and he had come to have part in the thanksgiving.

Pau-kyung had heard, and she too came that she might have part in the joy. She was eager, too, to have news of you, and begged to be remembered to you.

WEDNESDAY, October 20, 7:30 P.M.

I had a long visit this afternoon from Ng Sien-sang. We had a regular class meeting. It was so good to hear him speak of the new peace in his heart. He said that he was exceedingly happy Sunday afternoon, but it was "inexpressible." I think that I did not tell you that Sunday afternoon when Mr. Hendry said, "If either of the brethren would like to speak, we shall be glad to hear," Ng Sien-sang with the new Bible in his hand turned to the girls and said, "Thank you, my pupils;" and then to me and said, "Thank you, Miss Haygood, because you have often exhorted me." Only this. It touched me very deeply. He promised me to-day to "exhort" Huh Sien-sang. I was so glad to have the opportunity to talk to him about reading the Bible and about prayer. I gave him, too, a set of Dr. Allen's "Witness Series." I think they will have a new interest for him now. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, November 17, 1897.

. . . I shall not attempt any itineration this autumn. My desk work—accounts and correspondence—and necessary

duties in McTyeire School leave me no time, and besides the doctor advises against it. I have really not been well enough at any time since my last visit to Soochow last May for canal boat trips, with the work that lies beyond them. But I very greatly enjoyed the work, and shall be glad to take it up again if ever it seems right to do it. The work of the last Conference year gave me beautiful opportunity to know the work and the native helpers at other stations, and so it is possible for me now to help a little, even from Shanghai.

In thinking of it all, it seems an ordering of the Providence that has been making *my times, my changes*, for me, for these many years, that just now, when there seems the physical need for abiding in one place, there should not be any other place in all the work that seems to need so much just the sort of help I can give as the McTyeire Home and School. . . .

We have had some pleasant and helpful visitors in Shanghai recently, notably among them Bishop and Mrs. Joyce and Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, of the M. E. Church. Bishop Joyce preached, to the edification and the delight of the churchgoing people of Shanghai. I heard him once on 1 John iv. 7. The sermon was a real uplift. He and Mrs. Joyce spent an evening with us at McTyeire Home, and Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin were with us at tiffin yesterday. Both Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin are now missionary secretaries—he of one board and she of the other. They are very interesting people. They came to China thirty-six years ago as missionaries. They were here—earnest, devoted workers—for twenty years. They have now been at home for sixteen years, and engaged in missionary work there. They now come back to help in celebrating the jubilee of their mission in China. Their joy in the great advances that mission work has made during these sixteen years is very great. They told us yesterday that when they came to China, thirty-six years ago, at Foochow—where they lived and worked—there were only

twelve Christians—native, in all the city and surrounding country, in all the missions. Now there are *thirty-two thousand* in the province of which Foochow is the capital. The Church is stronger there than in any other one province in China, but everywhere there is marvelous advance. . . .

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

SHANGHAI, December 9, 1897.

. . . The promoters of the "New School for Girls" gave a dinner to foreign ladies this week. We were all invited, but I could not go, and Miss Waters and Miss Sanders thought they were too busy. Miss Williams went with Mrs. Parker, Miss Gary, Miss Bomar. I will send you the newspaper account of the dinner. The Chinese gentlemen and ladies are finding a great many difficulties in their way as they plan for the school. Its future seems by no means assured.

I am invited to make a talk at the annual meeting of Mrs. Little's Anti-Foot-Binding Society next week, but I am too uncertain about my body to promise. . . .

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

SHANGHAI, December 16, 1897.

. . . The usual Christmas presents are arriving. Pah-me's mother sent us two large baskets of Tientsin pears; Mrs. Dzau brought, that is accompanied the servant, two turkeys; Pih-tsung's father sent us each a box of tea, a jar of ginger, and a basket of pumeloes. I suppose that I need not wish you were here to share them with us. I am sure that you are eating turkeys and cranberry sauce, and mince pies, etc., day after day. . . .

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

SHANGHAI, December 26, 1897.

. . . Would that you could have been with us at our prayer meeting to-night. E-faung led. She talked to the



Mrs. RAY ASKEW HAYGOOD.

... in all the city and surrounding
... Now there are *thirty-two* the
... of which Peking is the capital. The
... there the ... any other one province
... everywhere there ... various advance.

MISS RICHARDSON.

ANGORA, December 9, 1897.

... The prom... the "New School for Girls"
... gave a dinner to for ... this week. We were all in-
... but I could not ... and Miss Waters and Miss S...
... Miss Williams went with Mrs...
... I will send you the new...
... Chinese gentlemen and
... difficulties in their way as
... His future seems to have no means to

... make a talk at the annual meeting of Mrs.
... Society next week, but I am too
... to do so.

BY:

December 16, 1897.

... are arriving. Pak-
... baskets of Tientsin pears; Mrs.
... accompanied the servant, two keys,
... us each a box of tea, a jar of gin
... I suppose that I need not wish
... I am sure that you are
... berry sauce, and mince pies, etc., they

MISS RICHARDSON.

SHANGHAI, December 26, 1897.

... You could have been with us at our
... E-fang led. She talked to the



HELEN LEE RICHARDSON.

girls out of a very full heart, and told them of the way in which she had come to know God during these five years, of sins forgiven, of comfort in sorrow, and help in weakness, of all that Christ is to her now day by day, of her supreme wish that He might be magnified in her body whether by life or death, quoting Phil. i. 20, last clause. Then the most earnest and the most touching appeal to the girls to give themselves to Christ. They were sobbing all over the room. She called on them for testimony and for requests, and a number responded, several asking us to pray for them. Zing-lan said that before she came to this school she did not know that she had any sins, but that now she knew she was a sinner. E-faung asked her if she wished us to pray for her, and she answered earnestly, "Yes." . . . We spent an hour together—a real blessed time it was. . . .

TO MISS MATTIE NUNNALLY.

SHANGHAI, December 21, 1897.

. . . Your letter of October 31st came December 5th, and was most welcome, though it made me feel more than ever sorry for all the happenings that have brought about so long a silence. You have had my letter, however, by this time, and know how it came about.

I can add little to the story of physical ups and downs that I told in that letter. Sometimes better, sometimes worse, the general average remains about the same. I have had a week in my room since I last wrote you, but usually I am up and about and able to meet the imperative daily duties, but have to deny myself many of the things that belong to the luxuries of doing. I was thinking of myself a little while ago as something like a clock, originally made to run a year, but, having gradually lost spring, not able now always to make out twenty-four hours. But with careful winding it may be able to measure time for a good long while to come. Despite

the fact that there have been few real well days, the year has passed quickly and happily, and has been crowded with blessings. I wish that I had kept a record of the special providences, the helps in times of special need, the direct answers to prayer. There have been so many, and they have been so gracious. I think that I must be grateful all my life long in remembering some of the special gifts of strength and *peace*—real quietness of soul—in times when there was sore need. Truly, the faithfulness of our God is exceeding great. We may safely trust Him for all that is to come. . . .

I have not been in Soochow since last May, but I have inquired about "the Nun" from time to time. She seems really to wish to be a Christian, but has not yet disentangled herself from the hindrances about her. Mrs. Gaither and the Bible women do not forget her, and we still hope that she may yet become an out-and-out Christian. Some recent experiences have made me realize anew how much our native Christians of the first generation have to overcome, how much they have to bear, when they try to come out from among their own people. A young woman whose own family are heathen, but whose mother-in-law is a member of our Church, died. She herself had given real evidence of faith in Christ, and we have much reason to hope that she is saved. The mother-in-law wished her to have Christian burial. I wish that I had time to tell you all the story of what she overcame and endured to secure this. That she at last succeeded seemed both to her and to us a remarkable answer to prayer. We are hoping for fruits from her faithful witnessing through this service.

We have been much interested of late in some plans of Chinamen of official rank for establishing a "School for Girls." They wish to have only one foreigner connected with it—a lady—who will be Associate Principal with a Chinese lady, and they wish to keep this school under their own control. They are dreaming of great things for the school.

Their plans are not all practical, but that they want the school at all and are willing to plan for it is one of the tokens of the great awakening that is coming to China. They have invited a missionary, Miss Howe, of the Northern Methodist Church, to take charge of the school. She has referred the matter to her Board. . . .

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

SHANGHAI, SUNDAY, 8:30 P.M., January 9, 1898.

. . . Miss Howe and her two young doctors declined to go into the new school with "semiannual sacrifices to Confucius." It seems that this clause was not in the original prospectus presented to them. The two young doctors have published a strong, brave letter in the *North China Daily News*, giving their reasons for declining, for which we feel grateful. I think the management of the new school will so modify their plans that these Christians may take up the work. They have already done so in the Boys' School, in which Mr. Ferguson has secured a great many liberties. He is organizing with a corps of Christian teachers, and he is very hopeful. . . .

I do not think I am going to leave China. The staying seems quite clearly to me yet God's appointment for me. I don't know about my body—it does seem rather an uncertain factor—but I do not think that being at home would make material difference, and it really seems to me that I can now use to better advantage whatever strength I may have *here* than *there*. I am not giving any "anxious thought" to my to-morrow, and you must not either. I am just so glad to leave it to God, "whose I am, and whom I serve." There isn't anything to be anxious about, except the being where He wishes me to be, and the doing the things He wishes me to do, and somehow or other I have come to feel that there is no real need for me to know more than one day at a time. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, January 22, 1898.

. . . Your dear letter of November 20 and my Christmas book—which I am now enjoying—reached me January 2d. Thank you with all my heart for both, dear unforgetting friend. There is something so inexpressibly precious to me in your faithfulness. It is just such a comfort to know day after day, no matter what happens, that you are remembering me and loving me and praying for me—in the truest, sweetest sense *my fellow-worker* in all that I am trying to do. God reward you a thousandfold for all your faithfulness to me. I love to think of the blessed “inasmuch” for you in remembering all that you have been to me for these nearly fifteen years.

The days have been full to overflowing since I last wrote you. The semiannual examinations, with all the report-making and account-taking that fell to me this year, have left me scarcely a moment’s leisure for the past month. And now that vacation has come it brings, not leisure, but its own peculiar claims and duties, and I am as busy as ever. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, January 30, 1898.

. . . I am glad that you think so favorably of a visit to China, and I hope much to have the pleasure of welcoming you to our Jubilee Conference next autumn. We are often saying one to another, “When Mrs. Trueheart comes,” etc., and shall be grievously disappointed not to have you with us. *Be sure*, when you come, to allow yourself plenty of time to give China at least *three* months. You cannot possibly get even a good introduction to our work in less time. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, February 26, 1898.

. . . Again would I thank you with all my heart for the kind words about my coming home. As I have written you

before, I cannot feel while I am as well as I am now, and the needs here of experienced workers so great, that it would be right for me to go home. Besides, I have not much reason to think that I should be materially better at home. My doctor, in whom I have all confidence, does not think that my ills of the past eighteen months have been climatic. While I cannot feel that it will be right for me to leave China now, I am more deeply grateful than I can tell you for your loving thought for me in making it possible for me to go if it seems necessary. I am most grateful to tell you that I am really quite a good deal better than a month ago, and, for me, fairly well. There certainly seems no immediate occasion for anxiety. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, May 10, 1898.

. . . I must tell you how good my fellow-workers here are to me. I am not worse, I think, but a few weeks ago I was in the midst of one of "my downs," and dear Miss Bomar insisted that I should let her come up from Trinity every day and take one hour of my class work, the one hour that no one at McTyeire could take—and she has been doing it ever since, and insists that she must do it until Miss Richardson returns, and this though all the work of Clopton School falls to her this term.

Miss Waters rearranged her program and gave up her regular study time that she might take another part of my work. Between them they have left me only two hours in school of regular class work—one from nine to ten A.M., the other from four to five P.M., with afternoon prayers. Last week Miss Hughes went to Soochow for me to help Mrs. Gaither.

Do you remember how I enjoyed in 1884 the "Memorials of Frances Havergal?" I had not seen the book even for a very long time, when I came across it quite accidentally one

day last week. I put it aside for Sunday, and do you know that it came to me again as a most precious benediction? It really meant so much more to me than before. I understand so much better than before. I want to send this precious little bit to you. It made music in my heart for hours on Sunday:

What though to-day
 Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
 For His strange dealings through the trial season,
Trust and obey!
 Though God's cloud mystery enfold thee here,
 In after life and light *all* shall be plain and clear.

If you have not read the book recently, give a Sunday afternoon to it. I wish that we might have it together—but we shall—shall we not? Little differences in time and place need not matter. . . .

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

SHANGHAI, TUESDAY, 5:45 P.M., July 19, 1898.

. . . Since I wrote you the other day many things have happened. I am sending you papers that will tell you all about the riot in the French Concession, which began on Saturday morning over an attempt to remove the Ningpo joss house. The disturbance only reached the neighborhood of Trinity late in the afternoon, and even then the ladies did not realize its extent. Miss Atkinson, who was stopping there, coming in about seven o'clock to spend the night with us, told me that there was trouble. A little later I sent a note asking the ladies to come and bring the left-over Clopton girls (school had closed on Thursday) and spend the night with us, but they then thought it better not to leave home. After prayer meeting Brother Burke went down to reconnoitre, and was driven back by the mob before he could reach Trinity. He reported to us, then went and got help and reached the home. The outside people were breaking down lamps and

attacking anything that was at hand. Taking advantage of a lull, Mr. Burke and Mr. Cline brought the ladies and ten girls to McTyeire, reaching us about twelve o'clock. You can imagine how relieved and grateful we were when they were all safely inside our gate. Everything was perfectly quiet in the English Concession. We did not know but that Trinity Home would be burned or destroyed during the night, but it seemed rather a small matter after the anxiety we had for an hour or two about the personal safety of the ladies. The paper will tell you the rest of the story. There is just now a truce, but those who know best say that the end is not yet, so the ladies, and the girls who could not be sent home, are still with us. I am exceedingly glad to have them here. They did not intend to go away this summer, and I think this is going to prove a real good change for them, though they would not have chosen to take it under these conditions. They are quite content to stay now until it is safe to go back, and we are all comfortably adjusted and settled, and having a thoroughly good time. . . .

TO MRS. TRUBHEART.

McTYEIRE HOME, SHANGHAI, July 23, 1898.

. . . We are still without official news of the Board meeting, though a letter from Miss Richardson told us many things concerning the meeting of which we were glad to hear. We are very satisfied to know that the old staff of officers are all in their places for another quadrennium. I pray that God may give you great peace, great wisdom, and great strength, my dear sister, for the increasingly difficult and trying duties to which you are again called. I pray, too, that you may have great peace and great joy in this service. I have long since come to feel that love should offer sympathy rather than congratulation to a friend called in the providence of God to bear such heavy burdens. Yet it is very sweet to feel that one

doing this for Him may claim in a very special sense as her own the blessed promise "My grace is sufficient for thee."

We are all so very, very sorry that you are not coming to us this autumn. We had quite set our hearts upon having you here. To us it seems almost an imperative necessity that you should come. There are so many things that the Secretary ought to know that it seems almost impossible for one to see on that side of the world. There have been so many things that we have been putting aside to talk over with you when you might with us look into the face of the difficulties and perplexities that confront us. . . . There are some things that cannot be put upon paper that if here you would understand. We are so very, very sorry that you are not coming. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

McTYEIRE HOME, SHANGHAI, August 6, 1898.

. . . You will have heard of Miss Richardson's safe arrival on Saturday, July 31st. I need not tell you that it is a great joy to have her back again. She is strong in every way, and in every way I have found her help and comfort and strength as a fellow-worker. . . . I felt a little anxious about her coming to Shanghai in midsummer, but as we are having an unusually pleasant August I hope that she will be none the worse for coming on. As she comes in vacation, she will have a little real rest before the beginning of work. She left her sister in Japan with Misses Sanders and Martin. They will all be here about the last of August. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, August 27, 1898.

. . . Mary Richardson, after three pleasant weeks in Japan with Misses Sanders and Martin, reached Shanghai last Saturday. She is very well. I like her spirit much and think there is promise of good things in her. That she is

Helen Richardson's sister is in itself in some sense both promise and pledge. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

McTYEIRE HOME, SHANGHAI, November 24, 1898.

. . . I am remembering so gratefully, this Thanksgiving Day, the blessings of the year, and I am so thankful to tell you that I am ever and ever so much better physically than last Thanksgiving Day—better than I thought ever to be again. It seemed more than probable to me one year ago that I should be at home in heaven before another Thanksgiving. But here I am in China, and as well perhaps as at any time within the past three or four years. There is a special song of praise in my heart for this to-night.

. . . I have been so very busy since Conference with visits to Nantziang and Sung-kiang, and getting in shape for the printer minutes and reports, etc., that I have not been able to write to you. . . . While I was in Sung-kiang we had the formal opening of the Hayes-Wilkins Memorial, Bishop Wilson preaching for us in the pretty new "Melissa Baker Chapel."

CHAPTER XVII.

BIBLE WOMEN'S WORK.

So many women hear gladly and say over and over, "It is good," "It is good," but have not the courage to separate themselves from their people and bear all that becoming a Christian would mean to them. From a human standpoint it sometimes seems impossible. How our hearts do ache for them! Their lives are so bound, their hearts are so ready!—
Miss Haygood.

AT the time of Miss Haygood's arrival in China in 1884, there was only one paid native agent in the Shanghai District who was distinctively engaged in Bible women's work. She had been trained by Mrs. J. W. Lambuth, and under her supervision had gone out on evangelistic trips, sometimes for ten days at a time, talking and reading to the women, and interesting them in the story of Jesus. It was not possible to do much with only one Bible woman at her command, but Miss Haygood at once fitted up one of the rooms of Clopton School as a reception room where the Bible woman, Mrs. Dzau, could entertain and instruct all women who might happen to visit the school. Here also a weekly prayer meeting was held to which the mothers of the day school children—nearly all of whom were heathen women—were especially invited. In this modest way Miss Haygood continued the work for women, which had been begun by Mrs. Lambuth, Mrs. Cunnyngnam, and others, seeking to develop it as rapidly as circumstances made possible. Services for women

were held whenever practicable in connection with each of the day schools, and Miss Haygood visited the women in their homes as often as she could. She recognized the great value of the day schools as a means of getting access to the women in their own homes, and on January 11, 1886, wrote to Mrs. McGavock:

As to Woman's Work, there is no agency that will so help us in carrying the gospel to homes and mothers as the schools. When we may have Bible women their efficiency will be immeasurably increased by having the day schools as a basis from which they may work. We are having proof even now of what may be done through them. The Saturday afternoon meetings of which I wrote you are increasing in interest. There may be such meetings in connection with every school when we have women to direct them.

For several years the work among women in Shanghai developed slowly; not, however, from the lack of opportunity, but from the lack of missionaries and Bible women to direct the work. Of its gradual growth, Miss Haygood's annual reports of that time give clear and concise information. Of the work of 1887, she wrote:

Of Woman's Work, I am profoundly sorry that I have so little to report. It has been impossible during the year to do the work for mothers and families that we had hoped and planned. Our hearts have ached more than we can tell you, as again and again, in physical weakness, we have been obliged to turn away from open doors. We have only found comfort in the thought that the weakness and the waiting have been appointed for us by our Heavenly Father, who surely loves these women and children more than we love them, and cares more truly for their salvation than we can care. His thoughts are not our thoughts, and His ways are

not our ways. We confidently believe that when we are ready He will let us go forward with this work; or that, in His own good time, He will raise up others to do it. *We trust Him for it*, as we do for just that measure of health and strength that is truly best for us, and for that part of His work which He has committed to us.

In 1898 Woman's Work in Shanghai took a step in advance. Mrs. Campbell, having been assigned to this part of the work, was soon able to organize a class for Chinese women, which met three times a week. She also visited the women in their homes, and received visits from them, in this way making many friends among them.

In 1890 Miss Haygood was able to give more time than ever before to work among women. She gave the following account of the work for that year:

During the earlier half of the year, assisted in day school work by Miss Hamilton and Miss Lipscomb, I was able to give more time than ever to Woman's Work, attending cottage prayer meetings, visiting the women in their homes, and receiving them at our home. I have no sweeter memory of the year's work than of a series of visits paid to a very humble home where a Chinese woman, who had only a few months before received Christ as her Saviour, lay dying. It was a blessed privilege to see the seed of truth spring up in her heart and grow and bring forth fruit unto everlasting life as her love grew deeper and her faith stronger. As I read to her the "exceeding great and precious promises," they came to her heart and mind as fresh and sweet as if they had fallen for the first time from the Master's lips for her and for me; and when, her feet having already entered the cold waters, she whispered, "I am not at all afraid, for Jesus is with me," I *knew* as never before how truly our Saviour is the Saviour of all the world.

My heart was greatly drawn out for them during these months of work with the women, and the conviction of last year deepened that there is no richer field opened to us than this. There are thousands of women here in Shanghai glad to listen to our message, ready to receive the truth, if only we had time to give it to them. "The harvest truly is plenteous." With stronger faith and more urgent entreaty let us cry "unto the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

During the latter half of the year I have been obliged to give so much of my time and strength to the schools and business matters connected with buildings and repairs, that work for women has been only incidental.

Miss Haygood's personal work for women was necessarily always more or less incidental to her many other duties, but she always recognized its great importance and was deeply thankful when in 1892 she welcomed to the field one who was to give Woman's Work the first place in her time. In her report to the Board for 1893 Miss Haygood wrote:

It is a great pleasure to know that Mrs. Gaither will be able, during the coming Conference year, to enter in a very definite way upon this most important branch of work. It is a matter of deep regret to us that so few of our Chinese sisters are available as Bible women. They seem to us to be so needed that we have faith to believe that they will be raised up, and indeed to find promise even now of their coming in the quickened zeal of many of our Chinese sisters.

For a number of years the opening of Bible schools for women in China had been regarded as very essential. Originally it had been the purpose to establish one of these schools in Shanghai, but later the growth of the work in Soochow

and Sung-kiang was such that these two places were selected as the centers for Bible Women's Work. Soon after Miss Haygood's return to China, in 1896, she took steps toward opening the Davidson Memorial Bible School in Soochow, and the Hayes-Wilkins Memorial in Sung-kiang. As will be seen from their names, these two Bible schools were designed as loving memorials of Mrs. Anna B. Davidson, and Mrs. Hayes and Miss Wilkins, women whose deep interest in the cause of missions is well known.

For years our ladies working in China have greatly desired to have at two or three important centers Bible schools for women. The wish has been not simply for a "training school for Bible women," but for a school where any woman seeking Christian instruction might find it. The plan was brought before our Board seven or eight years ago, and met their cordial approval. An appropriation was made from the memorial fund then in hand, and money was sent out for building such a school in Shanghai, to be known as the "Davidson Memorial Bible School for Women," in honor of the devoted woman, Mrs. Anna B. Davidson, in whose heart the thought of bringing together offerings in loving memory of those who had passed into the heavens found birth.

I remember well how glad and grateful some of us in Shanghai were when this money came, and how eagerly we looked forward to this work, which was even then much upon our hearts. But existing work, and that to which we were already pledged, claimed all the time and strength of those then in the field. We have looked often through this "open door," and faith has shown us rich harvests waiting to be reaped in the fields beyond it. But in Shanghai we have been hindered hitherto from undertaking this work.

In the meantime in Soochow, under the fostering care of

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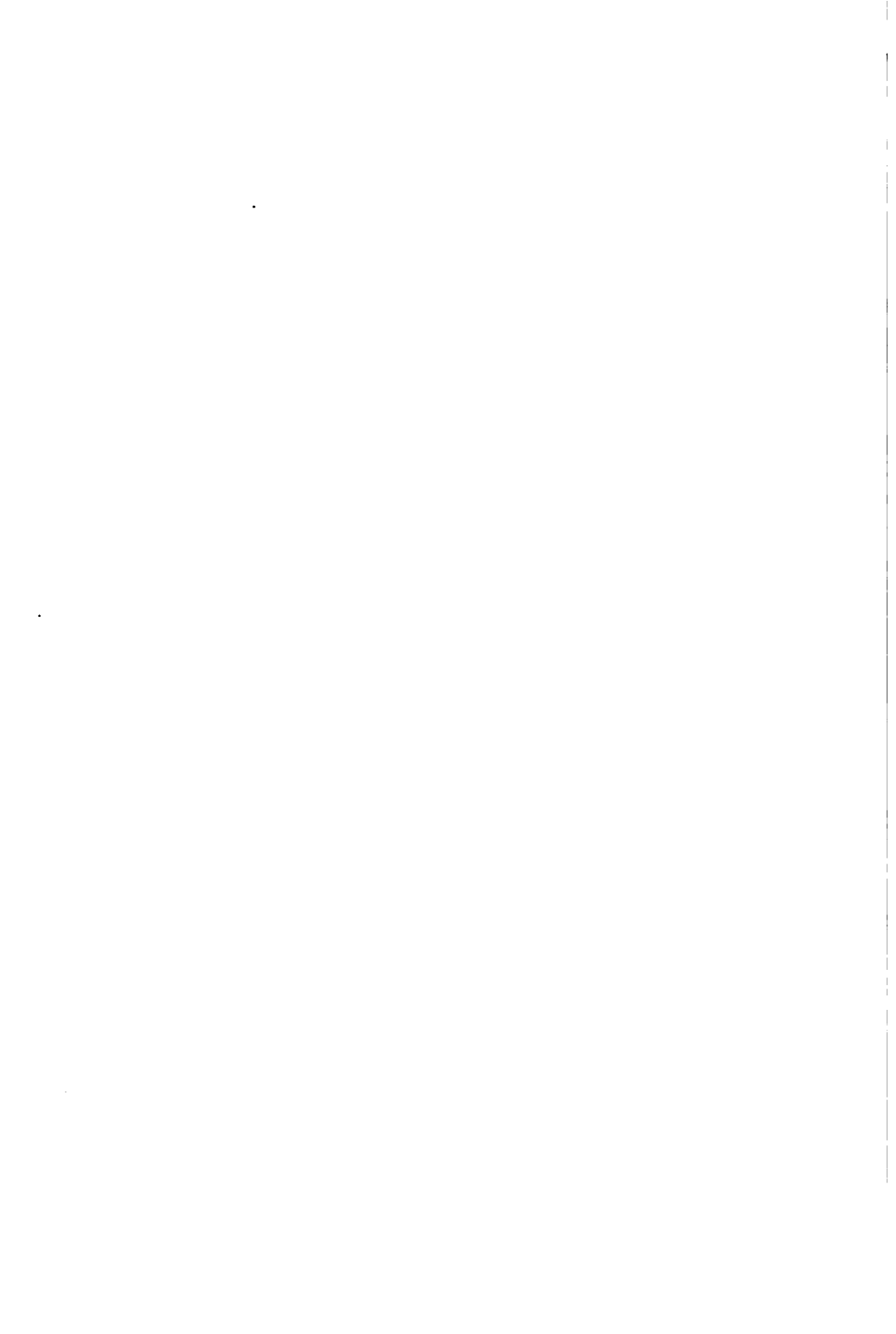
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MISS RICHARDSON AND MRS. GAITHER (ON A WHEELBARROW).



Mrs. A. P. Parker and Mrs. Campbell, work for women and with women has outgrown old quarters, and, under the present devoted care of Mrs. Gaither, is constantly enlarging its borders. So I am rejoiced at the decision of the Board to build at once at Soochow the "Davidson Memorial Bible School." I had the pleasure of giving out the contract for this school September 5. We are promised the building in December, and at the latest we hope that it may be formally opened by China New Year. Its foundations are laid in faith and hope and prayer.—*Woman's Missionary Advocate*, December, 1896.

The Davidson Memorial Bible School was opened in Soochow in April, 1897. The following letter from Miss Haygood, published in the *Woman's Missionary Advocate* for June, 1897, gives a charming description of the new school. This homelike place was to become a sacred spot in the memory of many Chinese women, whose lives had been spent in unlovely surroundings.

DAVIDSON MEMORIAL BIBLE SCHOOL, SOOCHOW, CHINA.

I wish much that I might take every reader of the *Advocate* with me this morning on a visit to the newly opened Davidson Memorial Bible School, in Soochow. The building is in the same compound with our ladies' home—East Side—and our Girls' Boarding School. The architecture is simple, yet pleasing. In passing through the building you will be impressed, I think, with the fact that it is admirably fitted for the work for which it has been planned.

Entering from the street, we find upon our left hand the doors of the pretty little chapel standing invitingly open. It is twenty by thirty feet, and at least one hundred women may be seated in the plain, comfortable pews. Opposite the doors there is a slightly raised platform, and on it two Chinese chairs and a neat Chinese table that will serve as a desk.

At one side is the pretty organ—dear Mrs. Gaither's gift. The room is light and airy, with windows on two sides.

Our one blank wall is made bright and beautiful with ornamental scrolls, upon which have been written in the large Chinese characters, that lend themselves so readily to decoration, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed. Here and there are other texts. Just behind the desk, "The Lord our God is one Lord," and our Master's summing up of the commandments. On one side, "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love;" and on the other side, "We love Him because He first loved us." There between the windows we find, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest;" and between the next two windows, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Some of them are in white and black, some in crimson and gold—silent preachers, giving to all who come an epitome of the blessed gospel of our Lord.

Leaving the chapel, we find, on the right of the door by which we entered, a reception room. The Chinese chairs and teapoy and tables, pressed back close to the walls, seem very prim to our Western eyes, but very proper to our Chinese sisters. Here, too, are the long scrolls, crimson and orange, with the Beatitudes beautifully written, speaking from them to eyes that may see. Beyond the reception room are two small rooms that may be used as class rooms or bedrooms, as there may be need.

Passing on, we come to the pleasant dining room, fifteen by twenty feet. Rather novel to you, but very familiar to us and very pleasing to our Chinese friends, are the square red tables, each surrounded by six red stools. You would find them more interesting if the rice bowls and chopsticks were in place, and each stool occupied. But see, here, the bright, pretty texts upon the wall: "The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season."

"Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living creature." "In everything give thanks." "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

Just beyond the dining room is the cook room. Leaving the dining room, we go upstairs and find nine bedrooms, three of them fifteen by fifteen feet, six of them ten by fifteen. Very simply are they furnished—a bedstead, a small table, one chair, one stool—but all beautifully clean. We find four of the Bible women already at home—the faithful quartette, who now for several years, first with Mrs. Parker, later with Mrs. Gaither, have been going in and out among Chinese homes, telling over and over to their native sisters the story of a Saviour's love.

To-morrow afternoon there is to be a consecration service in the little chapel, conducted by our presiding elder, Brother Anderson, and our pastor, Brother Hearn, and one of the older of our native preachers, Brother Zung.

Our missionary brethren and sisters in Soochow, the native pastors, and all the Christian women of Soochow have been invited to come and be glad with us. With this service the Davidson Memorial Bible School will be formally opened for what we trust will prove a blessed ministry to the women of China. Inquirers will be received there and pointed to Him "who taketh away the sins of the world." Young Christians will be fed with "the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby," while there will be "strong meat" for them that are of "full age."

For years some of us in China, and some of our fellow-workers at home, have looked forward to this glad day. Here we will raise our Ebenezer, and hopefully and trustfully will go on with the work God has intrusted to us for the women of China.

Pray that God may abide in the Davidson Memorial Bible School, and work in it "both to will and to do of His good pleasure." Pray that His spirit of grace and wisdom may

rest in full measure upon our dear sister, Mrs. Gaither, upon whom the chief responsibility for the school will rest.

In May, 1897, at the Bible School, there was held a meeting of a week's duration for Bible study, and conference for personal work for soul-saving. The meeting proved to be one of great spiritual power, attended as it was by between fifty and sixty Chinese women and girls who were seeking to know Christ better and to be better qualified to serve Him acceptably.

TO MRS. F. A. BUTLER.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

My Dear Mrs. Butler: I have been intending for several weeks to tell you of our delightful meeting with our Bible women for Bible study, held in Davidson Memorial Bible School, Soochow, May 13-20. We have often wished for such an opportunity for conference and study with our Bible women, but it was not until the completion of the Davidson Memorial that it seemed quite practicable to attempt it. Soon after the happy dedication of the new school in April, invitations were sent to the Bible women at each of our stations to come to Soochow, spend a week as guests of the school, take counsel with us about our work for women, join us in Bible study, and with us seek a new anointing for service. The invitations were received with pleasure, and seventeen of our twenty Bible women found it possible to accept them. From Shanghai, Nantziang, Sung-kiang, they came. As each boat arrived at the landing nearest Tien-sz-tsang—so we call our first mission settlement in Soochow—its passengers were met by Mrs. Gaither and her staff of devoted Bible women with loving welcome, and were soon at home in the beautiful new Memorial School. At ten o'clock Thursday morning we met in the chapel for our first service. It was such a pleasure to find the chapel nearly full of Chinese

women and girls. Besides our seventeen Bible women, there were present some of the wives of our Chinese pastors, several of the medical students and nurses from our hospital, the pupils from East Side School, some visiting Bible women from a sister mission, and several of our missionaries. A goodly company we were, most of us with notebooks and pencils, all with Bible and hymn books and expectant faces, and many with waiting hearts, who had come expecting to meet with the Master and be taught of Him. And these were not disappointed. Does He ever disappoint hearts that are waiting only upon Him?

In the opening service of prayer and praise, of supplication and thanksgiving, He revealed Himself to many hearts and made us feel that He accepted as service to Him this coming together in His name, and that He made this meeting His own.

We had two meetings daily for Bible study, on several afternoons meetings for "outside women," which were largely attended, and in the evenings we usually had devotional meetings, in which prayer and praise, experience and testimony, all found place. The special topics of study were "The Offices and Work of the Holy Spirit," "Fellowship with Christ and with One Another," "How to Study the Bible," "Prayer," "Faith." Mrs. Burke was with us most of the time, helping in many ways. Her beautiful and practical lessons upon Bible study will bring forth rich fruit, I am sure. Our two presiding elders, Brother Anderson and Brother Burke, and the foreign pastor of our Church in Soochow, Brother Hearn, helped us with sermons and talks that abounded with practical suggestions, encouraging words, and inspiring promises in regard to the place and work of women in the Church. Upon one evening Brother Burke gave us a delightful lecture upon the "Life of Christ," illustrated by stereopticon views, which was greatly enjoyed.

I wished much for the ready hand of a shorthand reporter

at our experience meetings. I am sure that it would have gladdened the hearts of our fellow-workers at home if they could have heard with us the glowing words of faith and hope and love that fell from the lips of these women who have come out of darkness into the light and liberty of the children of God. Of many of them it is true that they "have peace and joy in believing," and "abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost."

We had our last service Thursday morning, May 20. As we separated, each going back to her own waiting work, we felt that we had indeed been made to "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," and that every day of this beautiful week had been to us "a day of blessing." Is it not truly an occasion for thanksgiving that it was possible to bring together at one place and at one time between fifty and sixty Chinese women and girls for a week of Bible study? There were no members of the class more deeply interested, more intelligently attentive than Miss Pyles' girls—the pupils of East Side School. It is good to know that there are now many girls in our schools in China who are being thoroughly grounded in the Scriptures, and that we shall have in another decade many women, God giving the preparation of heart, well furnished for work.

We are hoping much that we may be able, God willing, to make this an annual gathering. Mrs. Burke and I ventured to invite the meeting to Sung-kiang next year. We hope that the Hayes-Wilkins Memorial School will then be ready to give all the same generous welcome and gracious hospitality that we received this year at the Davidson Memorial.

With love and greeting to all fellow-workers. Most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

THE HAYES-WILKINS MEMORIAL FOR SUNG-KIANG.

On account of prolonged difficulty about getting the land on which to build, the erection of the Hayes-Wilkins Memo-

rial at Sung-kiang was subjected to a series of delays. In the autumn of 1896 Miss Haygood wrote to the *Woman's Missionary Advocate*:

We had hoped to be able to report to you by this time work well advanced upon the Hayes-Wilkins Memorial; but as some of you know, there is no better place in all the world to cultivate patience than in China. The day before the cablegram came from the Board at Washington last June authorizing us to open work at Sung-kiang a letter came from Rev. R. A. Parker, pastor in charge there, saying to me: "The owners of the land we want will bring the deeds on Thursday [he wrote me Monday] and be ready to receive the money." The message came and we were ready, but some younger brothers who had a small interest in the land had appeared at Sung-kiang, and had secured an injunction forbidding the sale. There was nothing to do but wait, or to buy them out. We thought it wisest and best to wait, and are still waiting. In the meantime other pieces of land have been offered to us, and we do not expect to wait longer than a week after our Annual Conference, which convenes October 15, to buy land. We hope to have our plans for building all ready, and to get our house at least under a roof before winter rains come. The reasons for the Woman's Board of Missions going to Sung-kiang seem stronger now than when we presented them to the Board at Meridian in 1895. We have never entered any field which seemed to promise better results. There are already in good working order four or five day schools which our brethren of the General Board will be glad to turn over to us when we are ready to receive them, and a number of country stations around the city from which we may hope to draw women for our Bible School for Women. Ask God to prepare us for all that He is preparing for us there. We expect to be a great light in this great heathen city—a fountain of blessing to all the women around.

I rejoice that God has put it into the hearts of so many women to support representative Bible women in China. I am sorry indeed that we have not enough women *prepared now* to meet the demand.

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, November 23, 1896.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: Since I last wrote you I have spent a week—November 12-19—at Sung-kiang, and feel that I may now report to you that the Woman's Board have really entered upon their work there. We have not yet secured the land, but the "middle men" seem to feel that we shall be able to get it upon good terms toward the close of the China year. The wish for ready money at the time when all Chinamen feel that debts must be paid will doubtless bring all interested to terms. Almost every one who has tried to buy land in China has had lessons in patience, similar to ours, to learn. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Burke give me a home with them whenever I can claim it, and both hold themselves ready to help in every possible way in furthering our plans.

I have taken over the five day schools there, formerly supported by the General Board and supervised by the preacher in charge of the work. The growing church leaves the preacher now without time to care for the schools, and reduced appropriations leave him without means to support them. So we are just in time to conserve the work already done in these schools. They are well located, have Christian teachers, and are centers from which, I am sure, a beautiful work for women may be developed. One of these schools is already provided for by a "special," and I am asking friends who have offered to support Bible women to take over the others.

I have not found anywhere a more promising field for work among women than Sung-kiang seems to offer. The

way has been prepared by the work of Mrs. Burke and Mrs. R. A. Parker. I had the pleasure of attending two meetings for women while there. At one there were between forty and fifty present, and at the other—weather less favorable—more than twenty. I have never talked to women who have seemed so interested, so eager to understand. Many of their faces are turned to the Light. Mrs. Burke has already commenced a class for teaching regularly such of them as are ready to come. Besides, she holds a meeting for women twice every week. She has a most valuable assistant in her Bible woman, Kwé Tata, the daughter-in-law of the Kwé Tata of whom you have heard me speak—an experienced Christian worker, who was for years matron in the Margaret Williamson Hospital in Shanghai, but feeling a need of change of work has recently come to us. She had commenced the work of a Bible woman with Mrs. Lambuth before going to the hospital. She is to be supported by the Tupelo Auxiliary, North Mississippi Conference. They wished that their Bible woman should be at Sung-kiang and associated with Mrs. Burke, and just as Mrs. Burke was ready to enter upon, or rather return to, her work at Sung-kiang we found Kwé Tata ready and glad to go with her.

You will see how ready we are for the school for women there. The school opened, we shall be able, I am sure, to reach the women in many of the neighboring towns and villages. The place is in every way suited for a center of evangelistic work.

I am arranging for this winter to spend at least one week in every month at Sung-kiang, and longer if it seems best. Mrs. Burke and Kwé Tata and I, working together, shall be able not only to conserve work, but to advance. We shall try to lay well the foundations for the future. I trust, at the latest, that we shall be able to begin building in the early spring. I am sure that you will give this new work a place in your prayers. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, January 18, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: I had hoped to be able to report in this letter that the desired land had been bought at Sung-kiang, but the owners more than doubled the price, because they thought we must have the land, and I have decided not to wait longer. The "brethren" are willing to let us have at cost one-half of their land at Sung-kiang. It was originally bought for two families, so there is quite room enough. Since we are going there, Mr. Burke does not think it probable that another family will be sent for years to come, so he is very willing for us to use a part of their land. He came to Shanghai this week, and we spent several hours yesterday and the day before planning and replanning for building. I am so satisfied with our conclusions, and have such a sense of answered prayers about the other land, that I quite feel that the hindrance in buying has been providential, and that the plan now proposed will be better for the work and better for both Boards, will save some mission money that may be used elsewhere, and will make our work in Sung-kiang more truly one. We hope now to begin building about March 1. The home for the ladies, and the Hayes-Wilkins Memorial School, and the Melissa Baker Chapel, will all be under one roof, which will reduce the cost of building, and have other advantages. I shall send you a plan of the building by and by.

I am still hoping to have, God willing, a personal part in the work at Sung-kiang. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, February 27, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: . . . As I wrote you some weeks ago, Mr. Burke and I had agreed as to a division of the land belonging to the Parent Board at Sung-kiang, and were

planning to begin building early in March. Mr. and Mrs. Burke and I were anticipating with deepest interest and with ardent enthusiasm the possibilities that seemed to us wrapped up in this extension of our work. We are quite of *one heart* about the work, and of *one mind* as far as all essentials are concerned. I think we three have been dreaming of making that a *model station*, where the representatives of our two Boards might work together in perfect harmony in furtherance of the gospel, each strengthening the hands of every other, in the Lord, as fellow-workers with one another and with Him. To this end I know that we have been praying most earnestly.

I have spent hours this week in perfecting plans for the home and school, and in interviewing Chinese contractors. I had expected to reach finals to-day, and had made an appointment for a competent Chinaman to come this afternoon to draw up a contract for the building.

Late yesterday afternoon Dr. Parker brought me a cablegram which read, "Stop Burke's sale of land. Lambuth." Of course I know that means stop all our present plans for extension of work there. I do not at all understand what more it may mean. I hope sincerely that it *does not* mean a turning away from Sung-kiang. The opportunities are constantly widening there. I inclose a leaf from a letter from Mrs. Burke that came to me yesterday a few minutes after the cablegram. It will mean something to you, but not all that it means to us, I am sure, that eighty-three women in a city where all told there are not yet half a dozen Christian women came together to hear women tell about "the Jesus doctrine." Do you wonder that Mrs. Burke begs for help? Miss Leveritt's heart is most willing, but her tongue is only very partially loosened. Kwé Tata, the Bible woman, a daughter-in-law of the Kwé Tata of whom you have heard me speak, is most helpful, and her daughter, a young widow, has recently gone to Sung-kiang to teach a girls' school for

us, and promises to be useful. Apart from these, Mrs. Burke has no help except during occasional visits from Miss Hughes and myself. Does it not indeed seem an "open door?" We are praying much that God will be wisdom to us all in determining how and where we shall enter it. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, June 5, 1897.

. . . I am sorry to say that Mr. Burke is still without definite instructions in regard to the land at Sung-kiang. We have been hoping for a cablegram, but it has not come. Yesterday's mail brought no news from the meeting of the General Board. We think the next surely will. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, July 1, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: We are still without permission from the General Board of Missions to go on with the building at Sung-kiang. The Burkes and I are hoping much that we shall yet be allowed to carry out our original plan, or rather our second plan, but, of course, can do nothing with it until Brother Burke has permission to sell. We cannot hope now to have a home ready before midwinter, even under the most favorable conditions. It is very desirable that another lady be sent here this autumn who will be free to give herself to the schools. The growing work among the women more than demands Mrs. Burke's time and strength. Miss Leveritt is developing special qualifications for work among the women; and as this is rather unusual among our younger ladies, I am anxious that she should be left free to grow into this work with Mrs. Burke, and some one else be sent for the schools. If our building is delayed beyond this autumn, I think it very desirable that we should rent a Chinese house, make it reasonably comfortable for the ladies, and provide in

connection with it a large room for the reception of women. This room is one of the pressing needs just now. The parsonage is very small—its largest room is not more than 15x16 feet—and the entertainment of the Chinese women, who often come in crowds, is a perplexing problem. Besides, there would scarcely be room in the parsonage for another lady, except as a very temporary arrangement, though Mrs. Burke does not for a moment consider her own convenience if in any sense the interest of the work may be promoted. I wish to ask whether, if in the autumn, in case our new home does not promise to become a reality in the near future, I may use a portion of the "contingent fund" in providing such a home. I cannot speak quite positively as to the cost, but I think that \$250 or \$300 will be sufficient to rent the house for one year, and put it in comfortable order. The interests of the work will be, I am sure, greatly advanced by the addition of a worker and of this much-needed room. You will know, of course, if we are able to buy the land and go on with the building. In that case I shall not wish to present this request. I send it now that we may not lose time in the autumn if we cannot build.

Most faithfully yours,

LAURA A. HAYGOOD.

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, July 23, 1897.

. . . I have much to say to you about Sung-kiang, but as Mr. Burke is in the city I think that perhaps I had better defer that subject until I have had a conference with him. I feel, though, that I must at once assure you that I have, in all plans in regard to the work at Sung-kiang, most carefully guarded every interest—so far as I have understood, or have been able to anticipate them—of the Woman's Board. . . . I *am* striving with all my heart to work with our brethren in China "in the unity of the Spirit, in the bonds of peace." I do believe with all my heart that the W. B. F. M.

is of God, and that the interests of the kingdom of God have been advanced and are yet to be advanced by its work as an *independent* Board. Never have I thought that the time had come, or was near at hand, when it should be absorbed in the work of the General Board. . . . I do not think that we ought ever to forget here that we represent *one Church*, and above all one Christ. In such a place as Sung-kiang, or as Nantziang, as Nan-zing, or Zang-zok, where at most we can hope to have only one family and two ladies, it is of vital importance that we should *work together* in the highest and best sense of the word. Work is paralyzed in any one of our missions when *Boards* are magnified. The unity I am striving after does not in any sense involve business complications. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, November 13, 1897.

. . . We were all made very glad by the decision of the Board in regard to the Hayes-Wilkins Memorial. Brother Burke very kindly came to Shanghai yesterday at my request, and we have talked over the details of the building. He most kindly undertakes to look after the contractor while the house is being built and see that the work is all properly done. We hope to get the work done at an early day, and to have a house ready to show you next autumn, *beautiful* in its adaptation to the work for which it has been designed. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, December 10, 1897.

. . . The contract has been given out for the Hayes-Wilkins Memorial Home. The foundations will be laid, the materials gotten together, and the work will be pressed as rapidly as its best interests and the weather will allow. I am glad to know that we are to have so good a sum for fitting

up and furnishing the chapel. I hope to have the privilege of interpreting a talk to women for you there next autumn. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, September 30, 1898.

. . . I think that I wrote you after our visit to Sung-kiang. After a few days spent in Shanghai in making necessary preparation for housekeeping, Miss Leveritt, accompanied by Miss Waters, went down and took possession of the new home. It promises to be very comfortable, and seems to be beautifully adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. The "Melissa Baker Chapel" is a beautiful room. I shall send you some pictures as soon as possible after all is in order. I hope to be able to go down when Bishop Wilson is in Sung-kiang and have a formal opening and a consecration service. . . .

The Hayes-Wilkins Memorial was dedicated by Bishop Wilson on Sunday, November 13th, and on the 15th Miss Haygood had a foretaste of what the school and chapel would accomplish, when more than sixty heathen women listened with interested attention while she told them of Jesus and His love.

TO THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

McTYEIRE HOME, November 25, 1898.

Many happy things have, in God's providence, come to us in China during the past few months. As individuals and as a mission, Thanksgiving Day found us with countless mercies for which to offer sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving. Truly, "if we should count them, they are more in number than the sand."

There has been very special thanksgiving for the return

of fellow-workers, for the coming out of new missionaries, for another visit from our beloved Bishop Wilson, for health in large measure restored to some who were ill a year ago, for blessings untold upon our work, for souls that have been set free into the liberty of God's children.

You have heard already of the joys of our Jubilee Conference. There were many absent for whose presence we longed; but there was much comfort in the presence of Bishop Wilson, dear Mrs. Lambuth, Mrs. Lula Lipscomb Waters, Brother C. F. Reid, our brother and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Wainright, and in the gathering of our hosts of Chinese Southern Methodists. Many felt that the crowning blessing of our Jubilee was the presence of Mrs. Lambuth, with her forty-four years of memories of personal missionary life and work in the Orient, and our remembrance that thirty-two of these years—from 1854 to 1886—had been given to China. It was beautiful to see many of the older Christians, who had come to know Christ through her ministry and that of her now sainted husband, gather about her as children about a mother. I must not anticipate her delightful paper of reminiscences, but one fact will give you a glimpse of some of the glad things that were brought to our remembrance by her presence with us. When Mrs. Lambuth reached China, in 1854, there was only one Chinese woman connected with our Church. She found in returning fifty women—as Bible women, teachers, wives of native pastors—actively engaged in Christian work.

I did not begin writing, however, to tell you of our Jubilee Conference or the Annual Conference or the Annual Meeting of our ladies—though there is much belonging to these happy occasions that I should like to share with you—but to tell you of the completion and opening of the Hayes-Wilkins Memorial at Sung-kiang. The contractor reported the building as finished about the beginning of our summer vacation, but it was not expedient to take immediate possession.

Miss Leveritt, with Miss Waters, had the pleasure of spending the month of September and the first half of October in the new home, but the consecration service was postponed until we might have Bishop Wilson with us. At Conference Miss Hughes and Miss Leveritt were assigned to our work in Sung-kiang for the next year. Miss Leveritt hastened back, very happy in the thought of being associated in the work with one of such experience as Miss Hughes, and with one leaving behind her in Shanghai so beautiful a record of efficient and successful work. A little later Miss Hughes and I went to Sung-kiang, arranging to meet the Bishop there.

The day after our arrival Miss Leveritt and I took great pleasure in showing the new house, with all its appointments, "from parlor to kitchen," on both sides, to the Bishop and Miss Hughes. They both agreed with us that, in general arrangement, it seemed beautifully adapted to the work we hope to do there. The home, entered through a broad veranda on the south, has three rooms below and three above, besides kitchen and servants' rooms. Opening on the southern veranda, through long windows, are the sitting room and study in one, and the dining room. Across the hall is the reception room, of ready access both to the home and to the Bible School, and, in a very real sense, common property. This has been beautifully furnished with Chinese furniture, arranged in the prim Chinese fashion, which will be pleasing to our Chinese guests; and making, with its Chinese ornaments, a room that even our foreign eyes will count pretty. The furnishings were a special gift from home, and the room is to be known as the "Susie McMullen Room." Above the study and dining room we find the bedrooms of the two resident ladies, and above the reception room their guest chamber. An anonymous gift from home of \$100 has furnished the kitchen, the dining room, and the guest chamber.

Just beyond the reception room, at the northeast corner of the building, we come to the "Melissa Baker Chapel." Its

wide doors open upon a little court, and this, in turn, opens through an imposing gateway upon the street. The chapel has been furnished by a gift from the ladies of the Baltimore Conference Society, a loving tribute to the dear and honored lady whose name it bears. It has comfortable pews, made after an American model, pretty windows, a sweet-toned organ, with a pretty Chinese table and necessary chairs upon the platform. Above the chapel is a large, airy room, with beautiful possibilities, of which we shall tell you when they have become facts. At right angles to the home and immediately connected with it, is the Bible School, with ten rooms, including dining room and kitchen. Our two Bible women, Mrs. Kwé, Sr., and Mrs. Waung, with Miss Mo, the teacher of the Florence Shell School, and for the present the school itself, are domiciled there. There is a pleasant veranda above and below, running the whole length of the building.

I think that it is well known that the objects of this Bible School are two: First, to help Bible women to a more thorough equipment for work; and, secondly, to provide a place where Chinese women may have opportunity to study the Bible and Christian truth.

On Saturday evening, November 12, the grown-up people of the little foreign community, six in all, with the two visitors, gathered in the pretty little sitting room of the Hayes-Wilkins Home, made especially pretty and bright that evening by its decoration of autumn leaves, for the usual Saturday evening prayer meeting of the mission, held for the first time in the new home. It was indeed an hour of privilege and blessing for us all. If there is any one thing that Bishop Wilson can do better than he can preach, it is lead a prayer meeting. He led us into one of the "heavenly places" that evening, and gave us such glimpses of "the exceeding greatness of God's power to us-ward who believe," as to make us feel that to faith "all things are possible," while some of our hearts cried: "Lord, I do believe; help thou my unbelief."

Sunday brought us a gray day, but there was so much light in our hearts that we did not mind the clouds without. Brother Burke very kindly called in the usual morning service in the church, and we all gathered with the native Christians and the children from our schools in the Melissa Baker Chapel for a consecration service—a consecration not only of the chapel, but of the home and school as well. The Bishop preached for us, and was interpreted by Brother Burke. His subject was "The Home at Bethany," where Martha and Mary served and loved, and where Christ Himself was the loved and honored friend and guest. Our hearts burned within us as he talked to us of the place and work of women in Christ's plans for the world.

The last few minutes of his sermon were given to memories of the dear women whose name this house, which we had gathered to consecrate to the service of God, will bear. I cannot hope to reproduce his words, but I think that he will pardon me for using the first person as I share with you the story that we so enjoyed from his lips.

"More than thirty-eight years ago," the Bishop said, "I was given the pastoral charge of the largest Methodist Church in the city of Baltimore. Among the homes of my flock was one occupied by two sisters, Achsah and Louisa Wilkins. It was one of Christ's homes, and these two sisters were as loyal in heart and as devoted in service as were the sisters of Bethany. They had come of good Methodist stock, and their father had done much by personal service and by liberal giving toward building up Methodism in Baltimore. These sisters were both invalids and unable to take part in the broader activities of Church work. Their hearts were in truest sympathy with everything that concerned the interests of the kingdom of their Lord. Especially were they interested in the missionary enterprises of the Church, and gave liberally of their means to this great cause.

"A little later another lady, the widow of a Methodist

preacher, came to Baltimore to make a home for herself and her children. Her heart was all aglow with missionary zeal, and there was little wonder that she and the Misses Wilkins were soon drawn through this community of interest and fellowship of service into close relationship. To Mrs. Hayes was given a strong body, an active mind, and a willing heart. Later she became one of the leaders in the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and the first President of its Board. She traveled widely from one end to the other of the Church, and became known and loved throughout the borders of Southern Methodism. At no place was she surer of finding help and sympathy in the great work to which she was giving her life than in the quiet home of the Misses Wilkins in Baltimore.

"I have spent hours in that home taking counsel with these godly women, communing with them of the interests of the kingdom, conscious that Christ Himself was in the midst of the home. These three women have all passed into the heavens, have entered the perfect home, and their service to-day is in the immediate presence of the Father.

"It was a graceful and fitting thing that the Missionary Society should call this house, builded in large measure through their gifts, the Hayes-Wilkins Memorial. Having seen these elect ladies, one after another, laid away in their long sleep, it is a peculiar pleasure to me to-day to dedicate to the service of God this chapel and this home and school, which shall associate their names for years to come with God's work in China.

"May Christ Himself be present at every service held in this chapel! May He be the Teacher of every lesson in this school! May He be the constant Guest of this home, and abide in every heart! Day by day, may the light of the knowledge of the glory of God as seen in His face be the first to greet the waking eyes of those who dwell beneath this roof!"

The words of dedication and the prayer of consecration closed the beautiful service. I am sure that you will feel with us that it was a beautiful Providence that brought Bishop Wilson and the hour together. Will not every one who reads echo his prayer for the Hayes-Wilkins Memorial?

! On Tuesday afternoon following I had the pleasure of seeing the chapel full of women, more than sixty of them heathen women, who listened with close attention and interested faces as I told them "the sweet old story"—old but ever new—of Jesus and His love.

In May, 1899, from the 10th to the 15th, the annual Institute for Bible study was held in the Memorial School at Sung-kiang. Illness prevented Miss Haygood from going, but she prepared the program for the meeting—the last one it was ever her privilege to prepare—and was present in spirit, rejoicing to see so many earnest, intelligent Chinese women devoting themselves to the study of God's Word and to the spiritual enlightenment of their heathen sisters. The following most interesting account of this, the first Institute held at Sung-kiang, was written by Miss Williams, now Mrs. A. P. Parker.

MEETING OF THE BIBLE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

SUNG-KIANG, May 10-15, 1899.

Monday, May 8, was a busy and happy day for Bible women at other places than Soochow, I fancy, for were they not going to Sung-kiang to attend the Bible Women's Institute—their own meeting to which they had been looking forward so long, nearly ever since the last meeting held in Soochow, one year ago?

The journey to Sung-kiang was made in boats, and the Bible women were not the only ones who enjoyed the trip. After the close, gray walls of the city, our eyes drank in the

beauties of the broad expanse of country; the waving green fields, with here and there a farmhouse with thatched roof, or a distant hilltop forming a charming bit of landscape outlined against the sky, than which was never sky more blue. Here was room for life, and life was everywhere. We noted the fact that during the two days we were out not once did we lose sight of the living or the graves of the dead.

At night, for fear of robbers, we were obliged to stop at villages, where, the fact of our presence becoming known, visitors soon began to arrive.

Given a company of missionaries and Bible women, brought face to face with a friendly company of heathen women, there could be but one result, and soon a meeting was in full sway.

At one village the Bible women resolved themselves into companies of twos and threes, and made a tour of all the houses, telling the old story; and so were hearts prepared for the meeting, which convened on Wednesday, May 10.

It was a goodly company that assembled in Melissa Baker Chapel that first day of the meeting. Not that it was noble because of numbers, for there were few present who were not Bible women, teachers, or wives of preachers; nor was it unique merely because it was a Christian gathering; but they were a body of workers—women who were intelligent, who could respond, who had come there with a purpose to get good in order that they might give good, who were earnestly seeking the best ways. All of them could read their Bibles intelligently. Some had been pupils of our schools.

That Miss Haygood had been deterred from coming was a keen disappointment, and her helpful presence was missed throughout the meeting; but Miss Atkinson presided with ease and graceful tact. The program was excellent and well carried out. Three Bible readings, on the subjects of "How to Use the Bible," "The Place of Prayer in Our Work," and "Our Lives and Our Work," given by Mrs.





MRS. GAITHER AND THE BIBLE WOMEN.

Fitch, a Presbyterian lady deeply learned in the things of the Spirit, were specially helpful. Mrs. Gaither, Miss Atkinson, and Mr. Fong gave three most profitable papers on "Lessons from the Lives of Abraham, Moses, and Daniel;" and Mr. Burke's lessons on the "Geography of Palestine," illustrated as they were with stereopticon views, will not be easily forgotten.

Some of the pleasantest half hours of the meeting were those spent at the close of the forenoon session, when Mrs. Burke, assisted by Miss Leveritt, organized a singing class, and gave some very practical and much needed lessons in the art of singing, often so abused in China.

Discussions on subjects specially bearing on Woman's Work in China were participated in by the Bible women with much spirit and intelligence, and teachings given by these sisters of ours will prove helpful to others than those of their own race.

I shall scarcely do justice to the meeting if I fail to mention an open session given for the benefit of outside women, who began to arrive about one o'clock and stayed until five, when they were with difficulty persuaded to depart. The church was packed, but wonderful order was maintained while bright, ringing testimonies to the saving power of the Redeemer were given. Who shall limit the results of such a meeting? May we not expect to see fruits of it in eternity?

The meeting was appropriately closed on Sunday with communion and a love feast, at which the presence of the Spirit was manifest; and Monday we set our faces homeward, feeling that we had had a real foretaste of the joys to come.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"SPECIALS."

If the gifts could only be freely given for Christ's sake, and the Board and the missionaries left free to use them wherever they may be most needed in the interests of His kingdom, I should be so thankful!—*Miss Haygood.*

ONE of the most delicate and difficult problems with which Miss Haygood had to deal grew out of the policy of permitting individuals or auxiliaries to assume the support of special Bible women. Notwithstanding the constant growth of the work among women, the interest at home outran the development on the field. The requests from missionary societies all over the Church for special Bible women to support were in large excess of the women who were ready for this work. Miss Haygood, and the ladies associated with her, sought to meet this demand as rapidly as possible, but Bible women had first to be found and then trained before it was safe to send them out as representatives of Christ and the Church. The following letters from Miss Haygood to Mrs. Trueheart will help us to see this important question from the point of view of one who had been years on the field, and thoroughly knew the situation there.

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

SHANGHAI, July 1, 1896.

. . . I am very much perplexed about the question of Bible women. Almost every mail brings me some request from home to select a Bible woman to be supported by a spe-

cial gift. Our available women here are all employed. I expect to be able in the autumn to command for this work two or three good women who have been engaged in other work, but I shall not be able to find women for all the "specials" that have been reported to me. I shall write a letter on the subject, explaining the situation here, and inclose it to you. You can either have copies of it made and send it to those wishing to support Bible women, or you can have it published in the *Woman's Advocate*, as you may think best. It will help you in answering inquiries that may come to you on the subject. . . .

July 4, 1896.

. . . I am very sorry that it has seemed impossible for me to write the circular letter about Bible women in time for this mail. I shall send it by the next. In the meantime, if there are gifts for special Bible women, ask the givers for permission to use the money for "Woman's Work" for the current year. We hope much to be able to organize two classes of women—probably three—for Bible study during the coming winter, one at Soochow, one at Shanghai, one at Sung-kiang; and I shall be very glad to have the privilege of using some of these special gifts for the support of such classes or schools. From these classes we hope that several Bible women will come. My letter is delayed, partly because the plans for these classes are not yet quite fully matured. . . .

SHANGHAI, August 12, 1896.

. . . The big subject of "Bible women" I shall have to leave until my next letter. Please assure the friends who may make special inquiries that I am using my best endeavor to meet their wishes, and will communicate with each of them personally as soon as possible. . . .

SHANGHAI, September 23, 1896.

. . . I am sorry that I cannot dispose satisfactorily and readily of all the applications to support Bible women. The

Bible women now working with us are already all supported by *specials*. There are two or three who will be ready for this work early in the next year. In the course of the next year I hope that there will be at least half a dozen others, but I have at least twenty offers now to support Bible women. When our Conference meets, October 15, at Soochow, it will bring together not only our missionaries and their wives, but most of our native preachers and their wives. I shall make careful inquiry of them all in regard to Christian women at the several stations, and wherever there are promising women available I shall use my best endeavor to have them brought at once under instruction. In the meantime I am asking individuals and societies to allow me broader margin in the use of "specials." . . .

By the way, I wish to explain that wherever I have delayed answering letters in regard to "specials" it has been because I am ever hoping to be able to meet the want. No letter is forgotten, and sooner or later every one will be answered. . . .

SHANGHAI, November 23, 1896.

. . . Offers are still coming to support Bible women. I am trying to answer them individually, and am asking permission to apply the gifts to some other department of work. This whole question of "specials" is becoming very perplexing. It must be settled that "specials" can be undertaken only when they may come within the limits of work already *undertaken by the Board*. . . . They are standing temptations to new missionaries to plan new work which shall be individual and independent; to interest their friends at home in it, and thus, "without soliciting," secure special contributions. Experience shows us that there are elements of peril and weakness in individual work on the mission field. More than anywhere in the world, it should be "our work," not "my work," and *ours* because it is the Lord's, and He has honored us by calling us to be co-workers with Him and *one another*.

Mrs. McTyeire will tell you of the financial perils connected with the "specials." . . .

SHANGHAI, February 27, 1897.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: I find that in the case of two or three Bible women I need some further statistics, and so will delay that list until next mail. It does not seem to me at all necessary that these lists should be again published, but I send them that you may have duplicates in your office of our lists here. I think that I shall send you hereafter with quarterly reports memoranda of any additions, or other changes, in the list here, so that you may be able to answer questions from your office. I am trying to answer promptly all questions that come to me here. There is inevitable delay in selecting Bible women, as I have before explained, though we have been able to place several new ones this winter. Misses Bomar and Pyles have written to every party supporting scholarships in their schools whose addresses they have had. . . .

SHANGHAI, March 27, 1897.

. . . We are making a real earnest effort on this side of the world to keep in touch with the workers on the other side supporting specials. I recognize the importance, and I suppose that you recognize the difficulty. We will do the best we can, however. . . .

SHANGHAI, June 5, 1897.

. . . As soon as I am able to get back to my desk, I shall look after the specials and write you about them. I, too, hope that, by patience and perseverance, we shall get them all in satisfactory order in time. . . .

SHANGHAI, October 12, 1897.

. . . I have placed the scholarships of which you wrote me in Clopton School, and send you a memorandum. I am sorry to say that I have not been able to find any woman un-

employed, for the parties desiring Bible women. I have recorded the applications, and shall be only too glad, just as soon as the right women can be found, to make the appointments. . . .

SHANGHAI, October 29, 1897.

. . . I am not yet able to furnish all the Bible women desired, but shall add to the lists just as rapidly as the right women can be found. . . .

SHANGHAI, January 22, 1898.

. . . I am sorry to say that I have no other Bible women in immediate prospect. I am always on the lookout to secure good women, but never willing to employ women simply because there is some one at home ready to support them. If the gifts could only be freely given for Christ's sake, and the Board and the missionaries left free to use them wherever they may be most needed in the interests of His kingdom, I should be so thankful. . . .

SHANGHAI, January 30, 1898.

. . . I am very sorry to say that I have not yet been able to find a Bible woman for the Western Virginia Conference. I should like, as the next best thing, to give them a school taught by a woman. If this is satisfactory, let me know, and I think that I can give them such a school in Shanghai. . . .

SHANGHAI, February 26, 1898.

. . . There is only one Bible woman assigned to Mrs. Harlan and she is with Mrs. Gaither. One other has been asked for, but we have not been able to meet the request. Nor is it possible just now to give a Bible woman to West Virginia.

What shall we say to all these good people who have set their hearts upon Bible women? We cannot make the women, fitted for this work, to order. If the friends were only

willing to give the money to China, expressing a preference for a Bible woman, but trusting the Board if a Bible woman could not be found, to use it in some other way equally needful to the general interests of the work! In the M. E. Church they have the same difficulty to contend with, and are meeting it by asking parties desiring special representation to take an interest in the salary of some special missionary, with whom they may be put in direct communication. For instance, ten people, paying \$75 each, assume the support of one missionary, from whom they will receive one or more letters a year concerning the work in which she is engaged. I am not sure that this will be the best solution of the problem, but I think that it is worth consideration. . . .

SHANGHAI, June 7, 1898.

. . . Your letters of April 15 and 26, and May 3, have been received since I last wrote, and have been read with very great interest. I must confess that I am almost in despair about "specials." We really cannot make Bible women to order, nor can we, without rebuilding, make more room in our boarding schools. There will doubtless be some changes at the opening of the fall term, and I shall make a list of all applications for scholarships in the order of their coming, and shall supply them all as rapidly as possible. . . .

To several parties who have written directly to me asking for Bible women, I have suggested that they ask, in view of the fact that we cannot give them the desired Bible woman, that their special gift of sixty dollars for Woman's Work be applied toward Mrs. Gaither's salary, since she is giving her entire time to work for and with Bible women, and is herself a Bible woman in the highest and most beautiful sense of that word. You could give in that way twelve or thirteen people a direct and personal interest in her. I am sure that I can get her to write a personal letter to me once a quarter, which I can reproduce in some way and send to those who are provid-

ing for her support. Miss Leveritt's time will also be given almost altogether to work for and with women. Her salary might be provided for in the same way, and the parties desiring specials be given personal contact with some one on the field, and the general treasury that much better off.

. . . It would be far easier for the ladies to write quarterly letters to parties to whom they might be thus related, than to write the quarterly letters about the work of the special child or woman for whom they are responsible. I feel fully the desirability of having each missionary belong to the entire Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and not to special supporters or home patrons; yet I do not see any other way to meet present difficulties unless we simply announce that we will receive only one hundred scholarships for China, . . . and announce through the *Advocate* when there is a vacancy anywhere. Think out the problem—though I hope that you are coming to see for yourself and *talk* it out with us on the field—and you will find me ready to the measure of my strength to help you in carrying out whatever plan may be found to have most of promise in it. . . .

SHANGHAI, July 23, 1898.

. . . I am sorry to say that I am afraid that it will be impossible for me to locate any new scholarships or Bible women before September. The schools are now closed for their summer vacation, and are not receiving new pupils. Every available Bible woman has been assigned, but Mrs. Gaither thinks that she will have two or three others ready for work by Conference. I shall use my very best endeavor to meet the wishes of the friends at home. I think, however, that we must try to induce them to leave us more discretion in the use of money contributed for specials. I still think that we may be able to meet their wishes for direct representation, and communication with the field, by interesting them in helping in the support of individual missionaries. We have

about reached the limit of "specials" in China, unless the work is extended and the number of foreign workers largely increased. . . .

SHANGHAI, August 27, 1898.

. . . . Recent mails have brought me your letters of July 5, 9, 14, and 20. All instructions have been carefully considered, and will, as far as possible, be acted upon. Complications in regard to Bible women seem to thicken, but we will do our best to supply everybody. . . .

February 10, 1899.

. . . . We must provide some other use for specials, or we must discourage their increase. As you know, I have at least a dozen on hand now for which I am not able at present to provide. Clopton School and Mary Lambuth are both full, and every pupil, except two or three received this week on trial, is already assigned to a scholarship. All our Bible women are already assigned, and I have little hope of being able during this year to place more than three or four others; and these will be needed probably to fill up vacancies, made by dropping, for one reason or another, Bible women from the work. Only last week "Mary Kimball" married a preacher, and by agreement with the "brethren" her salary must be discontinued, and her work as a preacher's wife must be "voluntary." I must try to find some other woman to represent Mrs. Kimball. . . .

SHANGHAI, April 28, 1899.

. . . . I am constantly urging upon our ladies more frequent letters to the parties supporting specials, but I do feel that friends at home are unreasonable in asking for personal quarterly reports. In the case of scholarships it is almost impossible for the ladies in charge of boarding schools to grant it. Miss Bomar has about twenty-five and Miss Steger about thirty-five scholarships. A mere business letter in regard to

class standing or health of the pupil will not be satisfactory, and to write during one quarter this number of letters and hope to make them either interesting or instructive would be a burden that such busy women as these two are could not possibly bear. Will you not call the attention of the complaining friends to the fact that quarterly reports of the work are published in the *Woman's Advocate*, and ask them to try to be satisfied with annual letters. I scarcely think that any of you at home can realize the sense of responsibility that comes upon a missionary in writing what we call "missionary letters." It is this that makes the writing a task, and that hinders the missionary from sending the letters that might be written in the odd moments if they were only social greetings. I wish much that it were possible for us to meet all the obligations that even in the fancy of our friends rest upon us, but I am sure that we never shall. Be as patient with us as you can. I do believe that most of us are trying with all our hearts to meet our obligations to God and to the work as we see them. Do not despair of us. I do not forget that we see this side of the work, and you see that. It may be that we ought to do less here and more for the home work. It will mean that to most of us if the quarterly reports are written to each one supporting specials as personal letters. I am saying these things to you that you may better understand the difficulties here. At the same time I am exhorting our ladies to greater diligence in writing report letters. . . .

During her whole missionary career of more than fifteen years, Miss Haygood found this question of specials a source of constant perplexity, and an added burden to workers who were already almost overwhelmed by the demands upon their time and strength. The first of her letters which we have on this subject was written about four months after reaching the field; and her last official letters, dictated from her dying bed

when she was no longer able to use her pen, show that she was still struggling with the same difficult problem.

TO MRS. MCGAVOCK.

SHANGHAI, March 10, 1885.

. . . I have read with much interest the article in "Light and Life" you so kindly sent, and most heartily agree with its sentiments. I am sure that the difficulties in the mission field arising from scholarships in charity schools are not overstated. I do not think that any of the patrons would care to have the farce enacted of bestowing a name upon a Chinese girl, if they knew that in most cases the Chinese girl does not even know her foreign name. Why we, the missionaries, are obliged to take a Chinese name when we begin to work among them. To none of them are we known by our own names. . . .

These children are ordinary, commonplace children, leading ordinary, commonplace lives, and it is quite impossible to send quarterly reports of them and their doings that will awaken and keep awake sympathy and interest. It is quite impossible for the missionary, with all the other duties claiming time and attention, to bring together the lives of the child and the patron in such a way as to awaken the personal affection that would lend an interest to even the most commonplace doings of the child. Besides, we have no legal claim upon the children, and parents can and do withdraw them, and sometimes the same name is assigned upon rolls to three or four different girls in as many years. As to the effect upon the girls themselves I am not prepared to speak, but Miss Rankin is and will do so. I feel quite sure that when the matter is fully understood, ladies and Sunday schools at home will be ready to make their offerings without this incentive, and a greater good to a greater number will come from gifts that are made to the *cause* and not to the *person*. . . .

CHAPTER XIX.

"HIS WILL . . . BETTER THAN HIS WORK."

1899.

I must fall back for you, as for myself, upon the blessed thought that these weary days could not come to either of us outside of God's will for us. And we know that His will is the very best thing that can come to us, and we will just let our *hearts* rest there, however much the bodies may ache. All these aches belong to the things that are "temporal;" the heart-rest, to the *eternals*. So our hearts are having, even now, the good portion which cannot be taken from them.—*Miss Haygood.*

TO MISS MATTIE NUNNALLY.

MCTYEIRE HOME, SHANGHAI, January 6, 1899.

My Very Dear Mattie: I was so sorry to let the last mail of the old year go without a message to you, that I am beginning in good time to have a letter ready for the first mail of the new year. . . .

Last evening Miss Richardson and I had a quiet but lovely evening with four others, two of whom were your missionaries—Misses Price and Kelly—celebrating the forty-first birthday of my dear friend Dr. Elizabeth Reifsnyder. I wish that you knew Dr. Reifsnyder. She is so strong and faithful, and so altogether unique, that I am sure you would at first wonder about her, and then find yourself trusting her and loving her, and end with hearty appreciation and genuine admiration. She has really done a wonderful work in China. I doubt whether any other medical woman among the missionaries has accomplished so much. Last summer the largest ward of her hospital was burned down while she was absent in Japan on a much-needed health trip. The

house was only partially insured. Within two days a popular subscription was started in the daily paper, and before she reached Shanghai several thousand dollars had been subscribed, chiefly by "community people" and Chinese; some Chinese who were not Christians giving two or three hundred dollars each, until enough was raised, with the insurance, to rebuild the hospital, with improvements, without asking her Board—the Woman's Union Mission—for a cent. It was largely a spontaneous tribute from the people of Shanghai to the work she has been doing in Shanghai for the past fifteen years. We are the warmest of friends, and have been closely associated ever since I have been in China. . . .

TO MRS. TRUEHEART.

McTYEIRE HOME, SHANGHAI, April 7, 1899.

My Dear Mrs. Trueheart: I am sending you by this mail the architect's plans for the McGavock Memorial. I hope they will meet the approval of the Board. The building is on the east side of McTyeire School, and will be connected with it by covered galleries. We shall move our principal schoolroom to the new building, and use the present large schoolroom for dining-room, as we have quite outgrown our present dining room. We shall have abundant use for all the old rooms as well as the new. . . . By contract the building is to be finished September 30th. We scarcely hope to be in possession, however, before the end of the year. . . . I am leaving for Soochow to-day. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SOOCHOW, April 22, 1899.

. . . Saturday afternoon, four o'clock, finds me alone for a little while in the pretty, quaint sitting room at Zaung-Tsung-'Aung—Jennie Atkinson's home. Miss Williams shares the home with her, in the old Chinese house in the heart of this great city, of which I have written you before,

at least through the *Advocate*. I sent them both out a little while ago, nominally to do a little shopping for me, but really because I was anxious that they should have an hour or two in the fresh air and in the sunshine, after a busy week. I have been with them since last Monday, and have so enjoyed it, despite the fact that I have been a little less well than usual, and have had to keep rather quiet.

You will remember the opening of this home, and beginning work at this particular place a little more than two years ago. It would gladden your heart to see how the work has grown. Jennie Atkinson's home-mates have been new missionaries—first Miss Martin, next Miss Williams—so the burden of the work has fallen upon Miss Atkinson. She has borne it so bravely and so unselfishly, and already she is "coming with rejoicing," "bringing her sheaves with her." Here and at the old station—Sung-Nga-Zien—near by, she has about two hundred children under her care. A church has been organized, which already has thirty baptized members and a number of probationers. The native pastor is supported by the contributions of the native members. These have all been brought into the Church, except a few of the teachers, through Miss Atkinson's work. Even her three Bible women are fruits of her work in other years. The house is very large—there were originally forty Chinese rooms—so there is room for four schools and a chapel in the front part of the building, the living rooms for the ladies in the central part, and then a number of other rooms which are occupied by three Bible women, two teachers, with half a dozen or more children belonging to one and another of them, and some other children who are protégés or pupils, and the ladies' servants.

Miss Atkinson is always looking out for the best interests of the Chinese associated with her, so I was not surprised to find that she had arranged for her house boy to have about half the day to study in one of the schools, and for her

cook to have an hour or two of similar privileges. They are both Christians—the cook a steward in the little Church, though he was a rank heathen when he came into Miss Atkinson's service. She thinks the "boy" may grow into a day school teacher by and by.

This unique family, with a few pupils who come early that they may have the privilege of joining in the service, making about thirty in all, assemble every morning in this room for family prayers. All have part in the service. There are seven of them who are willing to take turns in leading. The hymn, the Bible lesson with brief exhortation, the prayer, make a beautiful service, and I have never seen a family anywhere enter more heartily into such devotions.

As I was in the midst of the last paragraph the ladies returned, and some Chinese visitors came with them. So there was no more writing time on Saturday. It is now Monday A.M.

We had a delightful day yesterday. Sunday school and preaching in the morning, the Epworth League meeting in the afternoon, then the ladies and I together, a chapter or two from Horton's "Teachings of Jesus," and then in the evening together the two Letters to Timothy. You can hardly realize how intensely personal these Pastoral Epistles seem to us here. . . .

I return to East Sidé, Mrs. Gaither's home, to-day, and expect to leave for Shanghai on Friday. One week there, which will be crowded with claims, then one week at Sungkiang for our Bible Women's Institute, then back to Shanghai for the Triennial Meeting of the China Educational Association. So I have a *full* month before me. The week here has been quiet and restful. I have not been quite well, but they have taken beautiful care of me. . . .

TO MISS MATTIE NUNNALLY.

SHANGHAI, May 28, 1899.

. . . It seems a very long time since I have had a talk with you. I have not even answered your last two letters. I am sure that you know that there have been good reasons for this long silence. I must confess, first of all, that I have been sick again. I was not quite as well through March as for two or three months before, but able to go on with all my usual duties. The first week in April I went to Soochow, and was there for three weeks, but far from well all the time. Two or three days after coming home I had to go to bed for a week, and since have only been able to be up and about the house, spending a large part of every day upon the lounge, and occasionally a day in bed—as this one. I am not in any immediate danger, though I often suffer much pain. . . . Of course the doctors cannot know what the end may be. They do not feel that there is any immediate danger. I think that they are doing all that medical skill can do to give me relief, and, dear, I am kept in great peace and patience about it all. There are many hours of enforced quiet, . . . and I cannot do just the things I might choose; but I rarely have the headache, and have no trouble with my eyes. So I am able to keep a lot of my work in hand, and act as a sort of advisory board for younger workers, and am made to feel in many ways that I am in the place God would have me be. Everybody associated with me is lovely to me. The ladies are always looking out for my comfort. It is a matter of deepest gratitude that I am usually able to be up and about the house, and so require very little nursing. . . . I do a good deal of writing on my back, and I am nearly always able to read, so the blessings and the loving-kindness abound. It is now Sunday, about six P.M. The ladies have gone to English service. I have been reading nearly all day, except a two-hours' talk with Helen Richardson this afternoon, so I thought I would

like to spend this hour with you. Just here my beloved friend, Dr. Reifsnyder, came in, and it is now after seven, and the gas is lighted. I shall not be able to finish my letter to-night.

I only want to give you a little bit out of my day. I have been reading the Autobiography of Madam Guyon, and that led to the long talk with Helen about Spirit-filled lives. Would that you had been with us!

A moment ago one of the little girls came from the school to ask if I would like them to sing. I told her to ask them to come to the nearest music room and open the doors that I might hear. They are singing in English, with wonderful sweetness, "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms." I shall tell you more about them by and by.

It is now Monday night when I come back to your letter. I am on the lounge in my study, where I have spent about half the day—the other half given to getting up some odds and ends of work. . . . I must finish the program of my dear little service of song last evening. They sang "Peace, perfect peace," "Saviour! again to thy dear name," "There'll be no good-byes there," and two or three others. It was all so lovely in the twilight. They pronounce so beautifully that I could hear every word, and any stranger would have thought, I am sure, that a group of American or English girls were singing. The hymns were of their own choosing. They are specially fond of singing English hymns. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, June 6, 1899.

. . . I was so sorry about the rheumatism and all the suffering which I know it involved. . . . I do so understand all that it means, and I do so care that your work is so often done in pain and weakness. I must fall back for you, as for myself, upon the blessed thought, that these

weary days could not come to either of us outside of God's will for us. And we know that His will is the very best thing that can come to us, and we will just let our *hearts* rest there, however much the bodies may ache. All these aches belong to the things that are "temporal;" the heart-rest, to the *eternals*. So our hearts are having, even now, the good portion which cannot be taken from them. . . .

I am usually able to get down to my study, and *there* I am able to help in keeping the wheels turning. Even on the lounge—where I have spent a great deal of time during the last month—I am able to keep a lot of work in hand. I do a lot of writing here—on the lounge, I mean, where I am now. Miss Tarrant helps me with business and missionary letters. Did I tell you that she is both typewriter and stenographer? . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, June 29, 1899.

. . . I wonder where you are? In some cool country place, I hope, having a real blessed, restful time. My summer seems even yet a bit uncertain. Fletcher Brockman and his family are already settled in their own hired house at Kuling, a mountain resort near Kiu-Kiang on the Yang-tse. If I am well enough to leave home and my doctor, I am to go to them for August. They have been perfectly lovely in planning for me, and I feel that I could ask for nothing better for the summer than being with them. I shall be quite content, though, if it seems best to stay in Shanghai. One of the proofs of approaching age is that I care little for change, and am finding myself more and more reluctant to leave home unless there is a duty to impel the going. And more and more I am realizing the blessedness of living *one* day at a time, and claiming with great assurance *the strength* for its needs, and finding the grace sufficient. I am just standing upon "the firm foundation" of the blessed promises "in His excellent word," and the dear old hymn has become

my "song in the nighttime." I have felt the blessedness of His helping and His keeping peculiarly precious during the past two weeks. I am trying "to commit" to Him, without reserve, everything and everybody that my heart holds dear. I have had some glimpses of the blessed truth that His will is even better than His work—and *then* I am not even anxious about the work that I sometimes call mine. . . .

TO MRS. BOYNTON.

SHANGHAI, July 22, 1899.

My Darling Sister: Yours and Mattie's dear letters of June 4 reached me July 8, and yours of June 13 came July 14. I can't half tell you how welcome they all were, how precious to me all the tenderness and love to which they gave such sweet expression. I have read them again and again, and through a mist of tears sometimes.

I thank you and Mattie with all my heart for all the tender words about my coming home. It is not possible for me to tell you how precious, how unutterably precious to me is the love that prompted them. I thank God that you want me, darling. I thank Him that your children want me. As long as I live it will be sweet to me to know this. I think that it will be one of the sweet things to remember of earth after I am at home in heaven. Friends are good and kind to me here, darling. God has been good in giving me a rich measure of human love even here at the ends of the earth. I have told you of these friends and of their love and care, dear, to save you from anxious thought about me; but, my precious, precious sister, know always that there is not in all the world, that there never can be, any love, any care so sweet to me, so *perfect* in all that makes love and care-taking, as *yours*. If it seemed God's appointment for me, earth could give me no sweeter pleasure, darling, than to spend with you and your children the rest of my life. I have thought much about it. I have prayed much, and it

still seems clear to me that this is the place in which God would have me be. It is this way, dear. I have been so long connected with this work that there are many ways in which I can help, even when I am far from well and strong. On the bed or lounge I can talk over the difficult questions with the younger ladies and help them to find the best answers. I can put at their command all the experience that the years have brought to me. I can keep up much correspondence, look after reports and accounts, etc. Despite all my bodily ills, while I continue even as well as I have been during the past year, or even as far from well, I can with all good conscience receive my salary from the Board, because the service that I am still able to render is worth more than the time of a new lady could be for several years. But far more than this to me is the consciousness that God still has work for me here, and that He owns and blesses that which I am trying to do for Him. At home I am out of touch with work, and with my very uncertain body, quite unable to do public work, seldom able even to go to the church, there would be little that I could do. None of the doctors think that the climate has anything to do with my trouble. I probably would be just as much of an invalid at home as here. I have tried to think it all through, darling, and it seems to me that whatever of strength and time may be left to me will count for more of service to God and man here than it could at home. I have tried to live for duty these many years. I cannot turn away from it now, my precious, precious sister, even for the joy of being with you. I know that you would not have me do it. We shall have heaven and eternity in which to be glad together, my darling.

I think that I may live a number of years. We remember how many long years Mrs. McGavock worked as an invalid. The doctors think that I *may be* comfortably well. I do not know. . . . I am not as well now as they had hoped that I would be, though I am now up, and downstairs, spending

about half the day on my lounge in the study. The doctor now thinks that it will be better for me not to leave Shanghai this summer, so I have given up the trip to Kuling. I should have enjoyed the stay with the Brockmans, but for many reasons I am glad to stay at home. I feel so strongly, when one is half sick, that "there is no place like home." . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, August 9, 1899.

. . . The last week in July Miss Waters and Miss Tarrant went to Mokaushan, where we are building our summer home, and Miss Bomar and Mary Richardson went to Kuling, the Brockmans having very kindly arranged to take them into their home. Helen Richardson was to stay with me in Shanghai, and Mrs. Gaither was here for her vacation, and Miss Martin for a time.

Mary R. was not quite well when she left us, July 24. None of us thought the matter serious, and believed going on the best thing possible for her. They were three days on the river, and she grew constantly worse. When they arrived at Kuling she was utterly prostrated, and on the second day so ill that they telegraphed for Helen to come to her. Helen went, of course, on the first steamer; but it was five days before she reached Kuling after the telegram, and during all that time Mary's life was hanging on a thread, the friends with her scarcely daring to hope that she would live until her sister could reach her. But, thank God, the last letters report her better, and the doctors are beginning to speak hopefully of her recovery. But we have had an anxious ten days, for Mary is very dear to us all. She has made beautiful progress with the language, and won the love of many hearts during the eleven months she has been in China.

Of course I miss Helen very much, for she is always as my right hand, but I was so thankful to have her go to Mary. . . .

TO MISS MOLLIE STEVENS.

SHANGHAI, September 17, 1899.

. . . It is Sunday morning, a little after eleven o'clock. The voice of song from the church has just died away, and, while they are listening to the sermon there, I think that I may spend an hour with you. It has been many long weeks since I have "worshipped with the great congregation," but I have a shadowy hope that I may do so next Sunday. Last night I was in our blessed Saturday evening prayer meeting, but upon the lounge. I had not been there even for more than a month. I am on the lounge in my study now, though it is scarcely any longer a necessity. I am able now to sit up most of the time.

My first hour after breakfast this morning was spent with Helen Richardson in such a precious talk about death and heaven. God has so wonderfully taken away for her the "sting of death" in the going away of her precious sister. When I wrote you last our hearts were burdened with anxiety for dear Mary. We were praying with sorrow and tears that her fair, sweet life might be spared to us and China. Our thought for her was not God's thought. You of course have heard that a day or two after my letter was written she passed into the heavens. She did us good, and only good, while she was with us. She brought blessing, and only blessing, to our home during the short year that God loaned her to us. She was in a most wonderful way among us in the spirit of the Master "as one that served." Her life was as a beautiful alabaster box filled with precious ointment broken in our home, and its fragrance must linger with us through the years. All the joy and all the blessedness of the year to Helen are so beautifully blended with her sorrow that she has had "songs in the night-time," and

God Himself has wiped away her tears, and turned for her "the shadow of death into morning."

There is so much that I should like to tell you about it all—especially about the last days at Kuling—but I am obliged to practice self-denial in letter-writing these days. If I had strength to write the sweet story, it would hardly be possible to tell you of all the goodness of Fletcher and Mary Brockman to Helen and Mary, and to Miss Bomar, during the days at Kuling. Besides, there were many friends there who shared in the blessed ministry, giving to them all that human love and sympathy could of help and comfort.

We were so thankful that the dear body could be brought to us here and laid in our mission lot in the beautiful cemetery. Miss Hughes has written to the *Advocate* of the beautiful service.

Two days after Mary was laid to rest I fell ill. . . . I have not recovered quite as rapidly as the doctor hoped, but I seem now to be gaining steadily. It is a real privilege to be "up and about the house." My desk work has been quite suspended for many weeks, but I hope to be able to give two or three hours to it to-morrow, and to get back to it by degrees. . . .

I think I have told you that we use the morning lesson in "Daily Light" at our family prayers—the short service before breakfast; the Chinese service comes after. I want to tell you of the beautiful message that came to us through it. In the afternoon of August 10th we received a telegram saying that Mary Richardson was "at the point of death." We were expecting momentarily on the morning of August 11th the final message, and were waiting with aching hearts. She had "passed away peacefully at nine o'clock" the evening before, but we had not yet heard. Take your "Daily Light" and see the wonderful lesson to which we turned when we gathered around the table.

[AUGUST 11.—That through death He might destroy him that had the power of death.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ . . . hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.—He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it.—When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.—Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Hebrews ii. 14; 2 Timothy i. 10; Isaiah xxv. 8; 1 Corinthians xv. 54-57; 2 Timothy i. 7; Psalm xxiii. 4.]

See again the beautiful lesson that came to us August 13, the day that we laid her precious body to rest.

[AUGUST 13.—He hath prepared for them a city.

If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.—Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

We which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

Hebrews xi. 16; John xiv. 3; 1 Peter i. 4; Hebrews iii. 14; 1 Thessalonians iv. 17, 18.]

See, again, the message of August 14.

[AUGUST 14.—The joy of the Lord is your strength.

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains: for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted.—Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.

... We . . . joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.—I will joy in the God of my salvation.

[Nehemiah viii. 10; Isaiah xlix. 13; xli. 2; Romans v. 11; Habakkuk iii. 18.]

If we had been choosing from all the Bible, we could have found no words that would have fitted more perfectly our needs.

Again on the morning of September 4th—as once before, you may remember, at that date—a very special lesson came to me. I was fast in bed. Everybody else was getting ready for opening the new term. I opened "Daily Light" to find: "Sit still, my daughter."

So often this precious little book brings the word in season that comforts, or strengthens, or reproves, with the power of the Spirit.

My writing of late is often subject to curious and irregular breaks. I found that my hand was tired this afternoon, and I stopped, and have been reading and talking since, and it is now between six and seven when I come back for a few words in the twilight. I have been reading Miss Guinness' "Across India," and later Matheson's "Side Lights from Patmos." The first is a thrilling appeal; the second gives some new and interesting interpretations to some of the old problems of Revelation. But I do not care to talk of either of these books now. I do want to tell you, dear, that, as of

old, through these last weary weeks it has been sweetly true that *my strength* was always as my day. Not one pain has been given without the needed grace. I have been wonderfully kept from "anxious thought" about the "to-morrow" of it all. . . . I have been able simply to rest in God's will concerning me, and to feel quite sure that whatever He gave would not only be right but best. It rather seems now that I am to be fairly well again. I pray that more than ever my life may be absolutely His. . . .

CHAPTER XX.

"THE CROWNING GLORY."

Heaven still means to me the three wonderful gifts of *rest* and *service* and *satisfaction*—each perfect.—*Miss Haygood.*

It is with ever-fresh sorrow—a sorrow not unmixed with the deepest joy—that we attempt to give the record of the last few months of Miss Haygood's life on earth. Only those who, day and night, ministered so tenderly to her know the full story of the suffering that she was called to endure, and the wonderful way in which God's strength was made perfect in the weakness of His child. During this period, letters from Miss Haygood's own pen were naturally very few and brief. It is chiefly from Miss Richardson's letters to Mrs. Boynton, written in her sick room, that we are able to gather the story of those sacred days. It is given with the hope that it may inspire others to a like heroic endurance of pain, and to the same quiet, glad acceptance of God's will as the very best thing that can come to them.

Miss Haygood was seriously ill in June, and then again in August, 1899, being confined to her bed for several weeks each time, and suffering much pain. In September she was slightly better, and at once began to take up some of the usual duties. September 20th she wrote to Miss Nunnally:

I am up most of the time, and am beginning to take up some of my wonted duties. I am still far from strong. The doctors are hopeful that I may be comfortably well, but

we cannot know. . . . God keeps me in a most wonderful way from "anxious thought" about the "to-morrow" of even this trouble. I am sure that it is all right, and will be.

Relatives and friends were constantly urging Miss Haygood's return home, in the hope that medical skill here, added to her native climate, might at least bring partial restoration to health. Miss Haygood's feeling on this point, however, amounted to a conviction of duty, and she was not willing to forsake her post so long as she could render any service whatever. October 6th she wrote to Mrs. Brown:

I am up every day now, though I divide my time between the lounge and easy-chairs, with an hour or two every day at my desk. . . . It still seems to me quite clear that it is right to stay, and the ladies here in every tender and loving way make me feel that my presence and the odds and ends of things that I do are worth the while, and that I am real help still to them. My precious sister is greatly distressed because I do not come to her, but while I feel that whatever of strength I have is worth more to God and man in China than it could be at home, I am glad to stay. I can't help believing that He will say to my heart "Go" when His time comes. He has not done that yet.

When, finally, Miss Haygood gained her own consent to come home, it was too late. A consultation of physicians was held in November, and they decided that she could not undertake the long journey without very grave risk.

November 22d Miss Richardson wrote to Mrs. Boynton:

I am sitting in Miss Haygood's room, while our trained nurse, Miss Campbell, is out having her recreation, and have thought I'd begin a letter to you, so as to be sure to have it ready for the next United States mail. We seem so cruelly

far apart. Not a day passes that I do not wish I could send you a note, talk through the telephone, over the cable, or something of the sort. But, alas! these many thousand miles separate us.

Miss Haygood has just fallen into a sweet sleep, so I hope to have a good time writing. . . .

The friends all vie with each other in making her room a bower of roses, a flower garden, a place of beauty. The little Burke boys brought in such an exquisite flowering plant yesterday. All that love can do to make her room beautiful, to add comfort, to relieve pain, is being hourly done. And she is so tenderly patient. Dr. Polk has written you how quieted and reconciled she was when the doctors decided she could not go at once. As she thought of your disappointment, and the pain of not seeing you as soon as she had hoped, the tears fell and the sorrow was intense. But it was not long before she placed the burden where it belonged, and has since had perfect peace about it all. . . . As soon as Lollie is able to travel we are going to send her to you.

During the seven long months that Miss Haygood was confined to her room—and most of that time to her bed—the solicitude and sympathy of her large circle of friends, both Chinese and foreign, found daily expression in numberless sweet ways. Miss Richardson gave to her the tireless attention of a devoted sister, and every member of the mission, as well as many others, counted it a privilege to render her the slightest service. Miss Leveritt left her home and work in the interior, and spent several months nursing her; while Dr. Polk and Mrs. Gaither came down from Soochow and helped as there was opportunity.

Her room was indeed made a "bower of beauty" by those who loved her and who knew her love for flowers. Mrs. Burke wrote to Mrs. Brown:

Her room looks so pretty this afternoon, as you may know it does most of the time. On a little table at the foot of the bed is a freesia in full bloom. On each end of the mantel is a blooming narcissus. On the table by her bedside is a pretty, yellow-eyed primula and two small bouquets of violets. On one side of the dressing table is a purple and white flower; on the other side, a pot of moss. Down in the middle portion is a maidenhair fern.

Again Mrs. Burke wrote:

Could you look in her bedroom to-night, how would it look? Let me see if I can make a little picture of it for you. Favorite pictures of dear ones adorn the walls, together with tinted texts and flowers. Over the washstand is a large framed text, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be"—a favorite one. On the dressing table to-day was a lovely plant, in full bloom, in a pretty flowerpot which Mrs. Anderson had sent. Lovely bouquets in pretty vases were on the mantel and tables. Among the flowers were roses, pink ones, daisies, great blue violets, heliotrope, and freesias. A big, warm fire burned brightly in the grate. Before the door, rather at one side of it, was a screen to keep out straying draughts. Before the bed was a new rug, the gift of Miss Rankin. Miss Atkinson brought her a white zephyr shawl a few days ago. In the same bed you knew of yore lay Miss Haygood. . . . Her face looked thinner and very pale, and some of the strong self-control, which has always characterized her, has been broken with prolonged suffering. But patient, thoughtful of others, with her heart full of trust and peace, she lay there.

Every day brought Miss Haygood "letters from hearts in love abounding." In a letter to her sister Miss Haygood said:

Through all these wintry days, darling, the friends keep

my room bright and beautiful with flowers. Loving messages are constantly coming to me through the mail and otherwise. I inclose a letter that brought tears to my eyes, and will to yours, I think. Mrs. Anderson wrote offering to come and nurse me, and almost every lady in the Mission has begged to know if she might help. There is not one who would not come if she were needed.

Mr. Hendry, who was Miss Haygood's foreign pastor and next-door neighbor for the three years just preceding her last illness, wrote to her from Sung-kiang:

SUNG-KIANG, CHINA, November 23, 1899.

Miss L. A. Haygood, Shanghai, China.

My Dear Sister: Your continued sickness is causing us not a little concern. The occasion on which I last saw you and talked with you is still very real to my mind and heart. The scene to me was beautiful, and one well calculated to interest even the angels. And we certainly know that our Father is deeply interested in the sick, suffering ones in His family. Right along here we find comfort for our hearts and souls.

Let me assure you that not a day passes without our asking God's blessing upon you according as you have need. We can and do take much consolation in the assurance that His holy will is being wrought out even in the afflictions of His children. And we are so sure that you, our dear sister, are perfectly willing to have His own divine will wrought out in your case. May His sustaining, relieving grace abound to you daily, so that there may be an abiding joy and peace in your soul! You are very dear to me and my wife and babies. We do love you with a tender and lasting love, for you have been so thoughtful of us in so many things, and have never failed in patience and kindness. Words cannot express what there is in my heart. And we would be so

glad if we could do something to help and relieve you now. How much satisfaction it would afford us to be able to drop in to see you! As we cannot do this now, we shall continue our supplications on your behalf. Our God will supply all your need out of His abundant fullness.

Brother and Sister Wang desire to be remembered especially to you. He says that they arrived here safely and are already settled in their new home. He says that they are most pleasantly situated. He also would express his gratitude for your kindness to him and his little family. They love you very devotedly.

Mrs. Hendry doubtless has written you the news of the place. I have already visited every point where we have work; found much to encourage my heart, and was also kindly received by the workers. We are asking for at least one hundred and fifty souls this year. Oh, may this be a year of large reaping from the faithful sowing of other years!

We join in much love to you, with the sincere hope that if it be the will of God you may soon be relieved of suffering, and be able to take up your loved employ again.

Your brother,

J. L. HENDRY.

The Chinese friends were also full of the deepest concern, and from them came constant inquiries and messages of hope and affection. Especially were the pupils of the school eager to express their love and gratitude by some small service. The letter to Miss Haygood, which follows, was written by one of them under the impression that Miss Haygood was going home at once. The next letter is to Miss Richardson, from one of the older girls, begging the privilege of helping care for her beloved teacher.

SOOCHOW, November 18, 1899.

My Dear Teacher: I am very, very sorry because you are so sick and will go to America very soon.

How I wish I could do something for you to show my gratitude and love! For you have been such a blessing to me all these years, ever patient, kind, and ready to help. And how your presence concerns my happiness. It is as good as the sunshine.

No wonder I am broken-hearted to have you go away. But my best wish is to have you well again. I feel the more sorry when I think that you are suffering for us. Because you caught this sickness by coming to China. And what am I to do for all that you have done for me? My heart told me that you would like me to try to be useful and to spend my life as you are spending yours. So I will, my dear teacher, because I love you. No matter where I go, I shall remember your wishes, and try to do them with all my might. I decided not only to help others but also to suffer for them, because you had set an example before me.

Your pupil is remembering you in her daily prayers, and so does also my mother.

We send our best love to yourself, and wish you good-by.
I am your loving pupil, YOEH-WO Tsz.

SCHOOL-SIDE, Friday.

My Dear Teacher: Miss Haygood has done me much good. She helps me a great deal both in spiritual and physical need. I am always longing to do something for her. So if you have anything which you think I can do for her, either at night or day, please do let me do it. But still if you think it is best for me not to do, I am also willing to obey you.

Your own pupil,

SZ VONG-PAU.

Next to God's own peace filling her heart, Miss Haygood valued the love of her friends, and her heart responded with grateful appreciation to their tender care in her behalf. In December she wrote to Mrs. Brown :

December 3, 1899.

. . . I have been in bed eight weeks to-day. Every day has been crowned with loving-kindness and tender mercies. The members of the Mission are as loving and thoughtful and tender for me as if I were the mother and sister of each one of them. There is literally nothing that they would not do for me individually and collectively if thereby they could add to my comfort or happiness. It would take many pages to tell you of their loving-kindness, and of all the love of the Chinese, shown in so many ways. I am receiving the "thousandfold" here in this world, and then there is heaven besides. God is keeping this dear little room a very "chamber of peace" during these waiting days. . . .

SHANGHAI, December 23, 1899.

. . . I do not at all seem able to get better in an all-round way, and it ever seems less and less probable to me that I ever shall. You will always know that everything that doctor and friends can do for my comfort is being done. My room is already decorated with *real* holly and with heavenly bamboo, and is fragrant with masses of heliotrope, besides Christmas messages in various forms have already reached me. They are all good to me, past all telling, and our Father's mercies are every morning new. The girls from McTyeire School came in sections this morning and sang their Christmas carols for me. Would that you could have heard them! You would have been surprised at the sweetness and beauty. Dr. Macleod came while one class was singing, and was so pleased. He said both the English and singing were *quite as good* as a class of foreign girls could have given. . . .

My very special Christmas text is 2 Timothy i. 12: "I know Him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day." . . .

Several weeks after Miss Haygood's death, as Miss Richardson was looking through her letters and papers, she found an unfinished letter, which Miss Tarrant had written for Miss Haygood, at her dictation, on December 28, 1899. Miss Haygood had meant when it was completed to have carbon copies made and sent to a circle of friends at home. Her strength failed before it was finished, but even in its incompleteness it has a God-given message. It is given here with the hope that it will reach a wider circle of friends than that for which it was originally intended. Miss Richardson said of it: "I believe there is life in the letter, and if it could be brought into contact with receptive hearts a harvest of good might result to His glory, and she be given yet one more ministry of service in the earth. She had meant to add yet other pages, but God grant that the Spirit may help each one who reads 'what is written' to take heed 'how she reads,' and allow Him to imprint the unfinished message upon each heart."

McTYEIRE HOME, SHANGHAI, CHINA,
December 28, 1899.

My Dear Friend: My eyes were held awake last night through many long hours, and the names and faces of many very dear to me came to me in most loving remembrance. And while I thought of you and prayed for you, I found, all unplanned, a letter to you coming to my heart. I have often, in days that are past, in the closing days of the year, written to one and another of those whom my heart holds dear, telling them of the good gifts that the year had brought, or sometimes of its sorrows and disappointments, or my own failures and God's patience, of hopes that had grown to glad fruition, of plans that had failed—but always

of the love divine that had been sweeter and better than my fears.

Of late years many of these letters have failed to be written because of want of time, or more often, it may be, because of want of strength. To-day a dear fellow-worker is writing at my dictation, and to some of you will come only a carbon copy of a typewritten letter; but I want to beg, just now, that each one who receives a copy of this letter will count it as truly personal as if my own fingers had guided the pen or touched the keys of the typewriter. I want each one of you to know that her own name has been brought in tender and loving remembrance to our Father in connection with this letter.

As I thought of you last night there came to my mind at memory's call so many, many things belonging to the last fifteen years of my life that I should be glad to share with you. Some of you will remember when, sixteen years ago, God spoke to my heart and said He had work for me in China. Some of you will remember how strong were the ties of home and family and friends and work that held me in Georgia, and how full and how happy my life was in it all. And yet, so clear was the Voice that I could only answer, "Here am I, Lord; send me." I remember one August day in '84, in the dear old Atlanta home, reading the wonderful words of Luke xviii. 29, 30: "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." I found it so easy to believe the greater promise. I knew God could and would give life everlasting, but my poor, weak faith did not see—as I remembered all that home and brothers and sisters had meant to me—how it was possible for even God to give the manifold blessings in this present time. But I just want to tell you, to-day, that He has fulfilled to me over and over and over

again, in all of its richness and fullness, the earthly side of His promise. I do not mean to say that every day of these fifteen years has been full of sunshine. There have been times "when sun nor stars in many days appeared;" there have been times when my soul has cried, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me." But there has never been a time when I have not been able to answer, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." And through all the years in His own good time God has commanded "His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song has been with me," and He has proved to me, in deed and in truth, "the God of my life."

My heart was full of praises last night as I remembered the children I have seen during these years come out of heathen homes and grow into glorious Christian manhood and womanhood, and as I thought of the men and women, once bound by superstitious fear, so freely entering into "the glorious liberty of the children of God." This gospel of ours *does* transform lives, and it is, in deed and in truth, "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" in every land and among every people.

Last year there came to our home in sweet young womanhood one who, with glad heart, had given herself to God for China. A year had not yet passed, and God's finger touched her, and she slept. Not long before, in writing to friends in the home land, she said: "I think it is the very loveliest thing in the world to be a missionary." With all my heart, after these fifteen years of service, I want to say to you to-day that I do feel that "it is the very loveliest thing in the world to be a missionary"—one sent of God to tell human hearts that He loves them, whether it be in China or at home. More and more I feel that it has been a high and holy privilege to come at His call to China. I feel to-

day that if I had a hundred other lives to give—so great seems the need for His witnesses now in China, and so wonderful the opportunity to serve Him here—that I would count it all joy to give them every one to Him for China.

Wonderful are the changes which have come through these fifteen years! Opportunities have broadened, responsibilities have deepened, and everywhere to His missionaries God has opened the way. He has, indeed, broken "in pieces the doors of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron." I wish you could know and feel this as I do. I hope you will ask your heart, "Has God any special thing for me to do in helping to possess the land of China for Him?"

I want especially to tell you to-day of the ways in which God has been leading me through the year now hastening to its close. I have not been quite well or strong since my return to China, but last New Year's Day found me almost comfortably well, and my time and hands and life full of work. The first two or three months passed swiftly and happily. When I found that limitations were being put upon my health and strength, and lines were being closely drawn about me, God was teaching me in a new and wonderful way to live one day at a time, and saving me from anxious thought about the morrow. During these months I rarely ever left home, yet He gave me much to do for Him there, and helped me to understand as I had never done—though this for years had been one of my rock-texts—"As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Day after day He gave me strength to meet the duties that the day brought, or He sent some one to help me with them, or He lifted the burden from my shoulders.

As long as she was able to hold a pen, Miss Haygood wrote to her sister and to a few close friends. When her strength failed her, Miss Richardson or Mrs. Burke usually wrote for her. To their letters we now turn for the record of Miss Haygood's last days.

MRS. BURKE TO MRS. BROWN.

SHANGHAI, March 7, 1900.

. . . Miss Haygood longs sometimes, at least did once a few days ago, to "depart and be with Christ." There is so much weariness and pain. She says her text for the past three or four days has been, "The cup which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?"

Miss Tarrant came in and we sang "Home of the Soul," "It is better farther on," and part of "Raise me, Jesus." I have been singing since Miss Tarrant left. Hymns have been and are such a comfort to our invalid. . . .

Saturday, March 10.

Such a disappointment came yesterday. News had come that Mrs. Boynton would be on the Rio de Janeiro, by the last mail, which had failed to bring her. But yesterday a cable came, sent from Atlanta, saying, "Delayed." Such a disappointment! Miss Haygood had been trying to get a little stronger for her sister. She is bearing it bravely, but for the past two weeks we have been longing and praying that she might last until Mrs. Boynton arrived. . . .

TO MRS. MYRA H. BOYNTON.

SHANGHAI, March 25, 1900.

My Dear Mrs. Boynton: It is Sunday, 6 P.M. Lollie seems to be resting so quietly I think I shall at least begin my next letter to you.

What would we not have given to have had you present with us at a precious communion season in her bedroom this afternoon! She wanted all the members of the Mission in Shanghai present, and while we feared the presence of so many in her bedroom at once might excite her and give her a backset, still we did not dare refuse. So they were all here, and in addition our old ahma and the ahma who has recently been helping us care for Lollie, and three very dear

friends of Lollie's—Drs. Gale and Reifsnnyder, and Mrs. Dalziel.

The service was at 4:30, but before that time we had made Lollie's room look as fresh and beautiful as we had intended making it look on the day that you would have arrived, had you come to us. In all there were twenty-four persons present—about filling the room.

The ahma who is helping to nurse Lollie is the same woman whom she had with the Hill children when they were here. So for a long time she has had some head knowledge of the Christian religion, but she could never be persuaded to give up idolatry. During her stay in Lollie's sick room, hearing her words, seeing her faith and patience, she has come to believe, and wanted to be baptized. Just before the communion was administered she was baptized. I do wish you could have heard her clear, earnest answers to the questions asked her. Afterwards she and ahma—dear old ahma who has been with Lollie all these years—had the communion with us. I do praise our Father for giving our precious invalid this soul during her shut-in days.

At the opening of the service, of course we sang "How Firm a Foundation"—Lollie's life hymn—and she joined in and sang with all her heart, looking from time to time at me in a most reproving way because I did not join in. But I couldn't sing. My heart was in my throat and tears were in my voice. As the singing stopped she said she had something to say to us while we were all together. Oh! how I longed for you and Mr. Willie! How I wish you might have seen how beautiful she looked! Her voice was stronger and fuller than it had been for six weeks. He not only gave her the message to deliver, but fitted her poor, tired, weak body to deliver it. As nearly as I can remember, these were her words—at least some of them:

"There are many things I should love to say to you, my co-workers, my brothers and sisters, but I know there is

strength for only a few. I want to bear testimony to the wonderful way in which our Father has kept my heart in perfect peace during all these long months of invalidism. If I had known when I went to bed six months ago that I was to be an invalid for all these weary weeks and months, I am afraid the thought would have utterly crushed me, but He has come into this room and into my heart in such a marvelous way that I have found strength for each day's needs, and there has been no good thing for which I have lacked. With such an experience behind me, I feel strong for whatever the future may contain, whether it be life here or up yonder.

"If, when I gave myself to God for life and service in China, I had known that this would be the ending, I would have acted just as I did. It has been worth it all to have been brought to know, to love, and to trust Him as I now do. I am not sorry I came, but glad with all my heart.

"If there is one lesson that I have learned better than another, it is to take life a day at a time, and trust God to lift all the burdens that ought to be lifted. He has never given me anything to do that He has not got me ready to do, and given all needed strength. Only to-day has this been wonderfully true. I wanted to have the communion with you, my brothers and sisters, once more before we eat it anew in our Father's house; but for the past two months there has never been a single day when it was possible. Some of you have asked with me that I might sleep last night and have a quiet day to-day. Most wonderfully was the prayer answered. I slept almost all night long, and to-day has been the best I have had for months. I want to warn those of you who are younger in the work—don't bear to-morrow's burdens with to-day's strength. He does not intend us to do it. It merely exhausts us in heart and spirit, and unfits us for living to-day.

"Oh! how I love to abundantly utter the goodness of

God! He is keeping me in perfect peace about the present, and also about the future. He was with me to strengthen and stay my heart on Him when I had to give up the cherished hope of having my sister with me."

LATER.

I have just read the foregoing to Lollie, and asked her if it is about what she said, and her reply was: "Yes, just about what I said. Tell her it is all summed up in my text, which she must make hers, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' Tell her it is sufficient for all of life's needs." And I do tell you, my dear Mrs. Boynton, for with all my heart I believe it—believe it as I stand face to face with what promises to be my sorrow's crown of sorrow. It was true last summer when I went with Madie into the valley of the shadow of death, and I believe it will evermore be true.

The time of our precious Lollie's promotion draws nearer each day. She is weaker now than ever before, and any day may go to her reward. She knows this, and so do we all, and yet we do not let the consciousness of it rob us of the joy that we have in every moment that she is left with us. We talk together and sing together about the land to which she is going, and there is no more excitement or nervousness about it than if she were going to America. Not nearly so much so, really.

March 30, Noon.

. . . Lollie has not been so well since Sunday. Each day she is weaker than the day before. . . . This morning the sun came out bright and warm, and it looked so health-giving on our long upper veranda, just outside her window, that we rolled her on a small iron bed, and pushed her, with Mr. Burke's help, out into the sunshine for an hour. The doctor had said we might the first pleasant day. She was too weak and tired to say much, but I am sure she found it more refreshing. As soon as the schoolgirls heard she

was out, they rushed in a crowd to the lawn just below the veranda and told her how glad they were to see even her bed once more. I do wish you could know how these girls all love and admire and believe in her. It would do your heart good. . . .

Dr. Macleod left this week. Dr. Mills is lovely in the sick room, and she doesn't seem yet to mind the change, though I know she was sorry to see her old doctor go.

With more and more love, your sincere friend,

HELEN LEE RICHARDSON.

MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. BOYNTON.

SHANGHAI, April 9, 1900.

My Very Dear Mrs. Boynton: Lollie is still with us, though at times a great sufferer. Just now she is sleeping quietly.

Saturday morning Dr. Polk and Mrs. Gaither arrived from Soochow. They have come down to see our invalid. She wanted Dr. Polk, so we sent for her to come. Lollie has always been very fond of her, and has much confidence in her as a physician. Of course it is a great comfort to us to have her with us. . . .

After school closed this afternoon, I told Dr. Polk and Miss Leveritt they could go and leave me with Lollie. . . . Shortly after they left she called me to the bed and told me she wanted me to come real close to her while she told me what she wanted me to do for her. She gave me further directions about her belongings. Lollie is the most wonderful woman I have ever known. I wonder if there ever was just such another. Do you know she has given me the minutest details about her funeral—where she wants her body placed, how dressed, her pallbearers, whom she wants to conduct the services, the songs to be sung, and just everything you can think of.

She talked about her body as though it were an old garment which she wanted to dispose of—and with as little

feeling. At first it almost broke my heart to have her talk so. I would beg her not to, but she would insist that her body was not what I had loved, and that death could never touch her true self. She has so helped me to believe in eternal realities that I can no longer—never again—look upon death to the Christian as anything but the entrance into life more abundant and full of glory. She is in such a wonderful way, during these last days, proving to me that she believes to the uttermost all she has ever said to me on the subject. My own faith grows stronger each day, and my desire to linger here less. . . .

April 14, 7 A.M.

Again our beloved has had a good night. . . . I think she is getting more and more anxious to depart and be with Him. She has told me to ask very definitely for her release. Once last night while awake she said: "Do all in your power, all the days of your life, to relieve human suffering." . . .

April 15.

. . . Several times last night she said: "Let me go, let me go. I want to be free." We tried to get her to take some brandy, but she refused, saying, "It is no use taking anything more—the end has come. O, Helen, don't keep me here. I want to go." "Go where?" I asked. "To heaven," she replied at once.

April 18.

Our invalid waked this morning asking if it were raining. Later on she said it seemed dark as if it were going to do so. As she took fresh notice of the clouds she repeated a verse which we learned together sometime ago:

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining."

She called me to her and said she had a plan for the day

which she wanted me to listen to. Then she told me she wanted during the afternoon to have the communion with our Chinese Christians, as she had thought of having several weeks ago. She is very weak, but her mind has not been so clear for ten days. We tried in every way to dissuade her from it, but she held on fast to her purpose, and made us send for Mr. Burke that she might talk with him on the subject. He came, and, notwithstanding the fact that the rain was falling, entered heartily into her plan, and sent at once and notified all the Church members, in reach, of the service, which they set for three o'clock. . . . Lollie is perfectly quiet about it, and has been telling me something of what she is going to say to the Christians. She will speak in English and Mr. Burke will translate. She seemed to be so pleased while we were getting her ready, and told Dr. Polk it was very much like her bridal day. Early this morning Misses Atkinson, Williams, and Steger got in from Soochow. They felt that they must see her again. All the representatives of the Woman's Board of Missions, except Misses Rankin and Coffey, will be here. We are all so glad for them. . . .

At three o'clock about a hundred of the Chinese Christians who had known and loved her in other years congregated in the dining room downstairs, and the elements were consecrated down there. Women and men in China never commune at the same table—the women always commune first. The improvised altar, made of fifteen Chinese stools, surrounded Lollie's bed, leaving just space enough between the bed and the altar for Mr. Burke to walk and serve the communicants. As each tableful was served, they moved out on the front porch, and made room for others, who at once took their places. When all had communed, as many as could get into the room came back in, McTyeire schoolgirls coming close up to the bed on all sides. Four or five of the smallest girls caressed her hand in a most

loving way as she talked in an unusually strong voice to the old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, gathered about her. . . . Among other and heart-stirring words she spoke to them, she said the greatest privilege of her life had been witnessing for Christ in their midst. That she hoped some day to meet every one present in her Father's house. She hoped each one would come up with a sheaf—father, mother, sister, brother, friend—that no one must come empty-handed.

I can't write you in detail all she said, but every word was eminently appropriate and wonderfully precious. I am sure it was the occasion of a lifetime to each one present. There were sobs and there were tears. How could it have been otherwise as they told their teacher, their spiritual guide, their sympathetic friend, their forgiving sister, loved, admired, honored by all, good-by? Only once or twice were there tears in her voice. She smiled at each, shook hands with some, and to many she gave a fervent "God bless you."

How truly do we feel that God has broken one of His choicest alabaster boxes in our home! After it was all over she asked to be quite quiet for a while, saying she was tired and wanted to rest. . . .

MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. BOYNTON.

SHANGHAI, Wednesday P.M., May 2, 1900.

Long before this reaches you, my precious Mrs. Boynton, will the cruel cable have told you that she whom we love no longer lives in our world, but has entered upon that fuller life in the presence of Him whom she loved, and whom she for so many years served.

After I mailed my letter to you last Saturday there was no change until the final one Sunday at 6 P.M., when it was evident that she must leave us in a few minutes. At 6:15, without a struggle, without a sound, she breathed her last

breath—like an infant going to sleep after it had been tired out with suffering.

She had known none of us since Saturday morning, when she called the nurse-ahma to her and told her she must be "faithful unto the end." Twice Saturday afternoon she said, "O Helen, O Helen," but I was not sure she knew what she was saying. She suffered, we know, Saturday morning; but morphine was given, and the doctors said in the afternoon that she was not conscious of pain. We were all with her to the end, and did all that was possible for the human to do. I kissed her again and again for you, and was close to her great heart of love when it ceased to beat. . . .

Early Tuesday morning flowers in every possible design were sent in by her lovers. Oh! how she was beloved!

Just after breakfast the McTyeire girls, dressed in white—Chinese mourning—filed into the room laden with floral crosses, crowns, harps, anchors, and various other designs, and piled them around the casket. Their sobs and tears as they gazed into the dear face were heartrending. Then came the girls—with even deeper mourning—from Clopton School, laden with flowers to put about their beloved teacher. Such a scene as it was! How it melted our hearts! . . .

The funeral took place at ten o'clock at Central Church—the church just outside McTyeire Compound. By her request Dr. Allen, Mr. Burke, and her oldest Chinese pastor, Mr. Sz, had charge of the services. Some one else may write you what was said. I did not seem to hear anything but the beating of my own sad heart.

From Central we went directly to the cemetery. Upon arriving there we were told that all unexpectedly—wonderful it seemed to us—a spring of water had gushed forth in the open grave, and that it was then half full of water. You may imagine our surprise. There was nothing to do but take the casket into the beautiful mortuary chapel, that stands in the midst of the cemetery, and wait till another

grave could be dug, walled up, and cemented. Graves out here are always so prepared. Mr. Burke gave notice that the services would be concluded at 4 P.M.—stating the cause of delay.

At once I decided to stay in the chapel with the precious body. All the flowers were brought in, and the casket was so surrounded and covered by them as to resemble a large mound of cut flowers. The casket was entirely covered. As soon as Mr. Brockman knew I wanted to stay he protested and said he would stay himself. I would not, I could not, leave. So we stayed together. Mrs. Gaither and Miss Rankin also stayed till noon, . . . and Dr. Polk, Misses Atkinson, Williams, and Waters came out and joined us. What a precious day it was! We spent almost the entire day talking about our beloved, her life, her influence, her work, her reward. It was wonderful the way our hearts were quieted and we could talk amid our tears. He Himself seemed to be in our midst, speaking peace and giving liberty. I shall never while I live forget that day.

A singular coincidence occurred which I must tell you about. As we sat there in the chapel holding the sweetest communion together, our hearts burning within us as we talked about her, recalling a word, a sentence, an inspiration, an encouragement—a long line of links that bound us to her, to Him, and to each other—a flutter above was heard. Instantly our eyes were turned in the direction whence it came. You may try to imagine our surprise as we saw a beautiful, white-breasted dove come down—it seemed to be let down—just above the casket, till its wings brushed the flowers. For an instant it fluttered there, then flew back and perched itself just above the casket, high up in the vaulted roof of the chapel, and remained there till a few minutes before we left for the grave. It may have been superstition, but it brought great comfort and peace to our little company.



MISS HAYGOOD'S GRAVE AFTER THE FUNERAL.



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At four o'clock the chapel was crowded. Our white-robed girls went forward, each one filling her arms with wreaths, crosses, or crowns of flowers and stood on each side of the aisle the pallbearers came down bringing all that was left us of our precious Lollie. The procession was formed at the chapel door and went directly to our Mission lot. Lollie's grave is on the left-hand side of my sister Madie's, only leaving a place for my grave between them. . . .

Just as the services were concluded, Mrs. Burke, Miss Tarrant, and Miss Williams sang "The Christian's Good-night." It was nearly five o'clock when we left the grave. All hearts were made glad by the sun's struggling through the clouds which had been gathering all the afternoon. It was a token for good, and again our hearts were comforted.

Oh! the sadness of coming back to McTyeire to take up life without her! God only knows what it means to us all, especially to me. She made the home—she was its very heart as well as head.

We ought to be stronger to take up life and her work because of long years of association with her. I trust we are, but just now we feel only weakness. Our eyes are unto Him—even there we see her. We shall try to live and labor as He would have us—as she would have us. . . .

With love sincere, your sister's friend,

HELEN LEE RICHARDSON.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN MEMORIAM.

He has fulfilled to the uttermost to me all His promises to those who leave home and friends for His sake and the gospel's; not one of all His promises for good has failed me.—
Miss Haygood's Last Message to the Woman's Board.

"MISS HAYGOOD died at sunset." Such were the words of the cablegram which, on Sunday morning, April 29, 1900, brought to many anxious hearts in the home land the tidings of Miss Haygood's release. Day by day for many weeks this sad message had been expected, but now that it had actually come multitudes of hearts were weighed down with a sense of inexpressible loss. It meant for them the earthly ending of one of the bravest and truest lives they had ever known. Her death was indeed the setting of a sun of life to scores of loving friends. But the word "sunset" carried a suggestion of comfort to some. The sunset, in the foreign land in which she lived for Christ's sake, answered to the sunrise in her home land. So, many aching hearts said: "To us, the sunset of a life; to her, the sunrise of eternal day in the home land of the good and true."

Memorial services were held for her both in China and in the churches throughout Southern Methodism. Perhaps one of the most impressive of these services was that held in Central Methodist Church, Shanghai, on the Wednesday night immediately following her death. Of special interest in this service were the tributes of love from the Chinese

Christians, and their recitals of her Christlike deeds which lived on in their memories. It would be gratifying could a few of these tributes from the people to whom she gave her last and best years be reproduced here. Their character can be inferred from a letter which we owe to the loving thoughtfulness of Dr. Margaret Polk. It is a letter written by one of the Bible women, Mrs. Waung. "I write this," she says, "because I am unable to attend the memorial services on Wednesday evening and testify to all my thought for her."

. . . My beloved Miss Haygood has gone to the home which the Heavenly Father has prepared. Because she and I were good friends, I want to write a few words to the paper and let everybody know my thought of her. I have known her for fourteen years. She used to come into the city every Thursday afternoon, when she would first go with me and Mo Niang-niang to the homes of the people, and speak a few words and call the women to come to the appointed place to hear Faung Sien-sang preach the gospel. She would then teach us to read and write Romanization, and return home in the early twilight. She never feared to run against the city dirt, and in this showed her love for the Chinese.

Her whole outward life showed a loving, humble, meek, peaceful, and patient heart. She governed her actions by the teachings of Christ as found in the Bible, and so her life was a perfect one. She was faithful to the end, and now she has a heavenly crown. We must remember her and follow the example that she lived before us, and we too shall obtain a heavenly crown. . . .

On the Sunday of Miss Haygood's death, several members of the Woman's Board of Missions were in New York City attending the session of the Ecumenical Missionary Confer-

ence. On that day Mrs. Trueheart received a telegram repeating the message of the cablegram, and shortly afterwards a called meeting of the officers and members of the Board was held, at which, among other tributes to Miss Haygood, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, to-day, in McTyeire Home, Shanghai, China, our beloved Miss Laura A. Haygood passed into the rest of her heavenly home, we, the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, have met to testify of her excellence as friend and sister, of her inestimable value as a missionary, as well as to sympathize with all who knew and loved her. The sad news of her death, coming in the midst of the wonderful uplift received at the great Ecumenical Conference in New York, deepens our determination to devote ourselves to the cause of foreign missions, a cause for which she counted not her life dear unto herself.

Resolved: 1. With God's help we will do more than ever before to carry forward her plans of evangelizing China, whose people she loved well, and for whom she most gladly sacrificed all things, even life itself.

2. Her dying words, "Had I a thousand lives, I would willingly give them to save China," will ever live in our thoughts, that we may be filled with the same Christlike spirit and labor.

3. Our deepest sympathy goes out to the dear missionaries with whom she was associated. They are greatly bereaved, their relationship having been almost as close and tender as that of mother and daughters. God bless them and comfort their hearts!

4. That we extend our most sincere and loving sympathy to the beloved sister and all the home ties, whose bereavement is very sore indeed. We pray that the grace of the Lord Jesus may be sufficient to bring them light in this dark hour.

5. That a copy of the above be spread upon the records of the Woman's Board, printed in all the Church papers and periodicals, and a copy sent to the bereaved family and to the missionaries of the Board in China.

MRS. M. D. WIGHTMAN,
MRS. T. B. HARGROVE,
MISS M. L. GIBSON,
MRS. W. P. LOVEJOY,
MRS. W. B. HIGGINBOTHAM,
MRS. S. S. HARRIS,
MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART, *Sec.*

At the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board, which convened in Paris, Tex., toward the last of May, a special memorial service was held for Miss Haygood. Mrs. A. W. Wilson read a paper on Miss Haygood's character and work, while Mrs. Trueheart, Mrs. E. A. Gray of Georgia, and others paid true and beautiful tribute to her worth. Mrs. Trueheart, in her Report of the Board at Home, gave large space to an appreciation of Miss Haygood and to plans for building the "Laura Haygood Home and School" at Soochow. This report also contained Miss Haygood's impressive last message to the Board. Mrs. Trueheart's loving words were as follows:

. . . Only a few weeks ago came over the wires: "Miss Haygood died to-day at sunset." This news sent a shiver of pain throughout the Church. Expressions of grief and regret were general not only from our own Church but from other Churches who knew her. Miss Haygood was a wise, sweet-spirited woman, a tower of strength to the Board; but God knew what was best for her and for us. He surely says to us: "Go forward!" Shall we not obey? This command comes with clearness and emphasis, and thought turns to the

need of a "Home and School" in Soochow, for which Miss Haygood's heart longed. Will we not heed her wish as her dying request? One of her last utterances in regard to the work in China was of the educational claims of Soochow. The Board has planned for a home and school in Soochow, but the claim now upon us has new meaning and power. It seems to come through the majesty of death from glorified lips, and, with it, the opportunity to show how fully we trusted Miss Haygood, how deeply and sincerely we honored and loved her. Let Soochow have a home and school similar to McTyeire Home and School, and let it be known as "Laura Haygood Home and School." McTyeire Home and School was dear to her. I am glad she lived to see it completed. Only two months before her death she said, in speaking of it: "It is a joy to my heart. I thank God that He let me live to see it on the road to prosperity." In her first sweet message to the Board, soon after reaching China, she wrote: "I come to you to-day with greetings across the seas. Never can I forget how, all along the way from Georgia to California, you stretched out sisterly hands and comforted us with sisterly words. We thanked God then for your care for us and its sweet expressions, and we thank Him now for all the comfort and blessings that come to us in remembering it."

In her last message to the Board she writes: "To be given to the Board after my death. I want to express to the Board my deep sense of gratitude to them for their uniform kindness to me during all the years of my association with them. I hope they will never for a moment think of my time in China as years of sacrifice, but as years of glad and loving service. Had I known the end from the beginning, it would have been all joy to give these fifteen years of service for God in China. If I have been enabled to accomplish anything, it has been because of the faithfulness of our God; and, claiming this faithfulness for those who follow me, I

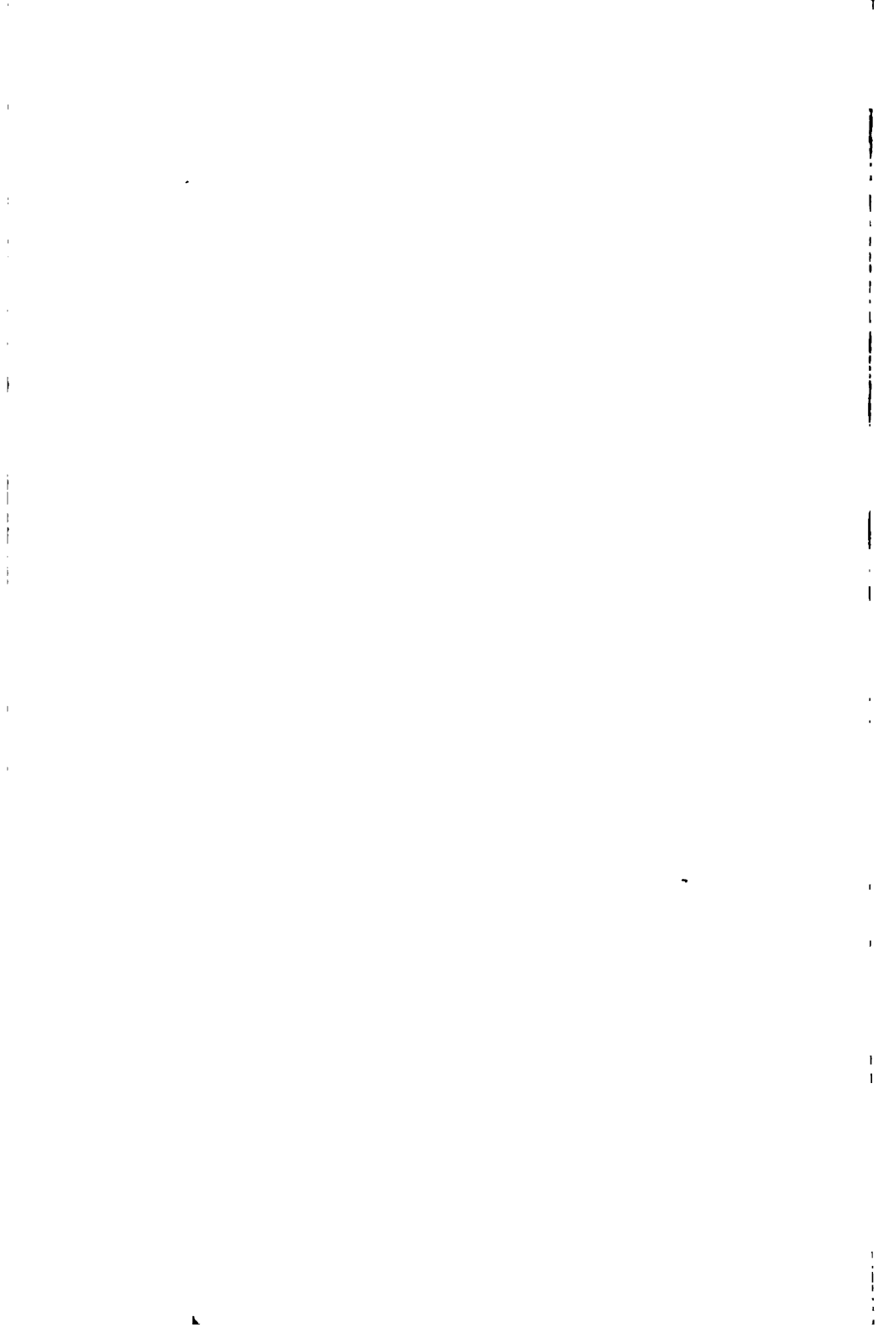




LAURA HAYGOOD 2



EMORIAL, SOOCHOW.



lay down the work that He for a time intrusted to me without a fear for its future. He has fulfilled to the uttermost to me all His promises to those who leave home and friends for His sake and the gospel's—not one of all His promises for good has failed me. In His name I beg the Board to be strong and very courageous, for I am sure He has yet very much land for them to possess for His name in China."

Let us build the "Laura Haygood Home and School" in Soochow. Let it be to Soochow what McTyeire Home and School is to Shanghai, and let the methods taken by her to secure funds for McTyeire be adopted by us for this. When asking for funds for McTyeire, she wrote: "Let the funds be a thank offering for the sweet communion of the Church at home; for the privilege of hearing the gospel in our own dear mother tongue, and joining in prayer and praise about the home altars. Sacrifice some pleasure, some *comfort*, if need be, to take stock in our Home and School. The Saviour would bless such a giving. There would linger about it something of the fragrance of the alabaster box of precious ointment."

Her plan, you remember, was to form a joint stock company, with shares at ten dollars each, and to every one taking a share send a certificate. Could not such a plan be adopted again, and certificates issued, each certificate to have as a vignette Miss Haygood's portrait? The Church loved Miss Haygood—men, women, and children. Other denominations loved her, the Chinese loved her; and all could thus have the precious privilege of showing something of this love. . . . China has become sacred to us because of the precious dust in the Shanghai cemetery, and the work which has cost us so much heart treasure should be cherished.

It was decided at this session to invest thirty thousand dollars (\$30,000) in the "Laura Haygood Home and School" without delay. Fully one-fifth of the whole amount asked

for was subscribed by those in attendance upon the meeting of the Board.

The services held in Atlanta in honor of Miss Haygood's memory were second only in impressiveness to those held in Shanghai. Had Miss Haygood lived out her whole life, even unto death, in their very midst, the members of Trinity Church could hardly have shown a deeper grief over her loss. It brought back memories of the evening, sixteen years before, when she stood in the presence of that great concourse of friends in Trinity Church and spoke to them her farewell words as she took her departure for China. A large picture of Miss Haygood stood on an easel within the chancel railing, while it and the chancel were beautifully decorated with white lilies and a profusion of other white flowers. For two hours the service was given to hearing short but heartfelt tributes from many friends who, by love and prayer, for long years had had a very real share in Miss Haygood's life work. Col. W. A. Hemphill said in his remarks that he had witnessed the tributes to the memory of Alexander Stephens, Benjamin Hill, Jefferson Davis, and Henry Grady, but that never in his life had he attended a memorial service that was fraught with more love and true appreciation than this to Miss Haygood. He added: "The crown she is wearing in heaven to-day is brighter than any crown of queen or king in the world, and this Church ought to build a monument to her memory. Not an elaborate monument, for she would not have it so, but a simple shaft of stone to mark the devotion of those who loved her." The service very appropriately closed with the reading of a paper which had been prepared by Miss Mollie Stevens, who knew Miss Haygood as inti-

mately, and cherished her memory as sacredly, as any of the vast circle of friends in Atlanta.

The members of the Trinity Home Mission Sunday school, feeling that they owed their existence as a Sunday school to her untiring efforts and zeal, passed resolutions that breathe a very deep sense of loss, and which promise that, through unnumbered years, Miss Haygood's Home Mission work shall not cease to bear abundant fruit.

The first meeting of the Woman's Missionary Union of Atlanta was one in commemoration of the beautiful life, the abiding influence, and the noble missionary service of Miss Haygood. There was a peculiar fitness in the fact that this first meeting was hallowed by the memory of one who was not only filled with the missionary passion but who devoted herself so earnestly to discouraging the tendencies which separate, and to fostering the graces which would unite, the efforts of all true servants of Christ. Mrs. Pattillo, in behalf of the Union, paid an appreciative tribute to Miss Haygood:

As we have met together to perfect an organization designed to bring into closer sympathy and inspire with greater zeal all Christian workers, the news comes to us that Miss Laura Haygood has entered into rest. No other name could touch our hearts more deeply. She belonged not only to Atlanta but to the world. Her life was given to missionary work. In Atlanta her mission was to the poor, the suffering, even the outcasts of society; and through her ministrations many were reclaimed to lives of virtue and rectitude, and many a young woman can claim her as a spiritual mother.

When, fifteen years ago, the call came from distant China, "Come over and help us," she cheerfully obeyed; and through

these latter years, often in feebleness of body, she has toiled on, striving to save the souls of these heathen people, and desiring at last that her grave should be among them. . . .

Miss Haygood's *Alma Mater*, Wesleyan Female College, at the services of its Foreign Missionary Society, did not fail to pay loving and beautiful tribute to the memory of the "college's splendid representative" in the mission field. It was made manifest that Miss Haygood's thorough consecration to the service of her Lord in China had touched the lives of Wesleyan students, and that more than one stood ready to give herself to Christ for China, if God so willed.

Further mention cannot be made of the numerous memorial services that were held for Miss Haygood in the missionary societies of her own and other Churches, and of the resolutions passed by Preachers' Meetings and Missionary Conferences. Some of the letters, however, written to Mrs. Boynton and Mrs. Brown give a truer insight than can be had in any other way into the deep sense of personal loss which the death of Miss Haygood brought to many friends on both sides of the Pacific. Only a few selections from these letters can be inserted here. The words of Dr. Allen, Miss Rankin, and Miss Atkinson are chosen as representing the feelings of a great multitude who had enshrined Miss Haygood in their hearts as their best friend.

DR. ALLEN TO MRS. BROWN.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, May 25, 1900.

My Dear Mrs. Brown: Long ere this reaches you, or even gets started, you will have heard by cable of the death of dear Miss Laura. I ought, perhaps, to have written by an earlier mail; but as so many were writing, both to the friends

and also to the papers, I wrote only to Mrs. Atticus G. Haygood by the first mail after the funeral. You will see full details in the papers, so I need not attempt a repetition. She was an invalid for more than six months, confined to her room, and mostly to her bed; and, though she suffered very greatly at times, bore all patiently, and waited until her release came. Her last days were among her best; for, though almost helpless, the power of God was with her mysteriously, yet palpably, so that virtue emanated from her sick room, even to the edification and comfort of not a few of the native membership who were allowed to pay a final visit to their beloved teacher and Christian friend, the like of whom they had never seen, and may never see again.

I shall not attempt to tell you how I feel and mourn the loss of such friends as Miss Laura and her brother Atticus. One can almost feel himself, as it were, sinking with them, and being deprived of all that makes life companionable and joyous. My friends over in the home land year by year disappear, and so few are now left that I begin to feel quite alone. The news of Dr. Cunyngnam's death reached us ere the flowers had faded from Miss Haygood's new-made grave, so that we might almost say in the same week the China Mission lost two of its oldest and most faithful missionaries.

At such times as this I love to keep silence. Words but stir the surface of the heart. The depths are moved, but silence is their best expression. . . .

With love to Dr. Brown, believe me, yours faithfully,
YOUNG J. ALLEN.

MISS RANKIN TO MRS. BOYNTON.

SHANGHAI, April 29, 1900.

My Dear Mrs. Boynton: The dear hands that never tired of ministering to others are folded this morning; the dear lips that used to welcome us with sweet kisses and loving

words have the same sweet smile for all. Our hearts are aching sorely to-day for you and for ourselves, for we know how terrible the message that has perhaps just reached you from across the seas. We had so hoped that it would be different. There is no need for us to try to tell you how keenly we feel our loss. You must know better than words can tell what she must have been to each one of us. To her we went with our sorrows and perplexities, and never in vain. To the missionary from the interior she gave a loving sympathy and an active interest that helped smooth many a rough place. She was our *personal friend*. Unless she were ill, she seldom failed to send me a letter every week, keeping me in touch with the outer world, from which I am so entirely cut off. No one can ever take her place.

May the promise that meets our eyes whenever we enter that sacred room—"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you"—be richly fulfilled to each sorrowing heart to-day!

Yours in tenderest sympathy,

LOCHIE RANKIN.

MISS ATKINSON TO MRS. BROWN.

. . . In our own Trinity Home in Shanghai for six years Miss Haygood was the recognized head, and the one around whom all our interests centered. Her study, both for home-mates and for visitors, was the sacred place of the whole house. Especially was she a mother as well as friend and adviser to us who were younger and less experienced, giving of her time and strength and sympathy when nature called for rest. . . .

Though her intellect was cultivated to an unusual degree, though her heart was big and broad and her standards high, we could all boast for her that her heart was human; for there is not one among us who has not felt it throb with our own, both in real and in imaginary troubles. In China she

was never blessed with a strong body, but she was always ready to work, either for individuals or for the mission at large, with heart, hands, or brain. She was never tired, if there was one among us more tired who needed her assistance. If sympathy or nursing were needed, she was not too sad or too sick herself to be the ministering angel. . . . Though her goodness of heart caused her many times to be imposed upon, yet she felt that to show patience even then was one very acceptable way of serving Him whom she so beautifully succeeded in imitating. . . .

Though she was a grand woman, the little things always received careful attention. Little courtesies that did much to make our lives sweet, but which took her precious strength and time, were always thought of by her. . . .

She came to China to help, to love, and to save the Chinese, and she began when she first arrived in Shanghai to fulfill her lofty mission. Never shall I cease to be grateful that in the home, which she did so much to make a success, God made a little place for me. I was young—I knew it and she knew it. I was willing to do anything in the work, and she knew it. She appreciated the willingness, and helped much in getting it started in the right direction. I can never tell how much I owe her. One reason is that I don't know; but many a time I find myself doing things in such and such a way, and the reason, if analyzed, would be that "Miss Laura" always did so, and there was no question about that being the best way. I can personally say of her that she had more influence on my life than any other person in the world. . . .

Miss her? She was one of those who, years ago, "could not be spared at home;" then how can we spare her, we who have never known the work without her? We know that we must spare her, and our hearts are dumb before Him. We do not know why her bodily presence with all that it meant to us is no longer with us; but somehow we know He

has not made a mistake, and we praise Him for ever having given us a Miss Haygood, and beg Him to make us more like her. . . .

More than six months passed, after Miss Haygood's death, before the session of the China Mission Conference for 1900 was held at Shanghai. The months that had intervened had served only to deepen the meaning of Miss Atkinson's question: "How can we spare her, we who have never known the work without her?" As Bishop Wilson came to preside over the Conference, and to plan for the work during another year, he mourned her absence as deeply as did any of her co-workers in China. In a very profound sense he had been a co-worker with her during her most laborious years of service for China. For many years they had not only striven together over the perplexing problems of our Woman's Work in China, but each had shared with the other those most precious treasures of good with which Christ enriches the hidden man of the loyal heart. One can almost hear Bishop Wilson taking Paul's words upon his lips, "For God is my witness how I long after you in the tender mercies of Jesus Christ." He appointed Monday, November 19th, as the day for a joint memorial service for Miss Haygood by the members of the China Mission Conference and the representatives of the Woman's Board. At this service Sz Tsz-kia Sien-sang, for years Miss Haygood's Chinese pastor, prayed the opening prayer; Ling Tsz-yien Sien-sang read a resolution in Chinese, and Mrs. Burke and Dr. Allen read memorials in English. Bishop Wilson supplemented these by remarks which showed that Miss Haygood had been to him all

that her letters reveal that he had been to her in the divine enterprise of winning China for Christ. We give below the resolutions read by Mrs. Burke for the representatives of the Woman's Board, and those prepared by Dr. Allen as the representative of the General Board.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE
WOMAN'S BOARD.

. . . Reverently, with hearts sorrowing over our irreparable loss, aching afresh each day, with a keener sense of loneliness and vain listening for the loved voice, we come to speak of our "dead."

The life before us was a twofold one.

Gifted with wonderful executive powers, and a quick apprehension of mission problems, their difficulties and solution, Miss Haygood was preëminent among women, and the world honored her as a leader in woman's best and noblest work. In hours of joy, grief, or perplexity, her pen was ever ready with words of love, sympathy, or wise counsel.

Rich, beyond the common lot of mortals, in that love so nearly divine, which reaches out and takes in every child of God, she followed closely the Master's footsteps, and her ministry was akin to that of the angels.

If ever illness or sorrow came to others, no thought of self kept her from the sufferer's side or stayed her ministering hand.

Her tireless energy, tender affection, and deep interest in all that touched the inner life of those associated with her in the home and work may not be told in words. They are living pictures, fresh in the memory of all who knew her.

When the frail body could no longer respond to the demands of the still active mind, and every hour was marked by acute pain, she who had so often and so tenderly cared for

others bore her own sufferings with infinite patience and fortitude.

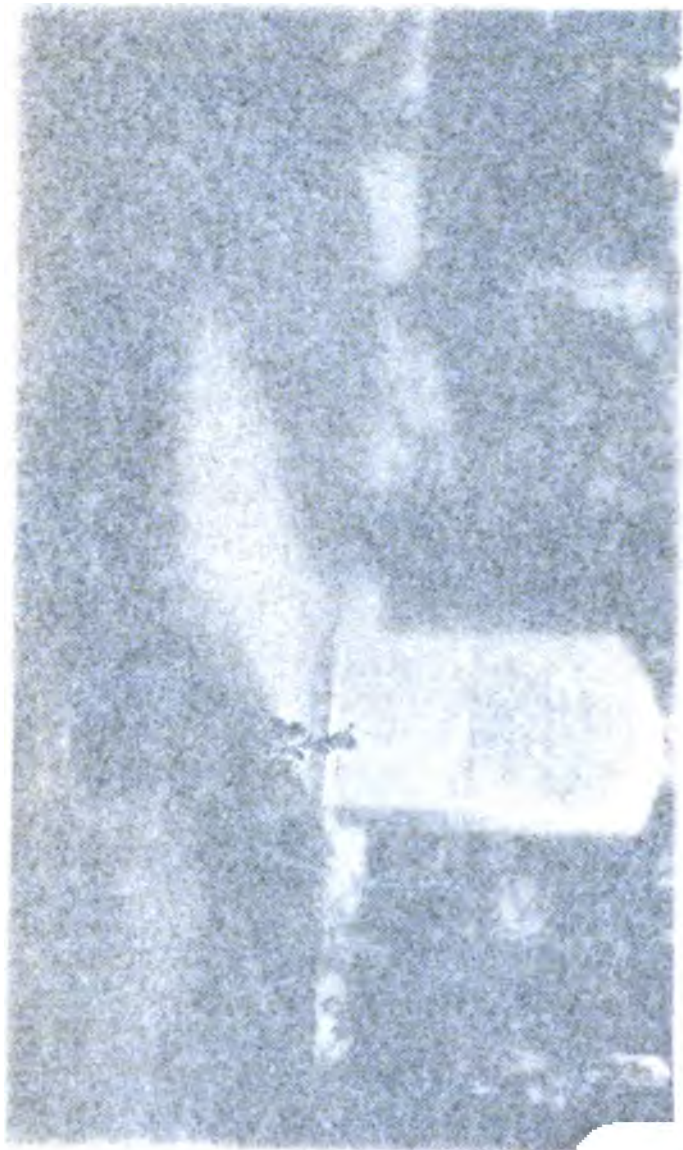
On April the twenty-ninth "at evening time there was light," and she sweetly "fell on sleep." Privileged indeed were those who stood in the presence of life when God called home His suffering child; for heaven was round about, and the air vibrant with songs of victory from the far-off land.

With one life's work well done, she has passed into the rest of the more abundant life "beyond."

Resolved, On behalf of the representatives of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, who have given back to Him who first gave, their dearest and best, with heart sobs we acknowledge the Father's hand, and pray that the mantle of the ascended one may fall upon those who still labor in the field she loved. . . .

Resolved, With sorrow second only to theirs, we tender to Mrs. Boynton and Mr. Haygood our deep and loving sympathy. We thank God for the years He gave their sister to China. We thank Him for her noble, unselfish life that brightened the darkness of so many heathen homes, carrying to them the light and love of heaven. Words fail in telling how she touched the lives of all of us in her own tender way in hours of sorrow or bereavement. Now, while saying as she would have us say, "Thy will be done," we wait in hope until the day dawn and the shadows flee away.

Resolved, To the friends from other missions in Shanghai who showed such kindness during the long illness; to Dr. Macleod, who from the first was her physician and friend, and who was tireless in his efforts to save, rendering every service that medical skill could devise, heartfelt gratitude be extended. Also to Drs. Reifsnnyder and Milles, who gave of their time, deeming no service a burden that could in any way add to her comfort. . . .



She bore her own sufferings with infinite patience and fortitude.

On April the twenty-fourth "at evening time there was light," and she sweetly "fell on sleep." Privileged indeed were those who stood in the presence of life when God called home His suffering child; for heaven was round about, and the air vibrated with songs of victory from the far-off land.

With one life's work well done, she has passed into the rest of the more abundant life "beyond."

Rejoicing on behalf of the representatives of the Woman's Dept. of Foreign Missions, who have given back to Him who raised her up a greater and best, with heart sobbs we are drawn to the Father's hand, and pray that the mantle of the departed one may fall upon those who still labor in the field of the Kingdom.

And, in sorrow second only to theirs, we tender to the friends and Mr. Haygood our deep and loving sympathies. Remembered for the years He gave their sister a life of usefulness for her noble, unselfish life that brought the glad news of our many heathen homes, carrying to the hearts of our loved ones in heaven. Words fail in telling how we cherished her love of all of us in her own tender way in hours of sorrow or bereavement. Now, while saying as she would have us say, "Thy will be done," we wait in hope until the day dawn and the shadows flee away.

Revered, To the friends from other missions in Shanghai who showed such kindness during the long illness; to Dr. Macleod, who from the first was her physician and friend, and who labored ceaselessly in his efforts to save, rendering every service that medical skill could devise, heartfelt gratitude be extended also to Drs. Keifender and Miles, who gave of their time and strength to service a burden that could in any way add to the suffering.



MISS HAYGOOD'S GRAVE.



RESOLUTIONS BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE
GENERAL BOARD.

Miss Laura A. Haygood, the Missionary.

I knew Miss Haygood well, knew her father's family, and her brother Atticus, the bishop, was a lifetime, bosom friend; but I do not propose to-day to attempt any details of her life or incidents of her work. These have been amply supplied by others elsewhere. For the purposes of this memoir, therefore, I shall speak of her as the missionary, in which character she excelled, and is worthy of our honor, praise, and imitation.

For sublimity of conception, grandeur of object, arduousness of undertaking, and simplicity of the means to the end to be achieved, there is nothing comparable to the missionary enterprise. It is divine—for the glory of God and the salvation of man—and comprises as its essential element the attribute of power.

The idea of power is inherent in every relationship of the enterprise. Is it to God? To God belongeth power; He is Jehovah, the Almighty. Is it to Christ? He is the Saviour, the risen Lord, unto whom is given all power in heaven and in earth. Is it to the Holy Spirit? He is the energizer, who endueth with power from on high. Is it the gospel? The gospel is the power of God unto salvation. And it was doubtless on this principle that the Saviour, when about to ascend, gave to His disciples that extraordinary direction: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." . . .

The missionary, then, and particularly the missionary to foreign lands, should be distinguished above all else by this essential enduement. *He must have power.* For he is not a mere instrument, not an employee (or hireling), a term against which I protest as applied to the missionary, but an agent, called of God and qualified, and voluntarily coöper-

ating, a worker together with Him to the end that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified.

I shall now proceed to name some of the elements in the character of Miss Haygood which, as I conceive, constituted her peculiar power and qualified her to be the missionary, whose loss we deplore and whose worth and work we now commemorate.

1. *She was a Chosen Vessel.* Her fitness began even in infancy, for she was brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She had the best scholastic advantages the schools and colleges within her reach could afford, and grew to mature womanhood rich in both intellectual and moral attainments; already, before her call to China, both as a leader in Church work and as principal of the Girls' High School of her native city, she had achieved a character and reputation which made it evident to those of us who knew her that she was the very woman for China. Her qualifications none may doubt; her fitness, who can? She was a chosen vessel.

2. *Her Strong Convictions.* These confirmed and solidified her character. There was naught of uncertainty or wavering about her. The foundations of her faith were sure; and "assuredly gathering" that it was the Lord's will that she should find her life work in China, she hesitated not. Her heart expanded to take in this larger benevolence; her mind was imbued with the spirit of her mission. And so she gave up all for China. And with a faith which embraced all the promises she came among us in the humble character of the missionary.

3. *Her Self-Reliance.* This was an element of power in her character, and is always essential to leadership. Napoleon's marshals looked to him, but he had to depend on himself. She was no opportunist pushed along by the suggestions of others, but accepted the responsibilities of her position and planned and acted as became an agent on whom was imposed the confidence of the Church.

4. There are other elements of an intellectual character which might be enumerated and enlarged upon here, but a bare mention of them must suffice. I refer to those qualities so conspicuously illustrated in the character of the great apostle to the Gentiles, such as his *original native talent*, in which there was nothing puny or dwarfish; his *practical common sense*, which everywhere commanded respect and confidence; his *extensive knowledge*, without which his power and influence must have been curtailed and his mission largely thwarted; and his *self-control* or *discipline*. These were among the primary elements of the greatest of missionary characters, and in claiming for Miss Haygood a share in them I am doing Paul no despite nor overestimating her own character.

5. Preëminent among the moral qualities which characterized Miss Haygood's life and work, I name briefly the following:

(1) *Her Faith*. In this stood her strength. Isolated, solitary, often alone, and lonely as only a foreign missionary, perhaps, can be, she was yet strong in the confidence of the Saviour's words, "Lo, I am with you alway." Hence she was a devout Christian, filled with the Spirit and ready for every good word and work.

(2) *Her Simplicity and Singleness of Purpose*. In this was manifest her integrity of character, the slightest forfeiture of which would have involved a loss of power. Her devotedness to the work was therefore unique, entire. Indeed, so complete was her consecration, so single her eye, that she might at any time have said, uncontradicted, *This one thing I do*.

(3) Another element of her power was *sympathy*. Men and women and children everywhere, whether Christian or heathen, crave sympathy. And in whosoever heart it is set, there is a moral magnet.

(4) But perhaps the most remarkable, most striking feature in her character was that which stamped her labors as a *ministering service*. Her motto was derived from the Revelation of Jesus Christ and seemed to anticipate heaven, where, as it is said, "His servants shall serve Him." She thought not of herself, but emulated the character of her Divine Master, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Hers was religion pure and undefiled.

(5) Many other elements worthy of mention entered into this grand missionary character and helped to augment its potency, but I close this brief and very imperfect sketch with the bare mention of one which shall be the last—to wit, *her wonderful capacity to endure suffering*. This was in evidence to all who knew her intimately, and ever a cause for profound astonishment and gratitude. But life and duty done, she has gone forever to be with her Lord, where there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it and His servants shall serve Him.

YOUNG J. ALLEN.

The most fitting words for the close of this chapter are those with which Miss Richardson, at this Conference, closed her report on McTyeire School:

Miss Haygood is gone—McTyeire is left—hopes are crushed, hearts are bruised, but we do believe that,

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

CHAPTER XXII.

"TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST."

It does seem a great loss to the world to have Phillips Brooks go out of it; but it is sweet to know that one who had so much of God in him will go on living and living even here upon earth in lives that have been made better by his truth.—*Miss Haygood.*

WE have followed Miss Haygood in these pages from her quiet village home in North Georgia to her closed grave in the Shanghai cemetery, around which her friends sang, "Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest." We have mingled with her friends as they communed with one another about her during those first months after her death; we have heard their words of grief and appreciation, and yet our sacred task is not complete. It is needful that we ask for the secret of her effective life. It is of chief importance that we know not so much what Miss Haygood did as what she was. For, without question, it is true that what we are gives all the value to what we do or say. If, then, we fail to know Miss Haygood in her personal character, if we fail to enter into her inner life, we fail to know the real Miss Haygood. Miss Haygood's after-influence will depend in part upon what she achieved in China; but it will depend in larger measure upon those permanent elements of character, those deathless qualities of soul which she bore with her when she departed to be at home with the Lord. It was these personal qualities which made her the great mis-

sonary, and it is as a great missionary that she has left her most valuable life-lessons.

Doubtless those who knew Miss Haygood best will ever think of her, first of all, as possessing in a remarkable degree "a genius for friendship." Few persons have ever had a greater variety of friends than she, and few have ever had special friends of more intense devotion. She was easily master of the art of making friends, because she always had the most unselfish and sincere concern for others. Her life was one continuous "struggle for the life of others." One who knew her most intimately says: "There was not a selfish fiber in her being." Her power of loving was equaled only by her power of winning love. Love was written in living characters of light upon her countenance; love gave its unmistakable note in the sweetness of her voice, and love was instantly and always felt to be the secret of her charming personality. Her friends seldom found occasion to rebuke her, except as they would protest against her going to excess in her self-effacing love. She not only made friends of those who were drawn to her by force of circumstances, but her love reached out into circles where only a heart enlarged with Christian sympathy could have carried her. She was not tolerant of any limits upon the range of her friendship. She did not allow Church lines to set any such limit. She loved her own Church with whole-hearted devotion, and yet many of her choicest friendships were with those of other Churches. The readers of this volume will recall how beautiful was the friendship between her and Miss Safford, of the Presbyterian Mission; how she and Dr. Reifsnnyder, of the Woman's Union Mission, vied with

each other in friendly offices; how she watched the passing away of Dr. Yates, of the Baptist Board, with an interest as affectionate as if he had been the father of her own mission. Neither could any barriers of race or nationality set bounds to her love. The faithful Chinese ahma, who was almost like Miss Haygood's shadow during all her years in China, could not have been convinced that Miss Haygood was a better friend to anybody else than to her. The same love that had so endeared her to the negro servants in Atlanta made for her a tie of personal friendship with every employee of her household in Shanghai. The same spirit that made her as truly the personal friend as the teacher of every one of "her girls" in the Atlanta High School, brought her pupils in Clopton and McTyeire Schools to mourn her death as the loss of a friend who had loved them with a greater strength and helpfulness than even their own mothers.

If any discrimination can be made, there were four classes that seemed to have special claims on Miss Haygood's wealth of friendship. Of little children she was passionately fond, and she won from them the reward of deepest affection. Her letters show how ardently she gave her love and thought to the children of her sister and brother in Atlanta. The children of the Mission all loved her. She had frequently to take the mother's place for them. It will be recalled how tenderly she writes of the death of little Mary Anderson, and how truly she seems to feel the desolation of the father and mother at the going out of the lovely little life. With what loving appreciation she writes of the strong hold which little Laura May and Louise Hill had upon her

heart when they were in McTyeire Home, while their mother was dying of smallpox in the hospital! After some months she wrote: "The dear little children 'set in the midst' of our home have brought more pleasure than care. It has been a real privilege to shelter them and to *grandmother* them. They have taught me some wonderful lessons, too, and have brought me nearer to all mother hearts." Few features of her last illness were more beautiful than the devotion to her of little William Burke. Mrs. Burke wrote to Mrs. Boynton: "She was the first after ourselves to see him, and he was almost the last to kiss her while she yet breathed. He had begged to be allowed to see her, so I let him. Mrs. Gaither and I held him up to kiss her, but she did not know it. The little fellow has been so happy to take her flowers sometimes. One day he slipped up with a little pet white mouse in his hand and ran around in front of her bed to show it to her. His eyes sparkled with pleasure, while she did not disappoint him in failing to show her appreciation of his desire to make her happy."

Her love for children has already suggested how prompt she was at all times with friendly ministries to the sick and suffering. During all the years of her active service in China there was not a case of serious breakdown in health among her co-workers, in which she did not do all that an own sister could have done for their relief. Of Miss Dora Rankin's illness and death her words are worth recalling: "From the 19th of November, when she became critically ill, until God gave her sweet release in the early morning of December 10th, I left all other duties that I might watch and wait with her sister about her bed. It was indeed a

very precious privilege." Again we read from her letters: "On Sunday, August 17th, dear Miss Safford passed into the heavens. I was with her much of the time for two or three days before her death. . . . From Miss Safford's deathbed I went to Miss Hamilton, and, except Monday night when I slept at home, was with her most of the time until she fell on sleep, Wednesday morning." She was with Mrs. Kate Roberts Hearn at the last, and wrote: "Just after my last letter there came a few hours of intense anxiety about Kate Roberts Hearn, then the sorrowful closing of her eyes in death. We knew that it was 'all right,' but how our human hearts felt the pity of it all! I am sure that God felt it too."

Miss Haygood was as ready to minister to the Chinese as to her missionary friends. Only one instance can be cited. In writing of the joy she found in visiting the Chinese women in their homes, she says: "I have no sweeter memory of the year's work than of a series of visits paid to a very humble home where a Chinese woman, who had only a few months before received Christ as her Saviour, lay dying. It was a blessed privilege to see the seed of truth spring up in her heart and grow and bring forth fruit unto everlasting life as her love grew deeper and her faith stronger. As I read to her the 'exceeding great and precious promises,' they came to her heart and mind as fresh and sweet as if they had fallen then for the first time from the Master's lips for her and for me; and when, her feet having already entered the cold waters, she whispered, 'I am not at all afraid, for Jesus is with me,' I *knew* as never before how truly our Saviour is the Saviour of all the world."

Her whole life was in keeping with those memorable words which she spoke to Miss Richardson shortly before her death: "Do all in your power, all the days of your life, to relieve human suffering."

To those who were bereaved or disconsolate she always had some word of comfort which brought light and peace as only a direct message from the Heavenly Father could do. She had trod the path of sorrow, and understood not only the anguish of it but the opportunity it offered for a closer companionship with the Man of Sorrows. Her letters to Mrs. McGavock, when the latter's mother was called away, are full of the insight of a love that has suffered, and of the triumph of a faith that has fought its way to victory. One of the greatest hardships of her life in China was to be absent from her loved ones in the hours of their deepest distress. Read the outpouring of her heart to a friend who had sought to fill a sister's place to Mrs. Boynton when her husband was taken from her. Perhaps, however, Miss Haygood felt it to be the highest privilege of friendship to lead the Chinese Christians to look upon death and their dead through a clear faith in "our Saviour Jesus Christ, who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light." She writes more than once of the divine joy she found in the triumph of her Chinese sisters in this dread ordeal. With a promptness and a thoroughness born from above, Miss Haygood's heart always responded to the call of distress or need.

Another class who made an especially strong appeal to Miss Haygood's friendship were the poor—all who had fought a losing fight in life's battle. The same Miss Hay-

good that had her peddler's license in Atlanta to help some destitute one back to self-support, had her protégées among the helpless and dependent Chinese who counted, without question, on her kindness and sympathy. It is no exaggeration to apply to her the words of the inscription to the memory of John Howard: "He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality in the ardent and unintermittent exercise of Christian charity."

After all has been said, probably, Miss Haygood kept the warmest place in her heart and the largest place in her thought for the new missionary. She never gave any countenance to the idea that the only way in which the new missionary can get wisdom is in the hard school of experience. It was this desire to serve the younger missionaries that bound her to China to the very last. When Mrs. Boynton besought her to return to Atlanta while yet her health would allow, she replied: "It is this way, dear. I have been so long connected with this work that there are many ways in which I can help, even when I am far from well and strong. On the bed or lounge I can talk over the difficult questions with the younger ladies and help them to find the best answers. I can put at their command all the experience that the years have brought me." Scores of missionaries can bear witness to the thorough and gracious way in which she made her wisdom, the precious fruit of years of toil, available for them in their perplexity and inexperience.

One strong plea for building McTyeire Home was that it might furnish a suitable place for new missionaries to make the radical transition to their untried life with as little

loss of strength and courage as possible. She writes; "I desire very greatly that the buildings shall provide a 'Mission Home' for new missionaries sent out by our Board during the first one or two years of their life in China,' where they may be furnished a comfortable home, the *very best* opportunities for studying the language, and a normal school training for work. Women are usually thrust into responsible positions, because of the pressing needs of the work, long before they are in any sense ready to fill them, and their own powers are dwarfed and their work injured because growing time was not allowed them. Now, through this Mission Home which I propose, a quiet adjusting of life to the new conditions might be secured and work be given as rapidly as there is strength to do it."

McTyeire Home is a monument to Miss Haygood's loving concern for new missionaries.

She also did all she could to encourage the provision of helps for the study of the Chinese language, so as to make the task of mastering that strange tongue a little less stupendous. Her interest in the system known as "Romanization" was largely due to her earnest desire to simplify the initial hardships of missionaries to China. She also insisted upon a course of study for the missionaries of the Woman's Board, that they might be saved from the fatal mistake of merely miscellaneous and irregular efforts at qualifying themselves for their work. With Miss Haygood as the heart of it, no wonder that McTyeire Home became the vital center from which an atmosphere of friendliness was made to pervade the entire Mission of the Southern Methodist Church in China. As we think of Miss Haygood the friend,

our thought unflinchingly turns to that other Friend who said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Along with this social side of her life, Miss Haygood kept up a vigorous and broad intellectual life. Her thinking was as intense and varied as her loving. She brought to her missionary work a well-trained judgment, and her conduct was based upon well-thought-out principles and not on impulse. She gave her best powers to the solution of missionary problems and policy. She had not only missionary convictions but missionary statesmanship. Before going to China she had worked out her educational ideals, and then had the supreme task of adjusting them to the strange and crude conditions which characterize all pioneering work. Some of Miss Haygood's keenest thinking will be found in her masterly defense of education, and even higher education, as one of the most vital of missionary agencies. She had thought through to the principle that religion is not a department of life but life itself, and that whatever ministers to larger life, intellectual, moral, or spiritual, is vital to religion. She had also reached that other vital principle, the spiritual unity of mankind, and straightway insisted that what was needful for the highest type of Christian womanhood in America must not be regarded as alien to Christ's gracious purposes for Chinese womanhood. Like Paul, she did not count any practical problem settled until its solution had been reduced to some ultimate principle of the kingdom of God. Her power to think broadly as well as deeply was seen in the fact that, while her work tended to make of her an educational specialist, she never allowed it to narrow her

interests, but ever regarded all other work as secondary to personal evangelistic work. She was always able to think of her work in terms of the whole work of our Church and our Lord in China, and not simply of that of her own Board. Hear her large-hearted words: "I do believe with all my heart that the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions is of God, and that the interests of the kingdom of God have been advanced and are yet to be advanced by its work as an independent Board. . . . But I do not think that we ought ever to forget here that we represent *one Church*, and above all one Christ. . . . Work is paralyzed in any one of our missions when *Boards* are magnified."

Her breadth of view was also seen in her insistence on the unity of the work at home with that in heathen lands. She regarded the Christian women who were grappling with the home mission problems in America as having as real and vital a share in the "great commission" as did those who were spending their lives for Christ in China. Perhaps Miss Haygood never expressed a truer missionary principle than in those words which thrill with the Master's own spirit: "Oh! that every woman in the Southern Methodist Church who cannot come to foreign lands would say, 'I give my money, my love, and my prayers to the foreign work; I give my money, my love, my prayers, and *myself* to the home work.'"

After missionary problems, Miss Haygood gave some of her best thought to biblical problems. We shall find that she gave more attention to the contents of the Bible than to questions about the Bible. Yet with her openness of mind, her respect for scholarship, and her disposition to use the

most recent helps in Bible study, she could but be brought face to face with problems of very deep significance. She heard Dr. Ladd, of Yale, while in Japan one summer deliver some lectures on "What is the Bible?" She found herself in intellectual sympathy with the lecturer on many points. Many difficulties which had troubled her were cleared up, but she found relief rather in modification of view than in explaining away or ignoring the difficulties. She also greatly appreciated Dr. George Adam Smith's two volumes on Isaiah in the "Expositor's Bible." It cost her a hard struggle to make any change in her earlier ideas, though it rather increased than diminished her valuation of the Bible. Dr. Fairbairn's "Studies in the Life of Christ" was a favorite book, and she entered deeply into his thoughts on the person and passion of our Lord. Others might be named, but these are sufficient to show that she was easily at home with some of the greatest thinkers on biblical themes of modern times.

Miss Haygood had also, in no ordinary measure, the gift of expression. From childhood she had lived in the atmosphere of the great English classics. She seemed to think in choice phrase. Her letters, as has already been noticed, indicate how spontaneously the right words ever answered to her vigorous flow of thought. She wrote very rapidly, and seemed more conscious of thinking than of writing. Her letters are real transcripts of her inner life and thought. As her letters were not studied, one will properly infer from them that she was a fine conversationalist. With an impulse to share her best with others, with a conviction that there was a divine message in every life she touched, she was

equally skilled in listening and in speaking. No one is quite prepared to truly appreciate Miss Haygood who did not have the privilege of a confidential talk with her on some of the deeper issues of the personal life. Her frankness, her simplicity, her genial sincerity invited confidence, and her mere presence called out the very best there was in one. She by no means always approved, and her disapproval was never covered up in any disguise; but it was always so considerably put that the subject of it felt thankful rather than resentful. Even in familiar conversation, Miss Haygood did not descend to trivial and questionable gossip. She had a keen sense of humor, and entered heartily into the little pleasantries that brighten social intercourse, but she never enjoyed a laugh at the expense of the heartache or good name of another. She was most skilful in guiding the conversation of a group of persons, and usually saw to it that general conversation took a turn that was both opportune and enjoyable. She was easily master of a situation, and was always ready with the right word either to relieve an embarrassment or to inspire and crown the discussion of a worthy theme. The table talk and the social hour in McTyeire Home were the bright gems set in the uniform round of daily duty. Miss Haygood never seemed happier than in bringing great-souled people together, and in throwing about them such a genial, social atmosphere that each readily imparted to the other his choicest treasures.

It fell to Miss Haygood's lot at times to speak to a larger company than that which gathered about her in the social circle. In these public addresses Miss Haygood kept all the simplicity and charm of fireside conversation, and her

audiences were made to feel that she would have preferred a personal interview with each one had that been possible. As a result, these addresses were usually followed by an informal after-meeting, in which scores sought for the more special personal message which they were sure she had for them. She spoke out of her life to the life of her hearers. Her sympathetic insight so truly enabled her to read what was in the mind of her listeners that she seemed rather to be answering their silent questionings than talking on her own account.

While Miss Haygood had this rich and versatile intellectual life, wide-reaching in its interests and broad in its sympathies, while she had this master-passion of giving out as freely as she received, underneath it all and the secret of it all was a deep and constant devotional life. Devotional Bible study had its place in her daily life. She went through her Bible, over and over, marking her "rock texts." She had her favorite portions of the Bible, and her growth is traceable in the parts that especially appealed to her as her life advanced. Her oldest Bible, now at hand, was one given to her by her grandmother in 1859. In this Bible the Psalms are quite worn, even to having many of the leaves detached. In this, Isaiah also shows signs of much use, and the Pauline Epistles are well thumbed. Romans viii. is thoroughly marked. This Bible also shows, from dates written on the margin, how she turned especially to the last chapters of 1 Corinthians and the earlier chapters of 2 Corinthians for consolation at the time of her mother's last illness and death. Her special prayer at this time is noted as Isaiah xlviii. 17. When Miss Haygood went to China she

had two Teachers' Bibles given her. One of these she preserved unmarked. The other is as much worn as her first Bible. The portions containing Acts, Corinthians, and the Pastoral Epistles are worn out as thoroughly in this Bible as the Psalms were in her first. From 1892, Miss Haygood used the Revised Version in her devotional reading. The older of the two copies of the Revised Version which she left shows a very different system of marking from that of the earlier years. Here she underscores some passages, while her special texts are retraced in black ink and are brought out very prominently on the page. Again, Psalms and Isaiah have many of her choicest texts emphasized, especially Isaiah xl.-lxvi. Here and there passages throughout the prophets have been retraced in ink, while in the Pentateuch there is special marking of Abraham's history as the first missionary story, and in Joshua her "rock text" is: "There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass." The New Testament portion of this Bible is thoroughly marked. There are signs of a deeper dwelling than ever before upon the last chapters of John's Gospel, upon John's First Epistle, and upon Paul's latest Epistles, particularly Ephesians and Philippians. Marginal notes abound on two great themes: the theme of love as the essence of the Christ-life and of the Christian life; the theme of the Holy Spirit as the spirit of Christ and the spirit of Christian sonship. Mr. Brockman and Mrs. Gaither united in giving Miss Haygood a copy of the Revised Version on the last Christmas but one before her death. The tracings of her pen in this Bible are peculiarly sacred, having been made during the last year of

her life. The first words upon which she pauses in Matthew's Gospel are, "God with us . . . Jesus." One petition alone is marked in the Lord's Prayer—"Thy will be done." The last passage which she retraced in this Bible was: "His servants shall do him service; and they shall see his face."

In addition to her personal Bible study, Miss Haygood frequently had several groups of friends engaged in devotional Bible reading with her. She always began the day by having the Chinese of her household gather in her study for Bible reading and prayer. In addition to the regular morning and evening Bible lesson and prayer with her fellow-missionaries in McTyeire Home, her letters show how profoundly she profited by the plan of a noonday group-study. She writes: "We have arranged our daily programs so as to have one half hour, from twelve to twelve-thirty, every day for Bible study together. The ladies from Trinity come up to join us. We began with Acts. I think that we are all finding it helpful—a restful turning aside in the midst of busy days. It is astonishing how many new thoughts are gathering about the old story as we study."

Again: "Our daily Bible lessons are proving such a help to me. The half hour comes like a restful benediction into the middle of our day. We are taking the Epistles as our best commentary on the Acts. What a wonderful succession of heart-pictures these Epistles are!"

Miss Haygood frequently closed the Sunday by having a group of her friends read with her some selection from the Scriptures, very usually one of Paul's Epistles. The closing of each year she always kept most sacredly; and wherever

she was, she would watch the old year out with her friends, recounting the mercies of the year, and especially reviewing the Scripture texts which had been her strength for the past year, and which were her "assurance of hope" for the year to come.

Bible study and prayer-life were closely identified by Miss Haygood. Her Bible was her prayer book. Its "rock texts," as she called them, were the foundation, sure and steadfast, upon which her prayer-life rested. The promises of God were the inspiration of prayer, and when she says, "Not one of all His promises for good has failed me," she means that her life was but one unbroken series of answered prayers. In one of her later letters she writes: "The year has passed quickly and happily and has been crowned with blessings. I wish I had kept a record of the special providences, the helps in times of need, the direct answers to prayer. There have been so many and they have been so gracious. Truly the faithfulness of our God is exceeding great." During her first months in China she wrote: "I lead a sort of double life all the time here. The actual duties of the day claim very much time and thought, and yet my heart keeps time in a constant chorus of tender thought and loving memory and earnest prayer to all that you are doing at home. . . . I never knew until God took me away from you all how sweet the privilege of prayer for those we love might become." Prayer was Miss Haygood's "vital breath." She had power with God and with men because she had been "with Christ in the school of prayer."

"With Christ" reveals the deepest secret of Miss Haygood's life. She had an abiding sense of oneness with

Christ. She was sure that her life was a plan of God, and that she was a worker together with Christ in fulfilling it. She had the mind in her which was also in Christ. She looked not to her own things, but also to the things of others, ever in lowliness of mind counting other better than herself. Clothed as she was with large authority, she never betrayed the slightest trace of official self-consciousness. She fully exemplified the Master's charge: "Whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all." She was truly one with Christ in the spirit of service. She had in her life the answer to the great prayer:

"May I reach

That purest heaven and be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense!"

Of Paul she writes: "It is such a comfort to find how *perfect love of God* and perfect love of the brethren glowed in his heart, one intensifying the other until indeed for him 'to live was Christ.'"

She was one with Christ in her strong sense of mission. Urgent entreaties came to her on several occasions to leave China, but she always insisted that she could not do so until the voice of God was as clear in calling her away from China as it had been in calling her to China. In one of her last New Year's letters she wrote: "With all my heart, after these fifteen years of service, I want to say to you to-day that I do feel that 'it is the very loveliest thing in the world to be a missionary'—one sent of God to tell human hearts that He

loves them, whether it be in China or at home. More and more I feel that it has been a high and holy privilege to come at His call to China."

She was one with Christ in the intensity that marked her character through and through. She was intense in her devotion to God, her Father; intense in her devotion to her friends, intense in her love of truth, intense in her love of souls, intense in her sympathies, intense in her convictions, intense in her activities, and intense in her very patience—in fact, intense in all those elements of character in which it is not possible to be excessive.

She was one with Christ in the fellowship of His sufferings. As she looked upon the multitudes of Chinese women, distressed and scattered as sheep having no shepherd, she wrote: "I think that Jesus must look with such 'compassion' upon such women. More and more I am coming to understand something of the wonderful tenderness and depth of His compassion." A few times in her life she tasted the agony of loneliness in the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Toward the last also her soul cried out in those holy words: "The cup which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?"

Our Christian faith adds the certainty that she is now one with Christ in the fellowship of His glory. She is enjoying the first fruits of that exhaustless promise: "Joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified with Him."





